Outdoor America

MARCH, 1926

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DEFENDER [illegible]ERS AND WILD · LIFE

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El Comancho · J. Lippincott Foster · Ruth Mae Lawrence

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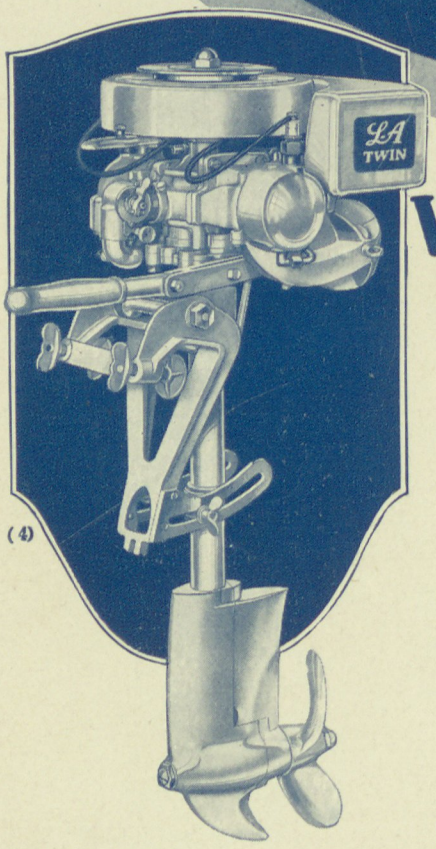

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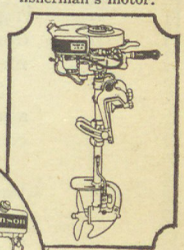
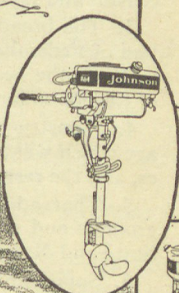
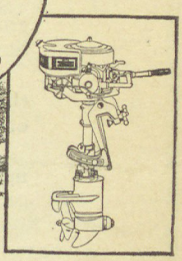
Johnson Light Single (below) 1½ h.p. Weighs 26 pounds. Ideal fisherman's motor.





Johnson Light Twin (at side) 2½ h. p. Weighs 35 pounds. Speed 2 to 9 m. p. h.



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WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF OUTBOARD MOTORS

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a National Organization of fishermen and hunters and outdoor lovers dedicated to the restoration of sports afield and astream in the United States and Canada and the restoration as far as can be of the outdoor America of our ancestors. It is a National Organization having no commercial or personal gain or aggrandizement under it; neither has it political or religious interests.

It is undoubtedly the most comprehensive conservation program ever undertaken in America. Though just four years old, it has local chapters from one end of the country to the other, and it has awakened thousands and thousands of principled sportsmen and outdoor lovers to the realization of the perils that are threatening our precious woods and streams and wild life.

The movement represents a patriotic and unselfish endeavor to save for our children their great American outdoor heritage that they may have the priceless memories of days spent on windswept, clear and gleaming waters and nights in fragrant, healing forests and that they may gain the health and happiness that only the out doors can give them. Many of the names back of this Save-Outdoor-America crusade are nationally known and insure the integrity and high standing of the League. No officers or directors receive a salary.

For the purpose of spreading far its message, the League publishes this monthly magazine to which the greatest outdoor writers and artists in America contribute without pay, out of sheer love and appreciation of the righteousness of the cause. The ideals and purposes of the League are embodied in its Platform which follows:

1. The practice of true sportsmanship in hunting and fishing, and strenuous and unremitting opposition to illegal, destructive and unfair methods.

2. An aggressive program calling for National and State legislation to eradicate pollution from coastal and inland waters.

3. The broadest and most comprehensive system of Federal control feasible over our forests, to embrace the best features of the forestry policies of Europe so far as applicable to our conditions.

4. Constructive opposition to artificial drainage which will be injurious to any natural resources, and the restoration of desecrated areas.

5. That adequate public shooting and fishing grounds and game refuges be established by the State and National Governments.

6. Sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for the increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

7. Prohibition of the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes excepting for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. The strictest enforcement of the migratory bird law.

10. The establishment of biological experiment stations to train scientific workers so that all game and fish propagation and distribution may be safeguarded by expert supervision and counsel.

11. The united support of those public officials, regardless of their party affiliations, who show themselves to be in sympathy with the principles of true conservation.

12. The fullest measure of co-operation between all organizations devoted to the interests of the outdoorsmen of America.

13. An unceasing, aggressive, educational campaign to the end that the objects of the Izaak Walton League of America may be attained.

14. That outdoor recreation as a major part of the life, education and spiritual development of the American youth be nurtured.

Raise Price of Outdoor America

In accordance with a resolution recently passed by the National Executive Committee of the Izaak Walton League, the following prices will become effective with the April issue.

Yearly subscription $3.00, membership-at-large $2.50, (including magazine).

News stands, 25c per copy.

Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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CONTENTS

Cover . . . . . *Painting by R. Fayerweather Babcock*

Frontispiece . . . . . *Photograph by Colorado Museum of Natural History*

King Meets King . . . . . *Mrs. E. L. King* 5

The Winter Angler . . . . . *J. Lippincott Foster* 10
Photographs by Bert Brown.

The Vital Spark . . . . . *Dr. Loyd B. Thompson* 13

Death Reef . . . . . *Ruth Mae Lawrence* 17
Photographs by George H. High.

Why Is a Tree? . . . . . *El Comancho* 20
Photographs by the Author.

Fourth National I. W. L. A. Convention 23

Live—Don't Just Exist 24

Pollution Experiments . . . . . *Edited by Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward* 25

Editorial 26

Scientific Angling . . . . . *Edited by Frederick J. Lane* 28

Waltonian Activities . . . . . *Ed. H. Philippi, Executive Secretary* 32

Ouachita National Park . . . . . *K. E. Merren* 34

A Michigan National Park . . . . . *Charles J. Hansen* 38

Trees and the Climate . . . . . *Frank Holden* 41

Real Camping . . . . . *Conducted by Murdo Gibson* 44

Motor Camping . . . . . *Conducted by Homer Bow* 47

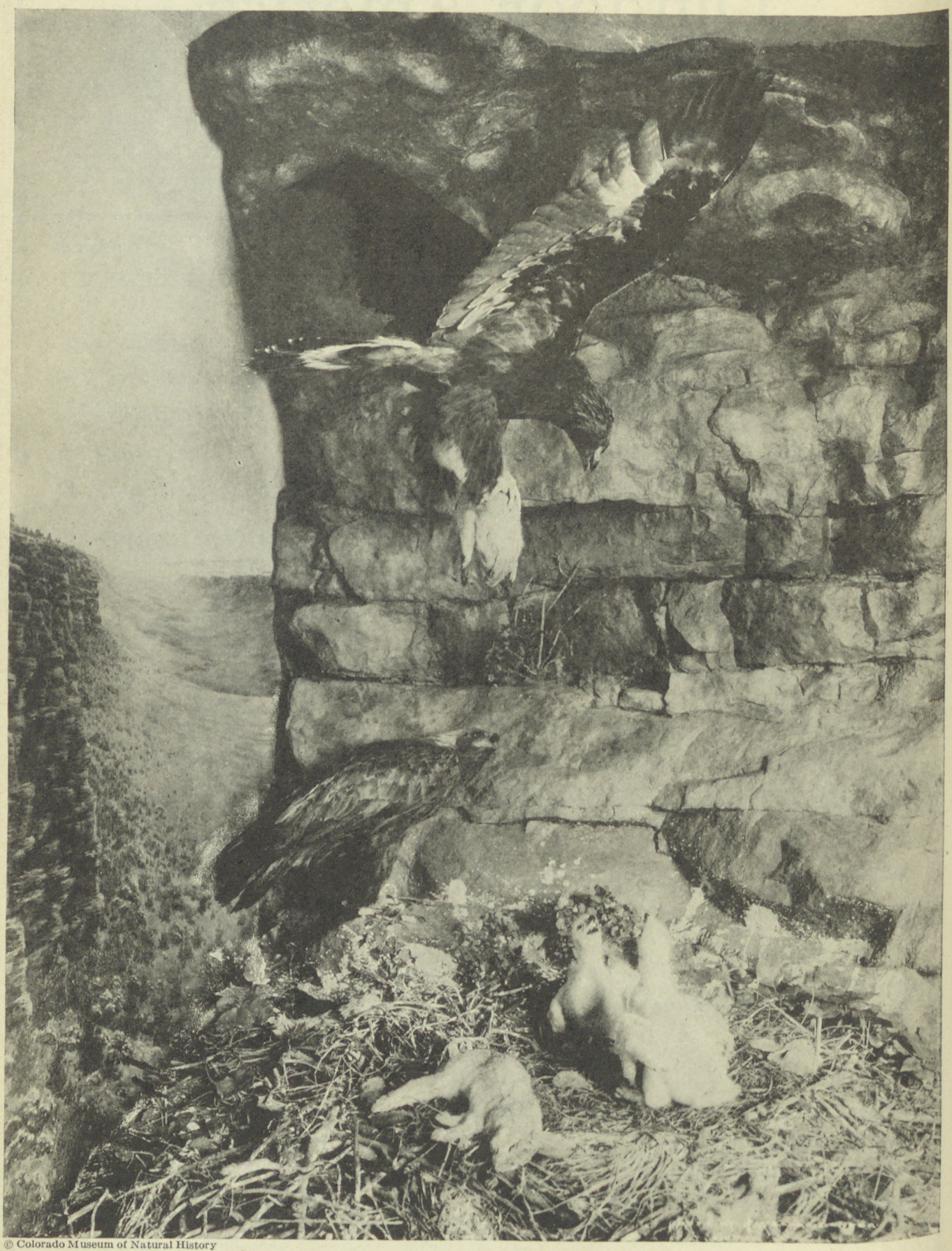
Fur Farming . . . . . *Thomas G. Alvord* 50

Canoes and Small Boats . . . . . *Edited by Edgar S. Perkins* 54

Mostly About Boys . . . . . *Edited by Ben East* 58

Field Guns . . . . . *Edited by Ozark Ripley* 60

30 days' notice must be given for change of address.



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Dinner

Vol. 4 No. 8

March Outdoor America 1926

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King Meets King

A splendid story of an African hunting trip told to Fred Doellner by

Mrs. E. L. KING

Premier of Women Trap Shooters

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IN business life, Mr. E. L. King is a bank president and manufacturer living in Winona, Minnesota. Tall and athletic he needs the slight silvering at his temples to belie his boyish smile.

Mrs. King is of medium height and build, mild mannered and soft spoken; gracious, interested and interesting—with an ever-ready smile—one hundred per cent feminine.

"Buddy" (E. L. Junior) is a worthy son of these, and a typical young outdoor American.

Mr. and Mrs. King have hunted all types of game. Mr. King is a trapshooter of note, with records and championships galore. Mrs. King, premier of women trap shooters, has held the national amateur women's championship for two years, and international championship for one year. "Buddy" is showing a promise of form and skill, which threatens to outshine even that of his unusually proficient parents. Thus they run true to form.

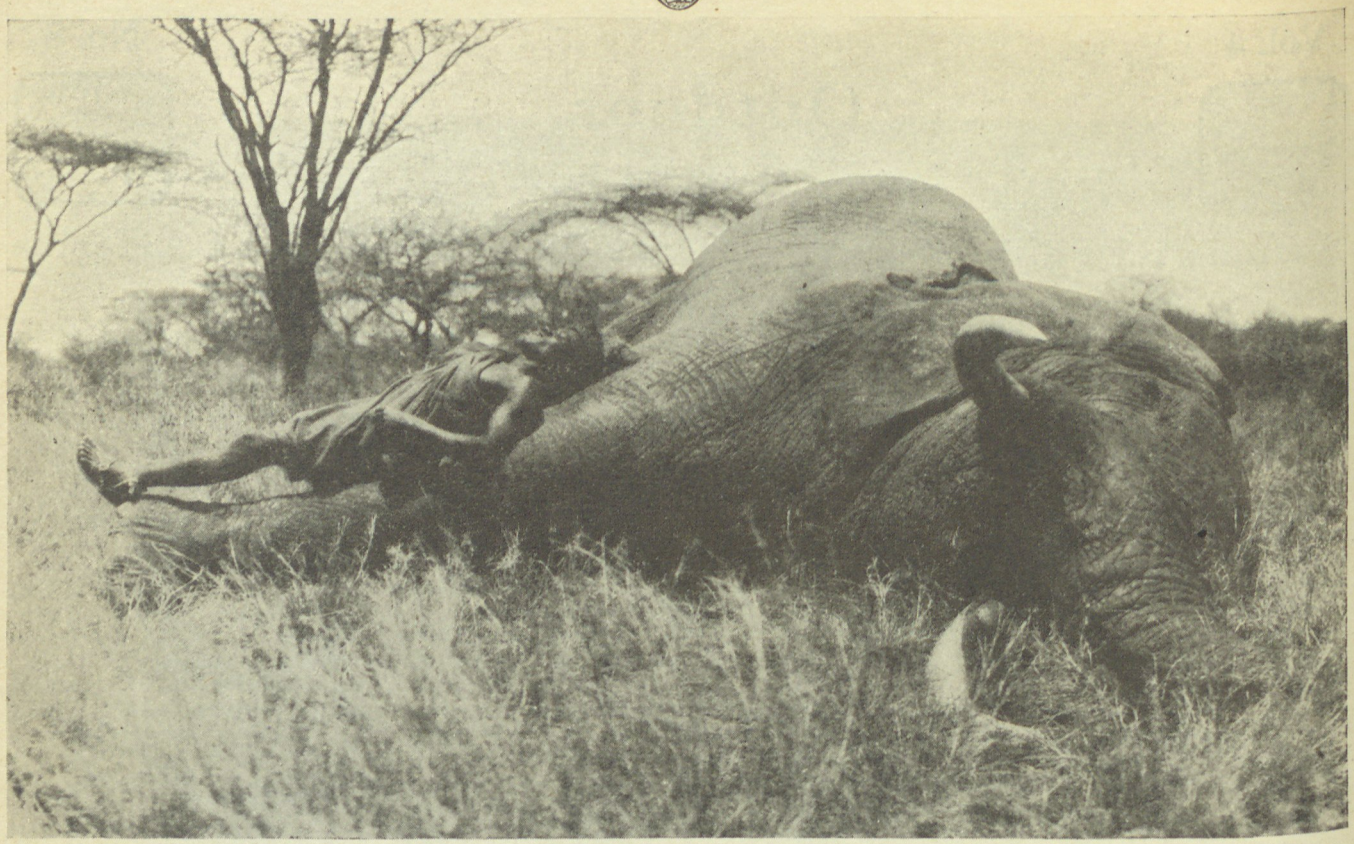
Here are people who travel thousands of miles to penetrate the wildest of fields. Upstanding and outstanding Americans, father, mother, and son alike, ready and competent for the emergency, a credit to their country.

Editor's Note.

MEMORY carries me back to those days on the Minnesota prairie, when as a little girl of seven or eight, the tale of Livingston's and Stanley's adventures "In Darkest Africa" inspired my first desire to see Africa. As years passed, this idea became an ideal, the urge becoming stronger each year.

About four years ago, while Mr. King and myself were in London, and in contact with numerous persons who had visited Africa for various purposes, our ideal crystallized into a determination to visit Africa the following year. A long continuing illness and ultimate death of a near and dear member of the family, deferred the trip. Our arrangements had progressed to the point of actually engaging our professional hunter, Heron Maxwell. The broken threads were again picked up and arrangements completed. We were determined that the fall of that year would see us headed toward Africa.

Always fond of sports, afield and astream, you can imagine our fever of expectancy and anticipation, and the wonderful pleasure in making the necessary preparations. It was a task exacting a very considerable penalty, reading and searching for guidance. Like all other travellers and adventurers to the far parts, we were determined that our equipment should be the most nearly ideal. The great majority of it was bought in America. As a whole, we found American outdoor and camping equipment far better than any other. This is said from a truly practical and not a provincial viewpoint. As a whole, American equipment is lighter, more compact, and developed with a greater idea of ultimate convenience. Some few things however, in the way of special arms and special tents, for uses in specific quarters, were purchased in England. These articles are solely those of special application, for which the Continental European countries, with their many and



Just a little nap on one of the largest tusk elephants ever shot by a woman. Mrs. King bagged this monster.

varied insular possessions, have found need, and for which no need exists in America.

What an event—what a momentous occasion, when, on the morning of September 20th, we left Winona for New York, definitely beginning our long projected visit to the jungle and veldt of Africa. First to New York, with the briefest possible stay, to complete certain final arrangements; then to Paris, with but a moment's pause, as it were, then London, where we outfitted with the English type of tropical tents and arms needed in equatorial Africa.

Incidentally, the single-wall tent so commonly used all over the American continent, would be entirely useless in the tropics. Our tents were all double-walled, with approximately eight inches of air space between the two walls, affording a protection from the heat and cold, so necessary because of the variance of temperature during each twenty-four hours.

Our heavy arms were English made. Mr. King used a 4.70 Westley-Richards, and I a 4.65 Holland & Holland express rifle. The small fractional difference in caliber of these guns was just enough to prevent our ammunition being interchangeable, and compelling extreme care to be sure that a moment of need would not find us supplied with the wrong cartridges.

These guns were heavy, but beautiful pieces of workmanship. Their velocity is not as high as our army type rifles, and their range is not so great. They have a flat trajectory of between 200 and 250 yards, as compared with the "bee line" range of 400 and more yards for our army rifle. Neither is their muzzle velocity as great as our Springfield. They have, however, a terrific hitting power. I have seen a huge rhino hit in the right spot, stopped in the middle of his charge and literally turned upside down, to end with his feet sticking in the air.

In addition to these we carried American shotguns, Springfield rifles and side arms.

The shells for our heavy rifles had both hard and soft-nosed explosive bullets. The hard-nosed for the tough-hided, soft-nosed for the soft-skinned game.

With fourteen trunks, many pieces of hand baggage, we embarked from London for Mombasa.

Arriving in Mombasa we settled ourselves at the best hotel with fairly good accommodations and began to take stock of our surroundings.

The terrific heat had already put its mark on us and we found small comfort, even in grotesque sun helmets, thin clothing and the cool drinks served in tall glasses, on the shaded veranda, by a black boy clad in a long white gown.

So partly to escape the heat and to satisfy our curiosity for the new sights, we hired an automobile and drove about the city. We viewed the long well-kept streets, the golf links swept by ocean breezes, the old Portuguese fort, somebody's residence, the houses of rich Indians, the model housing of railroad employees, the bustling native village and the busy market.

A peculiar tree known as the boabab tree, seemed to us the only thing particularly characteristic of the country. These are huge, thick trees of no great height and very few leaves, looking very much like a huge parsnip set up-side-down.

Returning to the hotel we were just in time for the great ceremony—the sundowner. All day—from six to six, the English people absolutely abstain from alcoholic drinks. When the sun sets, the hotel terrace is filled with people eager to break the twelve-hour drouth.

A good dinner was enjoyed in a breezy open dining room, and we retired at an early hour to spend the night in a quiet, not too modern, bedroom. Hot and cold running water were found to be a thing of the past. The only place where water ran, was into a tin bath-tub at the end of the hall, and that was cold water. A warm bath was obtainable only by having a boy carry hot water up two flights of stairs.

In the morning, after wrestling with a slippery washbowl and pitcher and partaking of a breakfast embellished with many strange, tropical fruits, we set forth to prepare ourselves for our train journey to Nairobi.

Ordinarily a trip on the train is a matter of no great concern, for we step on the train with full assurance that everything needed for our comfort and well being will be provided without much effort on our part. But here it was another matter, for we were obliged to equip ourselves with soap, matches, towels and bedding. Towels, such as we purchase at home in the five and ten-cent stores, we bought for three shillings, the equivalent of seventy-five cents apiece.

The railroad cars were divided into compartments running the full width of the car. There was a door and one or two windows on each side. The two-berth compart-

ments had one leather upholstered seat running across the car and an upper berth folded against the wall above it. The four-berth compartment had seats running the long way of the car. Each compartment was equipped with a lavatory adjoining. The windows had wooden shutters and fine screens. No attempt was made at interior decoration, and there were no mirrors or carpets.

The whole journey from Mombasa to Nairobi was a steady climb from sea-level to an altitude of 5,000 feet. The first few hours were hot, but by the time the train stopped for afternoon tea, it was noticeably cooler. By dinner time we were quite comfortable and before morning two blankets were necessary.

Early in the morning we arose from an exasperating night of trying to sleep on the slippery leather shelves, to watch for game. The railway paralleled the edge of the game reserve and we had been told that we were likely to see large herds of game grazing as peacefully as domestic animals. We did not know the name of the dainty fawn-colored animals with backward curving horns, or the great shaggy gray ones. We were all very much excited and rushed from one side of the car to the other, for fear we would miss something. Now and then we saw the lofty head of a giraffe, a herd of plump zebra or a cock ostrich streaking across the country with ten foot strides.

Arriving in Nairobi we found it to be a fine little town of about eleven thousand population, and the center of an unusual amount of activity. We were amazed to find three fine golf clubs and courses and a race track which provided diversion for the English inhabitants. All this seemed strange to us for a town set in the heart of the "Dark Continent"—so different from what we had expected.

The town could boast of two good hotels, with first-class accommodations. The hotel at which our reservations had previously been made produced a bath-room with real hot and cold running water, and although we had to stand in line for it, it was well worth the effort.

The morning after our arrival in Nairobi we met our hunter, Mr. Maxwell, and began our outfitting, which was done with much more ease than we had anticipated. When the outfitting was accomplished and everything packed in chop boxes or tin uniform cases of not more than sixty pounds in weight, our safari was ready to start. We hired an automobile, bought a Ford and proceeded on our big adventure, our first destination being the "Blue Post Inn" at Thika where we remained over night.

The porters, gunbearers, headmen, askaris, cook, tent boys, trackers, scouts and skinners, numbering about eighty in all, awaited us at an appointed place on the road. From there the real safari began.

The headmen distributed the loads to the porters. Considerable squabbling ensued while the boys scrambled to obtain the lightest and softest loads. In a few days, however, each boy knew his own load and jealously guarded it. It seemed the feeblest and least aggressive boys carried the most awkward loads. But the heaviest loads were given to the strongest men who took pride in bringing them into camp first.

The success of a safari depends largely upon the efficiency of the natives. A good headman, to insure smooth running and a contented camp; gunbearers who will not run away in the face of danger; tent boys to wait at table, and also generally act as valets; a trained cook, askaris or watchmen to pitch tents, help lagging porters, keep up and watch fires and guard the camp at night; skilled skinners to see that trophies are properly treated; and last but not least—the backbone of a safari—cheery porters who can march with heavy loads—are all essential to an enjoyable trip.

Each boy was issued a blanket, a water bottle, a food bag and a cooking pot at the beginning of the safari. They are supposed to receive about 1½ pounds of food daily, consisting of meat or cornmeal or whatever is available. The wages average about fifteen dollars per month for headmen; ten for gunbearers, ten for cooks; $7.50 for tent boys; six for askaris; $7.50 for skinners and for porters. These wages depend upon their efficiency. Some receive more and some less.

When the loads were ready, the porters made their blankets into a sort of turban to cushion his head and upon which to rest his burden. It was always amusing to watch them going through this process of preparing the turbans.

The white hunter led the procession, followed by our party, consisting of Mr. King, Buddy, John Hansen, the taxidermist and myself. Directly behind us followed the gunbearers. When moving camp, the trackers and scouts usually carried some of the guns. The tent boys were the aristocrats of the party, for they carried nothing, not even their own belongings. The cook carried a frying pan or a

The black maned lion which fell to Mr. King.

A choice bit of dental work.

big spoon as an insignia of his office. And the march was on!

The long procession seemed to stretch for miles, resembling a small army. As the march progressed, the weaker men fell behind and the lazy ones took their time. The headmen brought up the rear to see that no one was lost or left behind. The usual daily march was about fifteen miles.

The next day's trek, after leaving the Blue Post Inn, was destined to bring us to Colonel Patterson's Shooting Box. This sounds mightily imposing, but in reality was far less pretentious—two mud huts with thatched roofs made up the ensemble of this high-sounding estate.

Our idea in taking this place was that it would be a safe and comfortable haven to leave Buddy. However, upon learning the true facts of the case, instead of leaving him in such miserable surroundings—we tried to procure a small donkey from a neighboring settler. Horses do not thrive in this section on account of a certain fly.

Having obtained permission from the settler, the next thing was to capture the donkey. The safari boys tried to catch him, but he dodged with great agility. He would stand perfectly still while someone crept carefully up behind him, but when the man reached striking distance, out shot Mr. Donkey's hind legs and Mr. Man folded up on the ground, much like a fast-closing jack-knife.

Our sporting blood was up. Even though his kicking instincts cast a shadow upon the possibilities of his saddle horse career, we were determined he must be caught.

A lasso we decided would be the answer to this preponderous question, for surely the donkey had never seen one. For that matter, neither had we, outside of the movies, but still it seemed simple enough. A rough rope was obtained and a running noose made in the end, while one after another amateur roper tried his hand. The donkey stood still, ears down, head drooping, apparently quite bored with this new game. A flick of the ear was all that was necessary to rid him of the rope, but at last he was too careless and the rope fell over his head with the aid of the cook and a broom.

The saddle was adjusted by main force and the aid of numerous pairs of strong arms. A small boy was carefully lifted on and promptly bucked off. Next a larger boy whose feet would reach the ground was placed on the donkey. Then we discovered that the donkey had set ideas about his progress. He could neither be coaxed, dragged or driven forward. He would go backwards, but preferred moving sidewise—crab fashion. The vision of Buddy moving thus up the long hill ahead of us was too diverting to carry out, and not especially safe or swift, so the obstinate little donkey was returned to his master and the small boy set out on his own two feet.

After leaving Colonel Patterson's "Shooting Box" our train led over the Ithanga Hills to the banks of the Thiba River. The hills were steep and high, approached over heavy, black, newly-broken coffee land. To one not accustomed to this soft, powdery soil, a "trek," as the march is called, was a real punishment. Ascending the hills, exhaustion resulting from exercise at the high altitude, to which we were unaccustomed, became more marked with every step.

On our way, we passed a dead buffalo. In our vast inexperience, the thought suggested itself that this would be a good place to stop, for the dead buffalo seemingly would be excellent lion bait, especially since the carcass was duly "ripe" and smelled unto the high heavens. We waited—but never a lion did we see. Finally, patience was exhausted and closer inspection of the buffalo showed it had died of rinderpest. Naturally, scorned by all animals.

The next day we reached the bank of the Thika River, which was to be our first real base camp for hunting operations.

Our camp on the Thika River deserves a word of description for it was one of the most entrancing spots we have ever encountered and even now our hearts turn back to it.

Our tents were pitched on the edge of a donga or dry stream bed, which ran into the river at right angles, and were faced away from the donga, across a low-lying meadow of deep grass. There were three of them, one for Mr. King and myself, one for Buddy and our taxidermist, and the other for Mr. Maxwell. In front of the tents the camp fire was located and it was always kept burning through the night.

Our porters had their camp on the other side of the camp fire, in a little depression, just out of sight.

There was a shelf on the bank of the donga back of our tents and there we placed the dining room, under a canopy of vines which shaded the table and served as a curtain to screen the kitchen and pantry.

Where the donga joined the river we constructed a bathroom, by scooping a depression in the sand and erecting an enclosure of papyrus stems. There were too many crocodiles in the river to make it safe for bathing.

Game was superabundant and sport fine. Kongoni, Zebra, Water and Bush Buck, African Geese, Greater and Lesser Bustards, Spur Fowl, and ordinary and vulturine Guinea fowl, fell in great numbers before our guns.

Outside of dry supplies, we were living literally "off the fat of the land." Our native cook prepared not only the game, but the whole meal to perfection. He produced a finer meal from the natural resources than the white help.

At this spot, none of the bigger or fiercer game offered itself as target, but we continually heard them and saw the signs of their presence. Although he never said so, the light of later experiences forces the conclusion that our hunter, Maxwell, not knowing our experience or capabilities with a gun, took us to this point really as a try-out. This was really a training camp where he could observe us in action and decide just about what we were fit to go up against.

There is no question that the two weeks we spent in this locality hunting the various less dangerous types of game which abounded, was a very good schooling for our whole party. We became accustomed to each other, co-ordinated, and as the saying is "found ourselves."

From here it was decided that the party should go to the Thiba River. To accomplish this we had to back track to Fort Hall and then around, about a fifty mile trek, to the banks of the Thiba.

Fishing in the Thiba was nothing to boast of. The only specie seemingly to prevail was a fish from 10 to 14 inches long, ugly in appearance, bad-tasting, and extremely bony. We could not be persuaded to eat it, but our native bearers boned and cured it before the fire, seemingly relishing the result immensely.

Here we set to work preparing for some real hunting of the bigger species. Our "boys" (all natives are called "boys"), under the guidance of our hunter, selected strategically placed trees, and around these were built "bomas." The word "boma" applies to any inclosure from the stone-walled fort to the tiny inclosure made of thorn branches by the hunter. A small opening is left in the side of the boma, and after the hunter enters, this is temporarily sealed by the placing of a thorn bush over the opening. Entering the boma always carried with it the feeling of a "surprise party," for one never knew just what would be found inside, running the entire gamut from ants and snakes to much larger and more offensive creatures.

Due presumably to consideration for my sex, our hunter practiced the gentle art of interior decorating to its utmost possibilities with the materials at hand, in building bomas for my use. They were invariably lined with grasses and other padding, so that the pointed advances of the thorns on the bushes comprising the boma might be somewhat more circumspect. Thorns, a comfortable bed, cohabitors varied, and all more or less objectionable, were not the limit of penalties a night vigil in a boma inflicted. From fifteen to thirty paces removed would be the bait—a carcass, or a portion of a carcass of some dead animal. The first night, the odor of the bait was faint, and the chances of attracting game, equal. Another day, under the blistering sun, advanced the ripening process materially. Odor and

Mr. and Mrs. King at home.

chances of attracting game increased amazingly, and on the third night, after another blistering application of sun, the bait was usually classed as "well-ripened" and the chances for game were best. The odor—well, it might be highly attractive to the nostrils of the wild, but by civilized man it never could be mistaken for attar of roses. It lingers still with the fullness of but yesterday.

An incident occurred here, on the Thiba, that certainly severely strained "the family tie."

One day I and a couple of trackers came upon the track of a Rhino. We had not yet killed one. Fevered with expectation and anticipation, we entered a narrow and precipitous "donga," which is nothing more than a sharply-cut dry-run or watercourse, and the trail of the Rhino was clearly defined. As we followed it, it seemingly became fresher and hotter. On up one donga and down an-

(Continued on page 74)

A little breathing spell.

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The Winter Angler

In Winter to Go Skating, Coasting, Hiking or Ice-Boating Was Good Form; but Fishing! If I Had Been Seen with a Rod Case It Would Have Become Public Gossip. Who of You Have Gone Fishing in Winter?

By J. LIPPINCOTT FOSTER

THE stream in Winter was as lovable as in Summer, a different beauty. The lush greens of the warm season have been changed to many shades of color, russets, browns, grays, and tender grays as an artist would say. Trained eyes can see many more colors, various toned purples, crimsons, greens on shores, while the water gives back the tints of the sky as they may be blue or gray or vivid sun-reflecting cloud, and in the bends will show broken, trembling masses of all the shore colors deepened by reflection. The picture changes as I move along the grassy shores, yellow, russet, brown, or still green in small sheltered places despite frost and snow of the winter that is almost over now.

The stream is a gently-flowing curving creek of perhaps thirty feet in average width with deep quiet pools in the hollow curves of the bends. It winds now through pasture, then through small woodlands in close succession. The pasture has here and there a fringe of trees or scanty bushes along the low banks which are mostly abrupt, although there are a few narrow sand pits.

This stream was a favorite winter resort of mine, but my frequenting it was carefully never mentioned to friends or acquaintances, and no one of them was invited to share it with me. The attractions that drew me to the waterside in Winter were: a large sized urgent desire to get out of doors, a love of angling, and of the water for its own sake.

In the Eastern States when the waters freeze the tackle is laid aside until the opening of the season at the beginning of April, and the Waltonian bides until then, tempering his impatience by fireside reading of angling classics, and day-dreaming of dark pools or flashing wide waters of summers gone, perhaps assisted by photographs of outings and the fadeless pictures of memory.

At the beginning of freezing weather, most fishes that do not run to the sea bury themselves in the mud to hibernate until Spring; but a few are all-season swimmers, the pike and roach are two of these. In this stream there were almost no pike, but, armed with proper tackle and the know-how-and-where, one could enjoy the winter scene and air, and the while be buoyed up by hope of sport.

The American Roach is an exact counterpart of the English fish of that name in appearance, although there are slight structural differences. It never grows as large as the English fish, being a small fish at largest, which is about eight inches long, but it is gamy on the extremely delicate tackle used, gives good sport, and coming from the icy water is an excellent pan fish. When there is no other fishing it is appreciated for satisfying the angling desire, and for itself.

My first acquaintance with it was when a small boy I used to go with other boys to the Neshaminy creek—'Shaminy we called it—a tidal river in Pennsylvania, which empties into the Delaware river nearly twenty miles above Philadelphia. Where the railroad bridge crossed a wharf of considerable length ran parallel with the shore; an ell or offset was at the upper end; this caused an eddy when the tide was ebbing, and the water in the dock was then a quiet pool of some depth. The fish prefer gentle currents and they frequented the dock in numbers.

Every Bucks County man and boy in the vicinity, owning a drop of sporting blood, went there to fish; all sorts and conditions, farmers and farm boys mostly, and armed with a great variety of tackle. The one and only bait was dough, but of as many different kinds as variety in physiognomy or styles of rural whiskers; some was made from flour and water alone; the same with raw-cotton mixed, to better its stay on the hook; or unbaked bread, or baked, etc., etc., and many were the divergencies of opinion as to the exact age the bread should be and the proper amount of moisture required to form the right consistency.

Whatever the dough, it seemed to make little difference there; the anglers stood the length of the wharf and most seemed to have fortune, the fringe of poles was rising and falling almost without cessation; each quick rise—often jerk—of a pole was not the sure signal of a capture, the fish more often than not escaped with the bait as a prize, yet very many were taken. In no other place have I known the fish to be as numerous or such free biters.

Years after, in Winter, being in easy reach of this boyhood fishing place, I felt the wish to wet a delicate silk thread there, but the idea of angling with a crowd had by then become distasteful; bucolic whiskers would dull the blue of the sky for me, and dim the polished silver of the fish.

Probably most of the streams that enter the lower Delaware contain them. Thad Norris in his pleasant book of angling mentions this winter fishing.

Being city-bound, toward the end of a long cold winter, the call of the outside became too strong and urgent, so one mild February day found me inhaling deep breaths of riverside air as I gently lowered the lure alongside the sterns or bows of sea-going vessels; it was pleasant because a novel angling environment; boats share my affections with the out-of-doors. The place was on the North Shore of Camden at a marine railway and dry-dock; angling friends on pike fishing trips in Fall had mentioned this place as the only one where roach were known to be

© Bert Brown

The stream in winter—a thing of wonderful beauty.

caught in the river. A holiday, but only two or three other hopeful anglers were there, widely scattered; perhaps if one had had luck the others would have concentrated in the vicinity of the fortunate one, but as it was, spite of a time when the tide and weather 'n' all seemed to be saying "this is the day," never a nibble cheered us.

The fate that moves us on the chessboard of life, brought me to live in the suburban village of H—— near to the stream mentioned at the beginning: Cooper's Creek, the mouth of which is at Camden, 12 miles—as the curlicue creek winds—below the angling place at H——. Would that the Indian name of this pleasant curvy waterway was known, it would doubtless be more suitable, sweet-sounding, poetic, than if named after Cooper's, Brown's or Jones', as listen to the names of the next streams in order, ascending the river: Aramingo, Pensauken, Wissinoming, Rancocas (makes one think of Leatherstocking's Uncas), Poquessing, Nashaminy (as great a chief as Tammany) and so on to Minnisink up by the Water Gap where the river has cut its way through the Blue Mountains.

There are a few lapses in the Indian names due to the vanity of the Paleface; the great river Delaware itself suffers in that respect, its native name being Lenni-Lenape.

Handling fine tackle is a great part of the sport of angling; the finer it is, the more skill required, the greater chance the fish has of escaping, and the heavier it feels to be when bending the slight rod to the pull of the line. With a small fish like the roach the ultimate limit of delicacy is reached; the finest calibre silk line is too stout, I used dark button-hole silk thread waxed to keep from flossing.

The rod was a source of perplexity; I thought of making a special rod of extreme lightness and thinness, but it was never made, not from the difficulty of making, but of keeping and transporting. If hidden near the waterside the damp air would warp and ruin it. It could not be kept at home for good and sufficient reasons then, although they may seem trivial now, when time and distance enable one to see the right perspective of things.

This sweet small town of charming, friendly folks was a most constantly dressed-up community of humans, seemingly always on parade; everyone who was in the village "Who's Who," conformed to the unwritten regulations; they jolly well appeared to watch their step, as if fearing to make a false one, and lowering themselves in the regard of the rest.

In winter to go skating, coasting, hiking or ice-boating was good form; but fishing! If I had been seen with a rod case, it would have become public gossip how crazy I must be; who of them had ever gone a-fishing in the winter?

So, with a pang of regret was given up all thought and hope of handling a sweetly delicate polished rod with fairy guides and reel to match. Rod embarrassment must have impaired my judgment, for the awful blunder was made of buying one of those little Japanese telescoping bamboo futilities that extend crookedly into a rod of a number of wabbly sections and collapse into the first joint; with a ball for the hand, and a plug for the ground: A cane! As I was known to possess the idiosyncrasy never to carry a cane under any circumstances, the purchase could only be called an error of judgment at mildest; besides, I would rather have died than been seen with a cane like that.

In the busy city street, gazing through plate glass at glittering display of outdoor goods for sport, I see a tightly rolled silk umbrella. It seemed so lonely and out-of-place that I wonder, so read its tag: "This looks like an umbrella, but it isn't. It is an elegant 4 joint split bamboo rod. Just the thing for Sunday fishing." "Men were deceivers ever," but they tempted me not, I knew it would be too stiff and heavy, and besides if I was seen carrying an umbrella that was never raised, it would surely for me have been the unanimous declaration: Non Compos Mentis.

At one place by the creek willows grew, a straight, slender sapling smoothly peeled made a light and springy pole, and must content me, while a thicket made a good hiding place.

To follow my—too infrequent—propensity I must needs sneak away unknowing to the squashy waterside. This was not so easy as might seem at first thought for there was no hidden way thither; whichever course taken must needs cross and go along for some distance, the broad, trim Main Street, parked, and overarched by grand old maples and sycamores; a stately avenue; and now given a deeper shade of loveliness by being renamed "The King's Highway," for in Colonial times it formed a part of the main road across the Jerseys from New York to the King's Colony of West Jersey, and Philadelphia.

Acquaintances in morning dress and polished shoes, or matrons and debutantes in correct outdoor vogue were very likely to be met with, and my own covering must bear their scrutiny and pass their inspection if I was to retain my own little niche in either regard.

Within me would arise the longing for old clothes, particularly a loosely woven overcoat that was delightfully warm, light, and comfortable. Rubber boots would have been the right footwear, for, after rain or in thawy weather, the creek banks had their muddy moods and polished shoes would soon have lost their luster, and by the time the homeward way was wended they mould be a shocking sight, quite out-of-place on the King's Highway, or in keeping with the sartorial ensemble.

The situation would have been impossible save for one small redeeming fact: the suburban code of manners allowed overshoes to be worn in thawy weather without loss of caste, for the street crossing were then apt to be, to a degree, gooey. "Gumshoes" were not approved of, but tolerated; to be worn on special necessary occasions; not to become a habit.

The built-up part of the street ended at the top of a gentle hill, and the road continued down to and across a graceful arched stone bridge built in the early part of the last century before they had learned how to make ugly rusty steel skeleton bridges. This was the place, if no acquaintance was looking, to leap the parapet on one side of the stream or other as the hunch might beckon. About 150 feet down stream, when around the first bend, where no eyes on the bridge could see, a great luscious feeling of being free would steal through my system as I inhaled great breaths of pure air and whiffy scents of leaf mold and other waterside smells, delicious because of out-doors and memories recalled of othertime sport.

Only one other person's company ever seemed desirable on these too-seldom and brief escapes to the outside winter: a young lady who had been a companion and comrade canoeing and angling in summer.

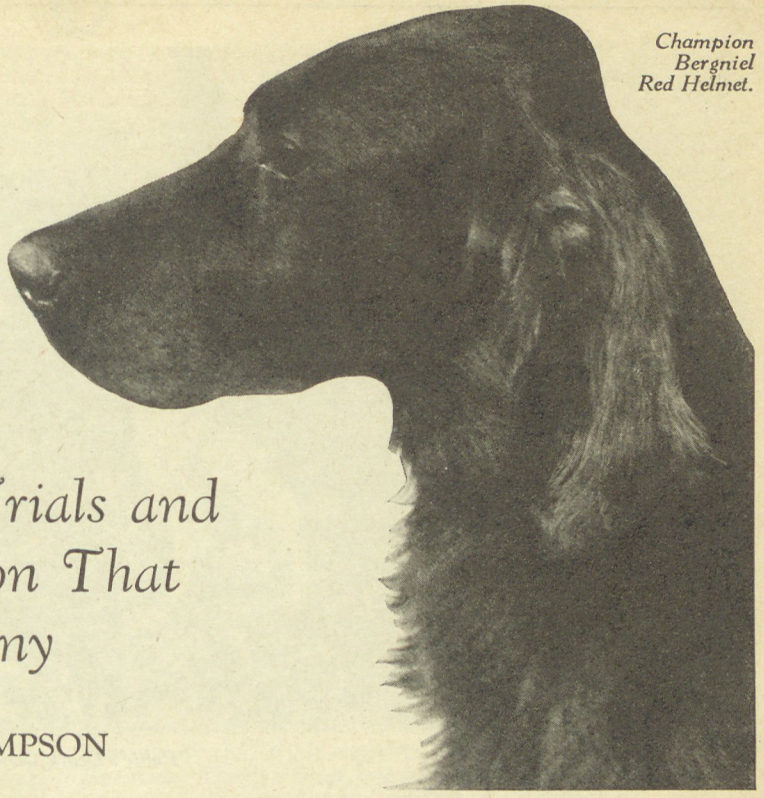
Once, as her Mama would smack a wrigglesome angleworm on the palm of her hand to reduce its too squirmy exuberance before putting it on the hook, and I gently ventured: "The livelier, the more likely to attract the fish," to which Mama replied with decision: "That's the way my father used to do," I can see her eyes snapping with merriment now as with absolutely straight face I said to her Mama: "The old gentleman must have been a great angler."

Skating together on thronged pond was all right but my heart failed at asking her to share the winter fishing, when I reflected on the gossip it would occasion. Her family's estate bordered one side of the water, and it was the most usual one for me to take; as it was in pasture no one ever came there in winter; my mind was at ease, save that the dogs might wander down; friendly but noisy.

Not much chance of getting fish before February unless very mild. Sometimes a snowfall bothered; when tramping down the bank from the bridge a plain spoor would be made and I feared—but never was—to be trailed.

A heavy white frost at night; a fairy lacework in the morning; each tree, bush, twig, blade of grass, and weed glorified in white and silver; every spray increased to many times natural size and of every shape from crystal springing from crystal; icy feathers. The air has been frozen, sweetened, purified, the nostrils expand to draw in as large quantities as possible, and it seems to have a delicate scent only present with the hoar-frost. As the sun climbs he causes a wondrous transformation scene, the ice-feathers shrink, darken, weep; to console *(Continued on page 65)*

The Vital Spark



Champion Bergniel Red Helmet.

Irish Setters, Field Trials and a Complex Situation That Involves Destiny

By DR. LOYD B. THOMPSON

THE Mapledale Kennels? Sure, this is the road, young man. You can see the kennel houses from my back porch yonder. You go on down the pike to the school-house, then turn to the right for about a quarter, then left another quarter, then cross the bridge and you're there. You can't miss it, and there's been so many automobiles coming this way since the National that the side road is mighty well worn down.

Water for your radiator? Sure, come right in; glad to have you. You'll find a well with a bucket and a chain in the back yard, and by the way, if you want a drink of the best water in Tennessee just try the water out of that well. You'll excuse me for not going around with you, but I've been so stove up since the National, what with not having ridden a horse for nigh onto six months before that that it's kinda hard for me to travel.

You say you want to buy an Irish Setter? So does nearly everybody now, and I reckon you can buy one of the Mapledale setters if you have the price, and you look like you had, young man, but let me warn you they come high. They're real dogs, real dogs with a capital D.

Did I see the second series? Young man I haven't missed a National Field Trial since ninety-two, and what's more I don't expect to miss one as long as I can climb onto a horse, and when I can't I hope I'll have gone to the Happy Hunting Grounds. I see Rip Rap win in ninety-six. I see Mary Montrose win three times and Becky Broom Hill win three times, but let me tell you, young man, there never was a greater race run than last week.

John Kincaid and Alice Bowron? Say, young man, there never were two better ones grown in Tennessee, nor in the whole U. S. A. for that matter. Thoroughbreds both of them if there ever were any, and made for each other. I know 'em both since they were big enough to pull the tail of one of Old Colonel Kincaid's Irish Setter puppies. Why I teach John Kincaid how to ride a horse, and am with him when he shoots his first quail. What he knows of Irish setters I and Old Mose, his kennel man, teach him, if you don't mention what he just naturally inherited from his dad, the Colonel.

And little Alice Bowron? There's a girl for you. Why after her Ma died when she isn't much more'n five year old, I and my wife almost, you know, raise her you might say. Of course her pa, the general, thinks he has a lot to do with it himself, but if he had enough sense to feed fish fishing worms he'd know his share in her bringing up is about as big as an ant's eyebrow. 'T any rate when she come home from school three year ago and takes charge of the general's big house herself she pays a lot more of mind to things I and my wife, particularly my wife I must admit, says about housekeeping, et cetera, than she does to her pa.

And then, too, the General is dead set on her marrying John Kincaid right off.

He tells me this the night before Alice comes home from school. He's walking by here with a brace of his pointer pups, giving them a little exercise he says, but I reckon he wants to talk to me more than he wants to exercise those pups. And, by the way, young man, if you might be interested in a pointer you can't find none better than Old General Bowron's. I'm sitting here on the porch nursing a little attack of lumbago, and when the General sees me he comes right in and sits in that chair you're sitting in.

"Tom," he says to me sort of unconcerned like, at the same time putting a match to his old briar pipe. "Tom, Alice is coming home tomorrow."

"Whoopee!" I shouts. "That's good news."

"It sure is, Tom, but—"

He pauses like and after a bit I says,

"But what?"

"Well, Tom," he continues, "you know Bob Kincaid and I made it up years ago that John and Alice would get married."

"Sure, I've heard of that," I says. "What about it?"

"I want this match pulled off right away, and what's more I'm going to see that it is."

"Better go slow, General," I says. "Many a good bird dog has been made gun shy by shooting a gun over 'em too young."

"But Alice will be twenty-two her next birthday. She's been going to school and college all her life now, and I think the time has come for her to settle down and raise a family."

"General," I says, "better give her time to catch her breath, and my advice is, if you're asking for it, to let her and John alone. If they want to get married, of which there don't seem to be no doubt, they'll do it without your urging them."

Well, I know mighty well the General is going to do what he pleases anyway, no matter what I say, but I have my say just the same. And sure enough Alice ain't much more than got her hat off till her pa lights into her. She listens till he sort of runs out of gas and doesn't seem to have anything more to say then she begins.

"Why, Dad," she argues, sort of sweet like, "I'm not ready for the holy bonds of matrimony, at least not yet. And if I was I'm not at all sure I'd want you to pick my storm and strife."

"There's no more marriageable young man in all Tennes-

Pohic's Ozark Queen.

see than John Kincaid," he bellers, swelling up like a pouter pigeon. "Any fool girl that would refuse to wed him ought to have an alienist examine her. Isn't he the son of Colonel Kincaid, as fine a gentleman as ever rode a horse or shot a quail over a bird dog?"

"Sure he is, Dad," she comes back, still more sweet, "and Heaven knows that's nothing against him. But my ideas on matrimony in general, and a husband for myself in particular, are not sufficiently crystallized as yet to justify a decision in favor of John Kincaid. And then too, Dad," she puts in knowing it will be a knock out, "you know John Kincaid is an Irish Setter man."

"Well, of course," the General temporizes, sparring for time as it were, "both John and his dad did go off half cocked when they thought they could win the National with a damned red dog, but if he marries into this family we'll soon convert him into a pointer man, and that will end that."

"But he's not going to marry into this family, at least not now, so let him go on breeding Irish Setters." And that settles the argument for the time being.

You see, young man, old Colonel Kincaid starts the Mapledale Kennels about forty year ago with as fine a brace of imported red Irish Setters as ever come across the big pond, and his great ambition is to breed one himself which will win the National Championship.

"Carry on, my boy," he says on his death-bed, "Show these damn English setter and pointer worshippers that the *real* bird dog has a red coat. Win the National with a Mapledale Irishman."

And then he turns over and dies, his life's ambition unrealized, but sure that his son will attain it for him. That is just before the big fracus in Europe, and when John returns from the great adventure, wearing the gold oak leaves of a major—he is one of the youngest majors in the Service—he begins where his dad left off trying to breed a Mapledale red setter good enough to win the National Championship.

The old man has come pretty close to it two or three times, but he can't quite make the grade, so John has some mighty good material to start work on. When he comes home from the war he brings a brace of Irish Setters from Drogheda to inject new blood into the veins of the Mapledale dogs. He also brings a young Irishman, Patrick Callihan, to take over the training. John has saved his life or something in France, so he just naturally wants to put over a winner for John, and no trainer ever works harder with a bird dog.

One day about three months ago John is making an inspection of the kennels, and feeling just a little blue and down in the mouth. A whole litter of puppies by Champion Duke of Mapledale has died of distemper, and Katie of Mapledale has failed to whelp. Enough to make anybody blue, don't you think so, young man? However, Old Mose, his kennel man, is doing his best to cheer him up, knowing mighty well what is on his master's mind.

"Dat King dawg sho' am some dawg, Marse John," Old Mose begins when they get up to the runway of a great, upstanding Irishman what looks every inch of his name, "some big goin' red dawg."

"Some dog is right, Uncle Mose," John returns rather absent-mindedly as he flecks a speck of dirt from his boot with his riding crop.

"Yassir," Old Mose rattles on, "Ah done say w'en he want no bigger'n a minit either him er de little Queen bitch, w'ich yo' done gib Miss Alice, gwine win de Nashnul, an' now Ah's plumb shore ob hit."

"What makes you so sure, Uncle Mose?" John asks, taking a little more interest as he strokes the silky head of a beautiful Irish Setter bitch which has poked her nose in between his arm and his body.

"Cause in de fust place he's de son ob dat Princess dere you's petting, de greates' Ash setter bitch w'ich eber pinted er quail, an' in de second place Ah done seed him run yistiday."

"Well if you saw him run, Uncle Mose, and you say he'll win the National that's enough for me. But," he adds a little bitterly, "it's three months till then, and a lot can happen in three months."

"Now dere yo' go agin, Marse John. Don' yo' know ef yo' think bad luck er comin' hit's boun' ter come?"

"Right you are, Uncle Mose, right you are; and I'll try not to think it, but—"

"Dere aint no buts dis time, Marse John," the old darkey interrupts respectful like. "Dere is nothin' 'ceptin' fac's we *is* gwine win de Nashnul."

"I hope you're right, Uncle Mose," John replies with a far-away look in his eyes. "You know what it means to me." And then he adds "Tell Patrick I want to see King work this afternoon and to wait for me."

"Yassir, Marse John," Uncle Mose says as John climbs onto his horse, and then mutters to himself when his master is out of hearing, "Ah sho' does know what hit means ter yo', Marse John, but Ah sho' reckons yo' gwine git yo' meanin's this time, scusin' some mo' bad luck."

John Kincaid is no quitter, young man; you just get that out of your head if it's in there. He proves that dozens of times; on the football field during his college days—he is All-American half-back one year—he always fights till the last gun no matter whether his team is behind or ahead. In France he wins the Medal of Honor for sticking to his

post and operating his machine gun when all the rest of his company is killed and he himself wounded.

But you can't blame him for being a little pessimistic. He has tried hard to breed an Irish that would win the National, and at least three times when the great prize seems almost within his grasp something happens; something over which he has no control keeps him from it. One year he gets into the second series; another time his entry, a big, wide-going dog, mysteriously dies just two weeks before the event.

Three year ago the great bitch, Princess of Mapledale, is going great. All down the circuit she comes home first, second or third, and is the sensation of the year. Patrick Callihan is sure she will win. But, what do you think? Just a week before the trials she is run over by an automobile and her leg broken. After that she always walks with a limp, and is never able to get up her wonderful speed again. Can you beat that for tough luck, young man?

The last two years John has nothing good enough to enter, but this year King of Mapledale, son of Princess, is three year old and going as fast and wide as his dam, but while he has won several derby stakes, he seems, to John, to lack something. It may be because he loses so often he is sort of pessimistic. However, this morning I'm talking about, Old Mose tells John that King is good enough to win, and John knows that Old Mose is a very wise old darkey in the ways of the bird dog. For forty years he watches over the destinies of the Mapledale kennels; for forty years he feeds puppies whose dams have died in bringing them into the world with a bottle; for forty years he sets up all night, and many nights, with puppies and grown dogs sick unto death with distemper. In the early days Old Mose is trainer as well as kennel man, but the rheumatics finally gets him and the training is turned over to Callihan. So John Kincaid has a lot of faith in what Old Mose has to say, and as he rides along he is doing his best to believe that King of Mapledale will go to the top and show the world that the *"real* bird dog has a red coat."

All at once as John lets his horse take his own gait sort of slow like he hears the sound of galloping hoofs, and a moment later a girl riding a beautiful Kentucky thoroughbred burst into view around the curve of the road. At the sight of Kincaid she reins in her horse so sharply he rears back on his hind feet and seemingly almost turns over backward.

"Hello, John," the girl cries. "Thought I'd find you out here. How're the dogs this morning?"

"Fine," he answers not very enthusiastic like, then goes on, "Alice you oughtn't to ride so fast."

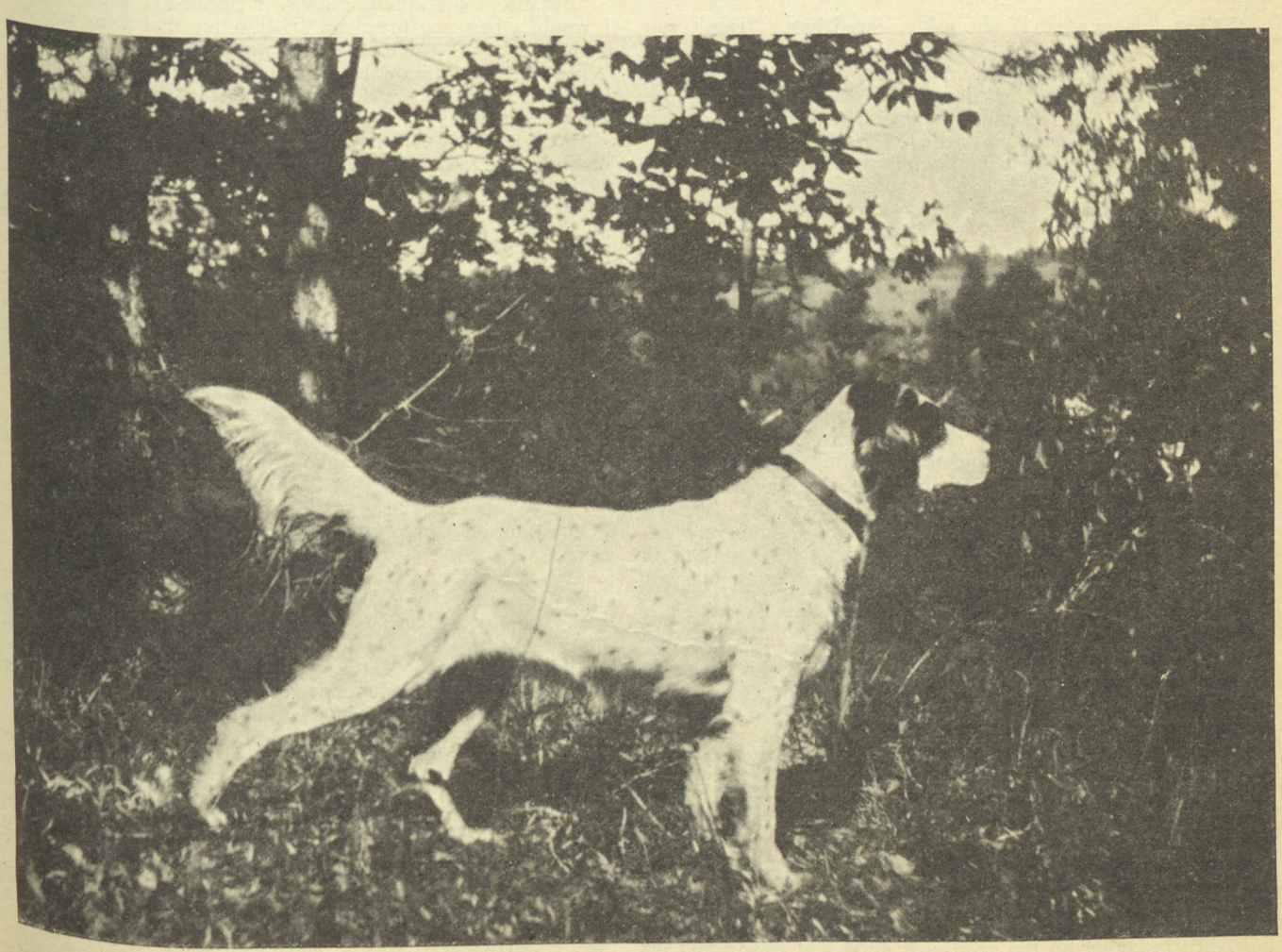
"Now, Mr. Killjoy, pray tell me why not."

"Well," he begins, "because in the first place it's too fast for anyone to ride."

"Yes," she mocks, her pretty blue eyes dancing as she holds her spirited horse in check, "and in the second place I never was on a horse before, and in the third place Old Abdul here might run away with me, and in the fourth place —or piffle—come on, old Stick-in-the-mud, Abdul and I will race you and your superannuated nag to the school house."

With that she strikes the flank of her thoroughbred with her crop and goes thundering down the road. For a fraction of a second John frowns; then a grim smile sweeps his face and with a dig in his horse's ribs with his spurs he is off after her.

Now, young man, in spite of the fact that John Kincaid doesn't altogether coincide with old General Bowron's views in regard to bird dogs, and has no intention of so coinciding, he does heartily endorse the General's stand in regards to matrimony, that is, in regards to his marriage with Alice Bowron. They've been boy and girl sweethearts all their lives, and of course everyone in the neighborhood expects them to get married. When he goes away to war she is mighty proud of him, but she is off to school when he returns, and it just happens that they don't see anything of each other till three year ago. I think probably the General springs the matrimony stunt on her too sudden like, even before John has his little say, and as she is a girl with



Inquisitive Lady, Champion Llewellyn Setter.

a powerful amount of spunk she just naturally bucks the traces, and when John does ask her she turns him down cold. Of course she never tells me this exactly, but from several little things she has let slip, and the General talking to me like he does the night before she comes home, I put two and two together.

Well, as I say, John Kincaid is no quitter, and I reckon he asks her to marry him on an average of half a dozen times a day ever since, at least up to three months ago. But it doesn't seem to get him anywhere and at the end of two years they don't seem to be no nearer marrying than they are when they began.

It's about this time, that is, about a year ago Alice comes fluttering up my walk here one evening with me a sitting on the porch and she being all dressed up fit for a wedding or something and look-pretty as an Irish setter pointing a quail. She doesn't mince matters any either, but comes straight to the point without any ifs, ands or buts.

"Uncle Tom," she says, "John Kincaid wants me to marry him."

"Tell me some news," I say, laughing like.

"And Dad wants me to marry him," she goes on, ignoring my bright remark. "And everyone in the neighborhood expects me to marry him, and—and I can't."

"Why can't you?" I asks.

"At least I can't right now, and Dad says if I stick to what I said, I never can."

"What's the riddle?" I enquire.

"Well," she says, sighing like, "last night John comes over to the house as usual, and as usual after he and Dad have gone round and round about the respective merits of the pointer and the Irish setter, and Dad finally gets mad and goes off to bed, John asks me for the thousandth time to marry him. Well, I feel sort of put out at having to listen to all the arguments, so without giving it much thought I say, 'John, I'll marry you when you breed an Irish setter that wins the National.'"

"Whoopee!" I say. "You sure have handed him a package."

"What do you mean?" she asks, scared like. "Don't you think he can ever do it?"

"Sure, he can," I tell her. "But you may both be as old as Methuselah before he does it. You all are wasting valuable time. There's more in this life than breeding an Irish setter good enough to win the National. Such folks as you and John ought to be having your own home."

Alice blushes at that, but she's game.

"I know it, Uncle Tom," she says low like, "and I want to, but—"

"But what?" I ask.

"You know, Uncle Tom, John never has done anything worth while, just fools with his dogs, and hunts and fishes, and—and I want to be sure that he can stick to something, that is, if he sticks to this ambition till he accomplishes it I shall be sure he will stick to me. Don't you see?"

"No, I don't see," I come back, sort of sharp like. "You're just wasting a lot of valuable time. John Kincaid is not the kind that don't stick, so you just forget this foolish notion and go on and marry him."

But she goes off without telling me whether or not she will change her mind, and she doesn't change it. In fact, John doesn't try to make her change it. He merely accepts grimly her ultimatum, you might call it, as one more very good reason for breeding an Irish setter to win the National.

Now, young man, let me see where am I? Oh, yes I'm telling you about the morning John is chasing down the road after that streak of greased lightning, Abdul, carrying Alice Bowron. Alice is a born rider. The old General has her on a thoroughbred when she isn't more'n out of her swaddling clothes, and it seems like she's been on one ever since. And Abdul, that colt she's riding this morning, is a son of a Derby winner and a going fool. But John Kincaid isn't exactly a stranger to a horse himself, and he has a mount this morning that isn't altogether a snail, so when John digs his spurs in, it isn't long till he's making Abdul stretch himself some to keep ahead. It's about two mile from where they start to the school house, and maybe they go about three fourths that distance when all at once it happens.

Alice is laying on the crop now good and plenty and old Abdul is straining every nerve to keep ahead. She can hear John's horse thundering just behind her, and can almost feel his hot breath on her cheek. All of a sudden a little old Irish setter puppy, maybe about four months old, runs out onto the road chasing a cotton tail. Abdul misses him by less'n a chicken's tooth, and this seems to startle him so he stops and turns round just in John's path. It all happens quicker'n I can tell it, young man. But John swerves his horse quick like, he steps into a rut and down he goes, throwing John head over heels into a big red-haw bush on the roadside.

Of course it knocks him witless and the next thing he knows he's laying on the grass, his head in Alice's lap, and her a bathing his face with a handkerchief wet with water she fetches in an old tin can from the branch near by. The little old puppy is sitting there licking his hand just as if it knows he saves its life.

"Gosh," John says, easing his head down more comfortable like in her lap. "Gosh, that was some skid, but we missed the puppy didn't we?"

"Sure you did," she tells him sort of choking like. "But, John, dear, I was awfully scared."

"What do you mean, scared?"

"I—I thought you were k—killed," she says, almost crying now.

With that John sits up—he isn't hurt a bit—and takes her in his arms with her head on his shoulder. And she doesn't object neither.

"Would you have cared, Alice?" he asks very serious.

"You—you know I would have cared," she sobs, down right boohooing and hanging on to him right round the neck.

"You—you do love me?" he goes on.

"Of course I l—love you."

"Then, Alice, darling, why won't you marry me?"

She sort of shudders like and tries to get up, but he won't let her.

"I—I—can't—now," she whispers.

"Why?"

"Because," she almost moans. "Because I promised you I would when you breed an Irish setter that wins the National, and I—I can't break my promise."

For a long minute he says nothing, just holds her to him like he can't let her go. Then he gets up and lifts her to her feet.

"All right, Alice," he says, holding her hands tight and making her look at him while he looks deep in her eyes. "I reckon you're in earnest now, so I won't ask you again till we win." Then he goes on with a queer little smile, and letting go her hands, "Uncle Mose says King will win this year."

"Oh," she says. "Oh, tell me about him."

With that all his interest in his Irish setters comes back and he tells her about Patrick Callihan coming home from the prairies with King and the rest of his string, and how Old Mose has seen King work out the day before, and how he tells John he knows that he is good enough to win the National this year.

"And you know as well as I do," he goes on, "that Uncle Mose has forgotten more about bird dogs than most people ever know."

"Indeed he has," she enthuses, and then pleading like, "Oh, John, let me go with you to see King work this afternoon."

"Do you want to, Alice?" he asks.

"Of course I do. Now you come on home to lunch with me—Mammy Emme is going to make your favorite beaten biscuits today—and then we'll take Daddy and ride back to Mapledale."

"I don't think the General will want to see an Irish setter work."

"Oh, but he will—I'll make him."

So they gets on their horses and rides over to the General's big house, that's it, young man, you can just see the roof through the trees yonder, and has lunch. The General is in a good humor, so when John asks him very respectful like if he would care to go with them to see King work he agrees.

"Oh," he laughs, "I don't mind watching a red water spaniel run around in a circle through a field once in a while, particularly since I haven't anything else to do."

(Continued on page 70)

Death Reef

A Dizzy Darkness Swirled Before His Opening Eyes, and He Relaxed Again. He Raised His Head and Stared Vacantly Downward. Then He Remembered. The Wave . . . . Death Reef . . .

By RUTH MAE LAWRENCE

Photographs by George H. High

THE tide was going out. Foam surged around the great rocks and sheer walls of Cape Kiawa. Huge green combers reared their vengeful heads and swept proudly forward to be ignominiously repulsed. Waves that had traveled thousands of leagues across the northwest sweeps of the Pacific crashed to a moaning rest against the Oregon coast. Irresistibly they pounded, launching into spray that tumbled and frothed against the bitten edges of the cape. The flux of water rushed and sucked into the pot-holes, and thundered under the jagged edges. Slime from all the loathsome aquatic creatures ringed the little pools the reluctant waters were leaving behind them.

Two men stood at the southwest promontory of the cape. They looked across the boundless Pacific, far across the heaving billows to where the dull gray clouds melted into the misty gray of the bowl-edged horizon. Gray water—gray clouds—gray wind—gray, gray day. "Whistler once painted that," the elder man murmured, and reverently bared his head. A fresh wind rumpled his hair. A frown creased an unaccustomed wrinkle between his eyes. Professionally he noticed the heavy swells that swept out of the lowering northwest.

"No fishin'," he stated laconically. "Still too soon after the storm."

"Say," protested the younger man. "What's the matter?" He tapped his foot with the butt of his rod impatiently as the elder man silently stared at the troubled waves. A comber, that dominated the minor waves around it, broke far below them. The spray obliterated the shelving ledge at the foot of the cape. The elder man gripped the younger painfully by the elbow. "Look, you," he whispered and gestured to the south.

Death Reef had, with the falling tide, pricked its way up through the clamorous waters. Brown splotches appeared in circles of foam, and far out at the end a great rock rose insolently above the smash of waves.

The great, green comber approached unhurried. Quietly, not a fleck of foam on its crest, it devoured Death Reef. Not a ripple marked the anchor of the sentinel rock at the far edge, not even a line of froth placed the rocks that formed the reef. All was smooth, billowing ocean. And then, as the great comber washed on, to break against the level beach that lay placidly remote to the east, Death Reef appeared. Bold, brazen, more insolently secure than before, the great dark rocks stood.

The onlookers watched its magic reorganization. It seemed so high above the turbid waves that it almost obscured the preceding scene. The older man shook his head again. "No fishin'," he announced more emphatically than before.

"Why?" the young man demanded, his tone crisp and sharp.

The older man glanced at him, a faint, quizzical smile twitching his lips, then shrugged his shoulders. "No place to fish," he answered. He pointed to the north. "It is too soon after the nor'wester to get out on the north ledge. A man would be swept off there. The same for the west ledge." As he spoke the hollow booming of a broken wave emphasized his low tones. "And Death Reef!" He faced the south and stared at the fringe of rocks that topped the restless seas. He again gestured with his hand in the futile manner of a man to whom paucity of speech was an ingrained habit. "No one fishes on Death Reef. It is suicide."

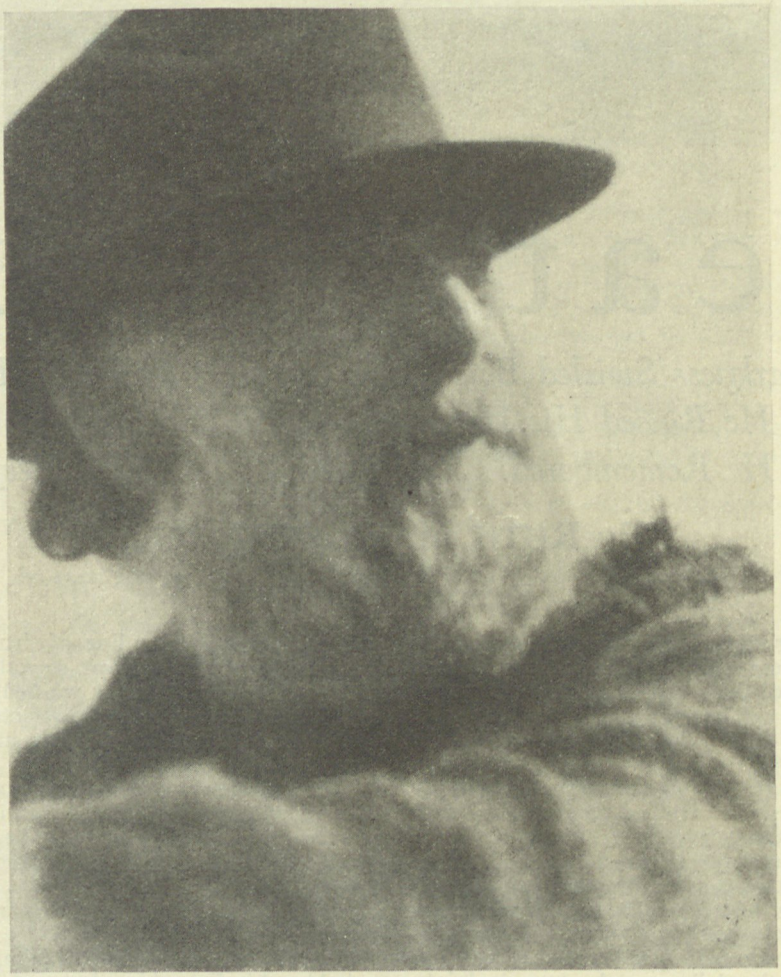
"Oh, just superstition," the young man scoffed. "I've heard quite a bit about it, of course. Grossly exaggerated, though. Every resort has to have something as a drawing card."

The elder man shook his head sadly. "Not a drawing card: a repelling card, rather. You will find hundreds of men that won't fish off the cape at all, because of the name Death Reef has." He crunched the loose rocks under his heavy shoes. "It isn't nonsense, either. It is plain commonsense that makes even the old timers here give the reef a wide berth. Of course, there is wonderful fishing off there. Bound to be, with that big hole full of kelp just east of it: but no man ever gets a mess of sea-bass off those rocks and tells about it."

"Oh, it is safe enough," the young man said carelessly. "Look at it," as though that were his final argument. He saw the slimy rocks, rugged with mussels, dominant above the rushing ocean. Waves frothed about the tumbled string of boulders. Although the tide had but barely turned, a man could, with a bit of jumping and scrambling, reach the farthest rock. That great end rock towered up above the others. The receding waves might occasionally lap across the intervening rocks, but the sentinel rock was never covered. Spray flashed over its top, but the waves always divided and swirled around it. The young man saw the rocks steadfast and bold. The older man looked with far-seeing eyes, and saw a great comber smoothing the rocks into one vast watery expanse. Again he shook his head.

"You might try that spur of the cape," he acknowledged the other man's eagerness, and pointed to where rocks jutted down to a steep cliff that rose about thirty feet above the billows. "Sometimes you can get sea-bass from those rocks. You'll lose some tackle, but it's worth a try if you are really anxious. Cast towards that bed of kelp, and let the waves swirl your line back. Reel fast, though, or your line will be carried under the edge and snagged."

The young man nodded, and action being preferable to him, started toward the path. "Come on," he invited over his shoulder. But the elder man drew back. "Not for me," he smiled. "That water takes all the fever out of me. I'm going for a tramp instead. There's a picture I'd like to get." The young man made a few faint protests. "Now that's all right," the elder man replied. "Don't bother about anything. No, I really don't care to fish. I didn't bring my tackle 'cause I just can't fish when I don't feel that-a-way." The younger man watched the older man fumble with the camera strap. He shrugged his shoulders, impatient to be down to the ocean's edge, and, after appointing the time for the elder's return, again started toward the path.



"Whistler once painted that," the old man murmured.

The older man watched him swing away, and started once to call back an admonition to let the reef alone. Then he pursed his lips sternly. The young man would not try Death Reef, he felt sure, if he was not cautioned unduly against it. The young man was sort of a rebellious chap, contemptuous of the forbidden, enjoying and exulting in his feats of daring and strength. Again the elder man started to call, and, as he did, the young man reached the head of the perpendicular path. He looked up and saw the elder man still watching him, and shouted back, flourishing his rod. The other man shouted, and waved, and then limped away. A sea-gull sailed above, screaming an answer to their cries.

The path dropped precipitately down to a small natural ampitheater that raging storms had hollowed out of the sandstone cliff. Great slabs had split from the walls, wrested asunder by maddened waves. Over these the young man trod with a light, sure foot. A jump here, a perilous balancing, a grasp with his free hand at a projecting point of rock, and down he slid. The trail, a mere sketch of powdered rock, faint and elusive, separated here. Fifty feet below the ocean sucked at the sundered boulders. The Pacific had pounded this cove into the cape, and had filled it with kelp-weed that writhed forward and receded with each flux of the waves. Sea-urchins clung to the mussels that thickly studded the sides of the cliffs. Star-fish were plastered along the edge of the rocks, where the salt water gurgled over them. One way the path led to the spur of the cape; the other way, barely discernible, it led down and across to Death Reef.

The young man picked and shuffled his way along, his back against the crumbling rock, the ocean surging fifty feet below him. For ten feet the ledge he clambered along was but six inches wide. He dug his fingers into the yielding sandstone, and cautiously circled the treacherous stretch. Below him the ocean clamoured and leapt up to meet him. The kelp twined sinuous arms on the surface of the cold, gray waters. A sea-gull flew below his feet, shrieking and laughing. The ledge abruptly widened into the spur.

The young man breathed heavily and wiped the perspiration from his face. His tackle ready, he made a long, smooth cast into a spot clean of kelp, and let the rising and falling of the waves work his smartly-painted minnow. Fifteen minutes later he wrathfully threw down his rod, buried his chin in his palms, and groaned. The kelp and the sharp rocks had left him but one minnow and a leader intact. The outfit he had selected with such care for his jaunt to the coast was ruined. He stared across the glassy waves to Death Reef. He had been watching it the past quarter-hour, and not a single wave had smashed across the rocks. "If it hadn't been for those idiots that got Alan all worked up, I'd be out there, catching fish and keeping my tackle," he muttered, scowling. "Darn all black-cat-moon-over-your-left-shoulder fools. Just because a couple of men got careless out on those rocks is no reason why it should throw a scare into every one else."

He arose and picked up his rod, slapping the pockets that bulged with the remains of his outfit. Carefully he retraced his steps. Securely he shoved his feet along the giddy ledge. A piece crumpled beneath his foot and rolled down, dropping with a little plunk and splash that sounded loud above the dull moaning of the ocean. The white-faced man jumped forward, flinging himself against the ledge where it widened. He stiffened his shaking knees, and

clutched desperately at the rocks about him. After a moment he drew a deep breath and worked his way onward. The waves beneath him laughed cynically. With never an outward display of emotion he came to the forking of the paths, and turned his face toward Death Reef.

The first stretch of the trail to the reef was easily negotiated. The flat-topped rocks were strewn in a ragged, uneven series of steps down which the young man raced in swinging jumps. In joyous humor he laughed up to the towering walls. His perturbation over the loss of most of his tackle had vanished. He paused on the final shelving rock. A tiny beach of powdered sandstone was formed in the heart of the cove, sloping down to the kelp-hole. He stepped hesitantly down, and strode slowly to the edge of the waves. Absently he noted the abrupt termination of the ledge, the hideous serpentine writhing of the kelp. Once again he stared across to Death Reef. As he gazed, a great wave broke behind it, the spray shining in the dull light. The water fretted and swirled between and around the rocks. Demurely, Death Reef pricked above the tumultuous water, a causeway dry to the sentinel rock.

That wave decided the young man. If the rocks were as high above the waves at the first quarter of low tide, they would be safe for at least four hours.

Great boulders barred the way to the reef. They were piled in aimless confusion, leaning back against the gashed cliff. Bracing his back against a rock, the young man jumped across a swirling suck of kelp and brine. He skinned his knuckles and his rod rapped sharply against his forehead. He staggered onto a flat rock. It was difficult to keep his footing, for the rocks, though flat, were pock-marked and smeared with nauseous slime. It was comparatively easy to walk where the pointed mussels crusted the rocks, but footing was difficult in the smooth places. The gray rocks seemed to sway under the young man, and he half slipped, regaining balance with an effort. He was very tired when he reached a jagged boulder that was detached from the flat rocks he had been traversing. Doggedly he crawled over its top, slick and sticky to his clawing fingers. As he slid down, he clutched frantically to stop. A wave had crept silently up and was lapping his feet. A long streamer of kelp wrapped around his boot and hung down limply as the wave receded. Again the young man paused. He glanced up. He was on Death Reef.

So engrossed had he been that the time had seemed unbelievably short. He gazed about him, the wind whipping his hair and snatching at his open coat. Four boulders were between him and the sentinel rock. From the shore, to reach the end rock had seemed difficult, but not impossible. The young man would not concede the impossibility of any undertaking, but he admitted to himself that it was a hazardous attempt. There was no life on the last five rocks, as far as he could see, except the mussels in their sharp shells, but on the rock he was lying against a few sea-anemones curled in a small crevice. A huge star-fish was plastered at his side. Again the wind whipped him fiercely. He looked to the cape. It seemed far away, and much larger than he had imagined it. It frowned down at him, looming gaunt and forbidding.

He had traversed about two-thirds of the length of the reef, he noted to his amazement. As he looked, he wondered how he had managed to come as far as he had. Again the wind buffetted him.

On the sheltered side of the rock he was on, an edge protruded. To this he slipt, finding himself his length from the unsteady water.

There was ample room for his feet, so he stretched luxuriously and slipt his rod from his cramped hand. It was a pleasant relief to be protected from the freshening wind. From the corner of his eye he could see the huge star-fish above him, and turned. As he turned, he saw a wave rounding the shoulder of the rock and involuntarily stiffened back against the boulder. But the wave just swooped around, almost to his feet, and laughed on, leaving a trail of dying foam and swirling kelp behind it. He saw it break against the spur opposite. So that was one of the big waves? Well, he was safe.

He looked at his watch. Four-and-a-half hours yet before the tide would commence to turn, and the waves would be smaller until then. He would leave promptly at ten, he decided, limiting himself to two hours of fishing. That would give him an hour until Alan came.

The Net Mender.

He rigged his tackle hastily, the long gray swells around him adding to his eagerness. Forgotten was all the superstition concerning the reef—forgotten the fact that he was fishing on Death Reef itself. He turned to the star-fish before he made the first cast, and rubbed his fingers along the hard, mottled back. "Wish me good luck, old timer," he coaxed, aloud. The star-fish didn't budge.

The first cast was hampered by his position and the rock at his back, but yet it swung far out over the waves. The last of his minnows, an uncanny dirty yellow with brown splotches, disappeared beneath a long swell. He caught a glimpse of white, and again a big wave frothed beneath his feet. He saw with satisfaction that it did not reach within a foot of the height of the last great wave. Just then a fish jerked his line. The unexpected tug pulled him forward. He swayed back, and gasped as he felt the rock behind him. Below him a long arm of kelp swung toward him. "Come on in," he shouted across the quiet seas to fish, and reeled quickly. *(Continued on page 67)*

Why does it stop at the crest of the Cascade Range?

Why Is a Tree?

In This Article, the Third of an Interesting Series, El Comancho Has Given the Fundamental Natural Reasons for Tree Growth

By EL COMANCHO

WHY is a tree? We might fall back on little sister's answer and say "because"—only that isn't the answer. If we were instead to ask "Why is a rain?" Many would probably promptly answer, "Because there are trees,"—only that wouldn't be the answer either.

Trees are trees because of four great fundamental natural reasons which are first, geology, which covers the different soils trees grow in and this determines where a certain species may or may not grow.

Second, moisture, which dissolves the soils and makes it possible for trees to feed; and remember that all food taken by the whole vegetable kingdom is absorbed in solution through the sap and not taken up as solids.

Third, temperature, which sets a limit of heat on one hand and cold on the other, between which temperature extremes trees may grow and beyond which, either way, they perish.

Fourth, topography, which may change or modify temperature and moisture conditions and thus make them of no force in any given locality. Topography is a geological result and not a cause, therefore geology is not affected by any topographical condition but produces topography instead.

Trees to exist must have the right soil, the right elevation above sea level and the right moisture conditions; given these three things coupled with the right temperature range from extreme to extreme, we find a forest of some kind or another anywhere we look on the earth's surface. Just how dense the growth and just what tree species we

find in this forest depends entirely on how well balanced all the conditions are in relation to one another.

The soil may be ideal, the moisture supply good and still the forest may be stunted by too much elevation or by too severe winter climate.

On the other hand the soil may be poor, the water scanty and the heat degree rather high and a good stand of timber result.

The ideal conditions are soils rich in the elements needed to build the woody structure, copious moisture and temperature at from 70 to 90 degrees, then we can, with near-truth, state that "anything will grow there."

All great forested areas on the earth's surface have naturally always been great forest areas ever since the continents have held their present shapes except where ice has interfered during glacial periods and further except the few years (geologically speaking) that existed between the time when the land came up from under the sea and the time the first trees on any given area reached maturity.

Why coniferous trees should originally appear on some areas and the other kinds appear on other areas, is a question I am not prepared to answer any more than I can tell you why the kangaroo should be a native to Australia only, while wolves are found on every continental land mass in the world; all we know about the beginning and original placement of species we can easily put through the eye of a needle, though the scientific sharps try to tell us they know a lot of things when in reality they are only guessing.

It is a known fact that the "evergreens" grow in great forests in some places where the soft and hardwood trees do not exist at all except as straggling, ill-conditioned shrubs, and vice versa. Why?

Why do tree groups grow thus in selected areas by species and avoid other areas?

Let us cross section North American from Puget Sound to the Gulf of the St. Lawrence River and look it over carefully, for therein is contained the answer to all our riddles about the trees, notwithstanding finespun theories.

If we were to start from Seattle on a fast train running through without stop to the mouth of the St. Lawrence it would take roughly, six days and nights to make the trip which is about the average forward traveling speed of a well developed storm center—just make a note of that and don't forget it.

The first two hours of this eastbound trip we would travel over an undulating, glacial plain with an average of four feet of soil on top.

This soil is primary in the sense that it is derived directly from decomposed, ice mixed rocks and volcanic debris with very little humus or vegetable matter in it.

On this soil, poor as it is, stands the heaviest growth of Fir, Spruce, Hemlock and related trees that is found on the surface of the earth. Under this forest is a jungle of small growth so thick that a man on foot can scarcely penetrate it, and yet only four feet below the surface is what would be one of the world's most desolate deserts if the top four feet of earth were removed because the underlying strata is ice-deposited and is raw, compact and not enough decomposed for plant food; indeed it is today just as it was the day the ice sheet melted back and left it exposed, yet, with four feet of only partly decomposed rock, sand, volcanic mud and ash (and such slight per cent of other values as may be) this stretch of country today supports *(and always has supported since the ice age)* the one finest, most vigorous coniferous forest of general human value, that grows on the face of the earth! Why? Why is this forest here and not elsewhere? Why does it stop at the crest of the Cascade range of mountains that bound it on the East? Why does it not continue on Eastward over these mountains and on across the great plain of the mighty Columbia river where the soil is much richer and better? Why does it not continue thence East across the Rocky Mountains and on Eastward across the plains with their miles and miles of rich soils? Why? Why?

Because the moisture and temperature conditions are such that it is impossible for this forest to grow *further East than the summit of the Cascades.*

These conditions have remained unchanged since the American Continent rose out of the sea and they will remain unchanged for all time unless the land surfaces and continental areas of the world change their forms through some mighty cosmic influence and thus change the flow of existing ocean currents and storm tracks that travel Eastward around the world.

Every tree that grows naturally anywhere in the world has to depend for its life on some distant ocean current and some storm track *in combination nor can it exist otherwise.*

Ocean current directions are controlled and fixed by Continental shore line contours plus distance toward the poles from the equator which governs heat and cold conditions that create water motion which in turn finds its outlet in the line of least resistance, thus creating, as a by-product, the well defined streams or currents that move like huge rivers through all the seas of the world and which are the first-hand sources of water supply for all the continental areas because of the changes in water temperatures they create, which in turn controls very largely (if not entirely) the areas of evaporation that furnish the moisture for moving air currents to absorb and carry inland to later be condensed and fall as rain or snow.

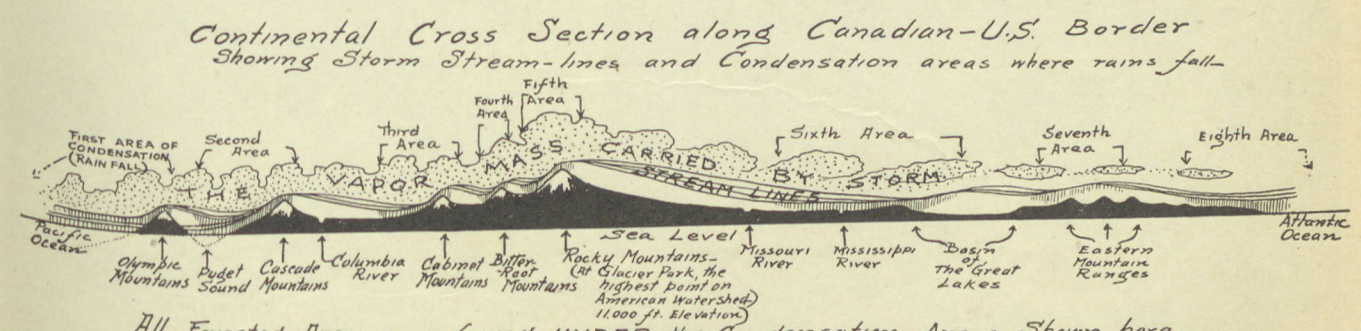
Some order that! Look it over and get it clearly in your mind, for that is the answer to "Why is a tree?" in fairly complete detail whether it be an Indiana Oak, a Georgia Yellow Pine, a California Redwood, a Montana Willow, a Nevada Sagebrush, a Washington Fir or a Peruvian Mahogany.

To make this all plain to you I have drawn a map showing the flow of the Japan current of the Pacific Ocean which washes the West coast of North America from the Alutian Islands southward to middle California and is the principal water supply of the whole United States and Canada because of the tremendous evaporation that takes place over its warm waters plus a fixed storm track.

This evaporation would be useless, however, if it were not for the further fact that the track of the best defined cyclonic storms that cross the continent follows almost identically the same route as the Japan current does from the Aleutian Islands to the Straits of Fuca, and then turns almost directly Eastward thus carrying the vapors, already absorbed, inland toward the continental interior where they fall as rain and snow which is the original supply of water for the land.

This storm track together with other tracks of less moisture influence I have drawn on the map to make the idea plain.

Given the above facts we come now to deal with topog-


Continental Cross Section along Canadian-U.S. Border
Showing Storm Stream-lines and Condensation areas where rains fall
FIRST AREA OF CONDENSATION (RAIN FALL)
Second Area
Third Area
Fourth Area
Fifth Area
Sixth Area
Seventh Area
Eighth Area
THE VAPOR MASS CARRIED BY STORM STREAM LINES
Pacific Ocean
Sea Level
Atlantic Ocean
Olympic Mountains
Puget Sound
Cascade Mountains
Columbia River
Cabinet Mountains
Bitter Root Mountains
Rocky Mountains—(At Glacier Park, the highest point on American Watershed) 11,000 ft. Elevation
Missouri River
Mississippi River
Basin of the Great Lakes
Eastern Mountain Ranges
All Forested Areas are found UNDER the Condensation Areas Shown here—
All Areas NOT UNDER CONDENSATION AREAS shown above are BARREN OF TIMBER—

A profile of the continent, showing wind Flow lines and condensation areas on west side of all mountain ranges. This shows how the big storm from the west works out the water supply for the United States.

raphy which largely controls what becomes of the storm borne vapors as they come inland from the sea on their way East.

We find that there are great mountain systems running parallel to the line of the sea coast and between these ranges there are level areas of plains. Eastward of the Rockies the plains continue to the Eastern ranges of mountains which we find running parallel to the East coast.

Every one of these mountain ranges is at almost right angles to the direction of storm travel and they range from 4,000 feet to 11,000 feet altitude and thus they become the keys that unlock the waters brought inland by the cyclonic storm that *always travels eastward across these mountains and on across the continent and never in any radically different direction.*

Remember the following facts: These storms gather as areas of low pressure somewhere in or about Bering Sea. They spin around a center in a direction opposite the movement of the clock hands and the *centers travel forward in an Easterly direction along a well defined track* at the same time. They follow the same route followed by the warm Japan current as they come down the coast. They pick up, absorb and carry with them an enormous quantity of the vapors that originate in the evaporation of the warm waters of this current.

When they reach the Northern boundary of the United States they turn abruptly Eastward and follow about the line of the boundary to the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, thence out into the Atlantic Ocean. They travel forward at about the speed of the ordinary fast train and cross from Coast to Coast in about five to six days. They cross the mountain ranges at right angles and cross the continental divide at about its highest point which is in Glacier Park, Montana, where the Columbia, Missouri and Saskatchewan river systems originate and flow away into the Pacific Ocean, Gulf of Mexico and Hudson Bay respectively. They are warm, moisture-laden winds that give up their moisture by condensation when in contact with cool mountain range summits.

Bear all these facts in mind and keep your eye on the map, for I'm going to tell you and show you why these storms are the greatest friends we have on this continent, because they make the soils of hundreds of thousands of square miles just what they are in relation to trees and to all things that grow in the ground, thus giving us the productive, beautiful country we live in, nor could we live here without these storms, for the interior of America would be a desert just as the interior of Australia is and for the same reason, namely, no cyclonic storm tracks crossing the large continental area in opposition to mountain range condensers.

Just how we derive moisture, and thus life, from these storms I propose to tell you in detail by tracing one of these storms and the accompanying results across the continent from Bering Sea to the Atlantic Ocean, and in doing so I will make clear a number of things that are more or less of a mystery to nine out of ten people, yet are simple, logical and perfectly connected cause and effect, once you get the plan of the whole thing.

Let us begin by watching the formation of a storm which takes place, say, in January, over an area extending from Nome, Alaska, to the Aleutian Islands and from the inshore American mountains across Bering Straits over into Siberia, which area is the birthplace and cradle of all our big winter storms coming from the West across the United States. The circular area covered may be five hundred miles across or it may be fifteen hundred, depending entirely on the intensity of the storm.

A general average would probably be somewhere about one thousand miles.

This storm is due entirely to atmospheric pressure conditions and is what the weather department calls a "Low" and this in turn means that the downward pressure of the air against the earth's surface is decreased, thus creating the condition nature needs to produce a moisture bearing storm, for the temperature of a "Low" area is always relatively high—that is, the air is warm.

The barometer and thermometer *(Continued on page 62)*

Under this forest is a jungle of small growth.

Speakers of National Note to Attend Fourth National I.W.L.A. Convention

See that your chapter is represented in Chicago April 8-9-10

PLANS for the Fourth National Izaak Walton League Convention, to be held in the Hotel Sherman, Chicago, April 8, 9 and 10, are nearing completion and there is every indication of its being the largest and most important event of its kind ever held.

Speakers of international note have promised to take part in the program, and questions pertaining to the conservation of our out of doors, will be brought up and disposed of at this time. Recommendations made at this convention have a far reaching effect on the conservation policy of America, and with this in mind, it is necessary that your chapter be represented.

Among those who have announced their intention to attend, is Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis.

Judge Landis will act as toastmaster at the convention banquet. Everyone knows Judge Landis and the splendid support he has given the Izaak Walton League, is a matter of League history. Governor Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania has promised to attend this event, if it is physically possible for him to do so. Theodore Roosevelt, son of that illustrious gentleman whose love of American outdoors is known to all, at the time of going to press, is on a boat between Bombay and Marseilles, France. Immediately upon landing, he will receive a telegram from numerous friends in America, asking him to attend, and knowing his love for the Izaak Walton League, we are confident he will accept.

The phenomenal growth of the Izaak Walton League is due to the efforts of our chapters which now number approximately twenty-five hundred, and plans for the activities of these chapters during the coming year will form the most important part of the convention.

This organization is governed by the will of the majority of the delegates in attendance and the policies to be adopted during the coming year, must be voted upon at this time. The success of this plan of government has been proved. It is based on the constitution of the United States and cannot fail. In short, its policies and plans are up to you as an individual, therefore, it is up to you and *you personally* to see that your chapter has a delegate in attendance.

The Izaak Walton League is becoming a vital factor in the nation's progress. It is conserving our out of doors for future generations, and each succeeding year shows it leaping ahead as the ball of public favor gathers momentum.

All details are being worked out to insure a successful convention and a special rate will be arranged with the railroads for delegates and their guests. In former years, it was customary to honor only the delegates' railroad certificates and consequently we ran very close to the mark. It is essential that each delegate, alternate, and guest attending this convention go to the ticket office in his community and arrange for these special rates, retaining the slip given to him at that time so that a credit arrangement may be made upon his arrival here. Do not think because you only live a short distance from Chicago that it is not necessary for you to get these certificates. The transportation committee must have a certain number of these certificates to insure lower rates and if you fail to get the certificate, you work a hardship on the brother Waltonian who travels a long distance. This is of great importance, so please make note of it.

Nothing that has been staged before, will compare with the sportsmen's show to be held in conjunction with this convention. More than a hundred manufacturers of sporting goods will be represented at this event. These manufacturers are advertisers in the OUTDOOR AMERICA and supporters of Waltonian principles.

HOWARD MILLER DIES

THE entire membership of the Izaak Walton League regrets the death of Howard Miller, President of the Nebraska Division of the Izaak Walton League, who, for the past two years has guided the destinies of this division.

In a wire that reached us just before going to press Gene Huse, a National Director of the League and a close friend of Mr. Miller, said:

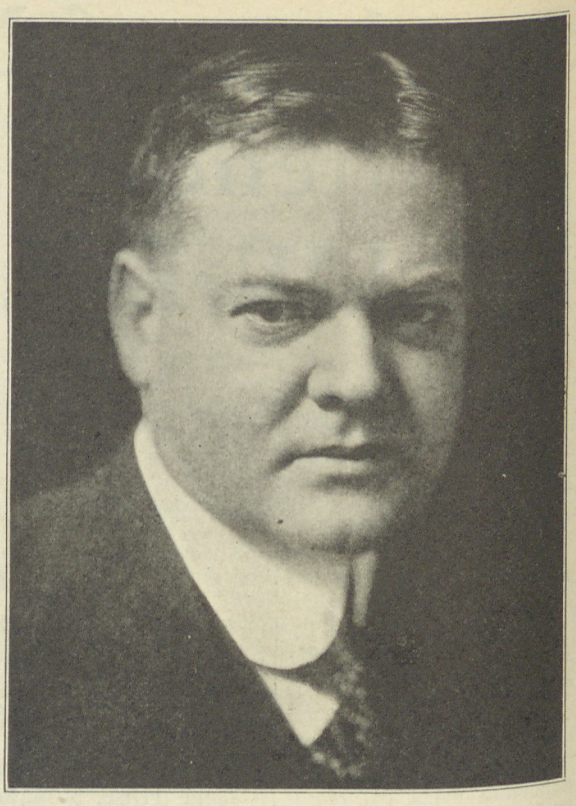
"I can't realize that Howard Miller of Battle Creek is dead. He was one of my closest friends; when I went fishing I went with Howard, when I went hunting I went with Howard. He was the best fisherman, the best shot, and the best sportsman I ever knew. He was always younger than I in ideas and endurance, and he always gave me a great deal of pleasure. He loved all outdoors and he knew all about every kind of bird and every kind of tree or shrub that is native to this vicinity. I made four wonderful trips with him last year and had two already planned for this year, and now he has gone away without me. And I am happy to think that he came into my life and I could enjoy him for so many years."

As head of the Nebraska division he was instrumental in obtaining permission of the state legislature to convert Goose Lake near Ewing into a fish and game preserve. He is author of many of the ideas now sponsored by the League. Sportsmen from all parts of northeast Nebraska were present at the funeral and paid their respects to the grand old sportsman of Nebraska, who has been one of the greatest friends of the wild game and feathered kingdom the middle west has ever known.

Live—Don't Just Exist

Life is not comprised entirely of making a living, or arguing about the future, or defaming the past. It should be comprised in part of the outdoors—and fishing, says

HERBERT HOOVER—Waltonian



Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce.

OUR people have for a century devoted their energies almost wholly to building up their economic life, hoping thereby to secure more comfort and more leisure. We have done it pretty well, for never in history have general standards of comfort been higher and work hours been shorter and some kind of holidays more universal than they are today in the United States—whether for farmers, employees or professionals. There are some failures in progress along these lines, but they get less and less year by year. Our main trouble is, however, that we have been thinking a whole lot less about what we are going to do with this leisure than we have about trying to get it. And it is no use going on making more leisure if we are going to use it for moral and physical degeneration—destructive joy.

There are several million plans current for the occupation of this increasing leisure. They range through a whole gamut of intellectual, spiritual, moral, social and physical recreation and improvements. There are, also, a lot of people who know precisely what form of joy is best for such of us to use when off our jobs. Everyone has his particular brand of joy ready for national adoption.

Your notions and mine lie toward providing larger opportunity than hitherto to return to the primitive life in the mountains, woods and streams. Entirely aside from questions of health, strong primary instincts (and they are useful instincts) get rejuvenation by a thrust into the simpler life. For instance we do not catch fish in the presence of or by the methods of our vast complex of industrialism, nor in the luxury of summer hotels, nor through higher thought for that matter. In our outdoor life we do get repose from the troubles of soul that this vast complex of civilization imposes upon us in our working hours and our restless nights. Association with the placid ripples of the waves and the quiet chortle of the streams is soothing to our "het-up" anxieties of life. On the other hand the joyous rush of the streams and brooks and the clamor of the waves are a fine antidote for those of us who have to employ our working hours in dull routine. And above all, the contemplation of the eternal flow of streams, the fine stretch of mountains and forest, is a fine reducing agent for the egotism which we get out of our narrow occupations in these lives of strenuous culture.

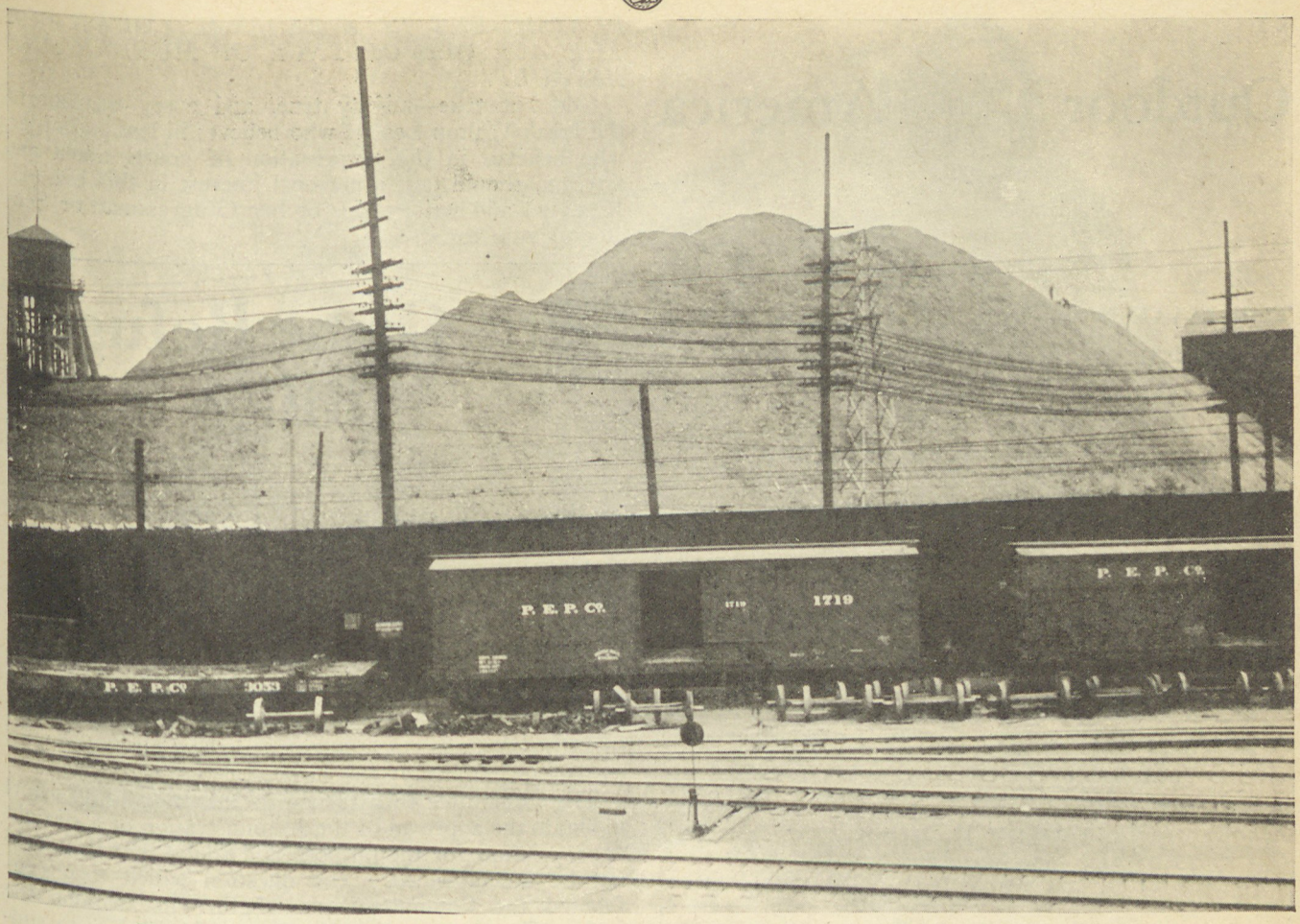
These exaggerations of individual human importance do get bumped every time they are exposed to the broad externals of creation, if it is only to look at the stars or to angle for fish. I personally perhaps lend more importance to fishing than some people, although I sympathize with all those who want to get anywhere away from the work shop and a desk. I am for fishing for fun as a contribution to constructive joy because it gives an excuse and an impulse to take to the woods and to the water. Moreover fishing has democratic values because the same privilege of joy is open to the country boy as to the city lad. And equally to his properly brought up city or farmer dad.

There is an equality of all men before fishes. The fish has never learned to discriminate much as to the price of tackle. He takes no account of class or of manners and with it all, while there are high moments of excitement there are periods of great thrill, the good fisherman must yield to contemplative moods, for often it is a long time between bites. These interregnums make for reserve and calm reflection. No one can catch fish in anger or in malice. A good fisherman must by nature be possessed of much faith and hope or he would not fish. He gains even in charity when he listens to other fishermen. All of which should create a high esteem for fish.

Now if we want fish we have to reserve some place for them to live. They all occur in the water and we have water within a day's journey of all the country. We do not always have a sufficient proportion of fish to the volume of water. In fact every year we have fewer fish because the automobile has made the day's journey easier and more far-reaching. Furthermore we are having less fish because we will pollute our streams and our littoral waters.

And this question of pollution has a multitude of complications and lack of understanding. The dear old lady who wrote me a charming note commending some remarks of mine on pollution outside the three-mile limit, was undoubtedly under the impression that I was urging further energy with respect to the eighteenth amendment. There are as many opinions about pollution as there are minds considering it. It is not being dealt with in any calm or contemplative mood. It exists in different waters in different degrees—from ships, factories, coal mines, chemical works in cities and towns, only to mention a few of them, and they are making their contribution of waste and refuse in the water. Many of these things damage public health, destroy the outdoor appeal of the streams and many of them damage the fish.

But after all we are an industrial people. We have to work at least 8 hours a day and *(Continued on page 31)*



These huge sawdust piles are now used for fuel and not scattered in the streams. This picture shows the new method being used by a large Portland Lumber Company.

Pollution Experiments

What Experiments Have You Made?

By DR. HENRY BALDWIN WARD

Editor Pollution Department

IN discussions of the pollution of fresh waters it is frequently overlooked that nature herself is guilty of this offense. At this time of the year large quantities of dead vegetable matter, chiefly leaves, are deposited in the smaller watercourses and ponds. That the results of such deposits may not be entirely negligible is indicated by experiments conducted by the division of scientific inquiry at the Holden (Vt.) fish-cultural station. One hundred and forty grams (about two handfuls) of freshly fallen leaves, largely maple, were placed in 3 liters of water. No heat or sunlight was applied, and at the end of 144 hours the liquid was removed. The effect of this extract on fish was determined by submitting 15 brook-trout fingerlings to different dilutions. Suitable controls of similar fish in hatchery water were maintained.

When introduced to the undiluted leaf extract immediate and violent distress resulted and the fish had to be removed at 4 minutes to prevent death. When the extract was diluted to a 25 per cent solution with hatchery water distress ensued in 6 minutes and at 10 minutes the fish had to be removed to prevent loss. With a 10 per cent solution restlessness and unusual activity were apparent in 10 minutes, and the experiment was terminated at 80 minutes to prevent loss. In a 5 per cent solution at the end of 3 hours and 45 minutes there was one dead fish, four turned on their backs, and the remainder were in evident distress. With a 2½ per cent solution similar results were recorded at the end of 4 hours and 45 minutes. Against these records were those of the controls with no evidence of distress or loss.

The most striking characteristic of the extract is its high acidity. That this is sufficient to be manifested under natural conditions is shown by the fact that there has been a recent noticeable swing toward the acid in the hydrogenion content of the brook supplying the hatchery. The injurious agent seems to exert its effect not by deterioration but by direct toxic action. Knowledge as to whether this is due to acidity alone or to acidity in combination with other factors awaits more detailed chemical study. It is probable that the production of this organic poison is sufficiently pronounced to become a menace under natural conditions only as a very rare occurrence. However, in making every effort to prevent the accumulation of dead leaves and vegetable debris in their ponds fish culturists are acting with undoubted wisdom.

WHEN UNCLE SAM IS AT WORK

The annual report of the Surgeon General of the Public Health Service of the United States for 1925 contains important information with reference to the work done by this Service on

(*Continued on page 64*)

Outdoor America

Member A. B. C.

Owned and Published by

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

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EWART H. ROSS

Managing Editor

Reveille

THE duck bootleggers of southern Illinois are a vicious gang of cut-throats and gunmen who terrorize certain territory along the Illinois river and peddle ducks at so much per duck to those whose aim or ability is poor. They have long carried on a high-handed campaign against the law, apparently unaware that game laws exist.

Last year two federal game wardens, intent on bringing some of them to trial were severely wounded and left to die in one of the many sloughs near Browning. The wardens managed to drag themselves out of the slough and after a siege in the hospital recovered.

This is America, not Russia. This is a country and a state supposed to be governed by law. We even assume that men representing these laws should be treated with respect—not shot.

Several suspects alleged to have been connected with the shooting have been arrested, but for some unknown reason, many witnesses have been stricken with loss of memory and the wheels of justice do not seem to be turning with their usual rapidity. Briefly, somebody is sound asleep—they have missed the tinkle of the political alarm clock, and unless they hop out of bed and get on the job there may not be any job to go to or any office door to unlock.

The sportsmen of Illinois are thoroughly aroused and the Illinois Division of the Izaak Walton League is going to see this thing through to a finish, and with this in mind have drawn up a bill which was introduced in Congress by Congressman Graham to provide punishment for killing or assaulting federal officers.

Odd isn't it that we must pass a law to PROVIDE PUNISHMENT IN A FEDERAL COURT FOR THE AGE OLD OFFENCE OF MURDER AND ASSAULT?

Odd but true—mighty true, and every member of the Izaak Walton League who believes in law and order, who believes in the perpetuation of sports afield and astream, should take a personal interest in this bill (H. R. 4457) and write to his or her Congressman or Senator to vote for it.

The Game Refuge Bill

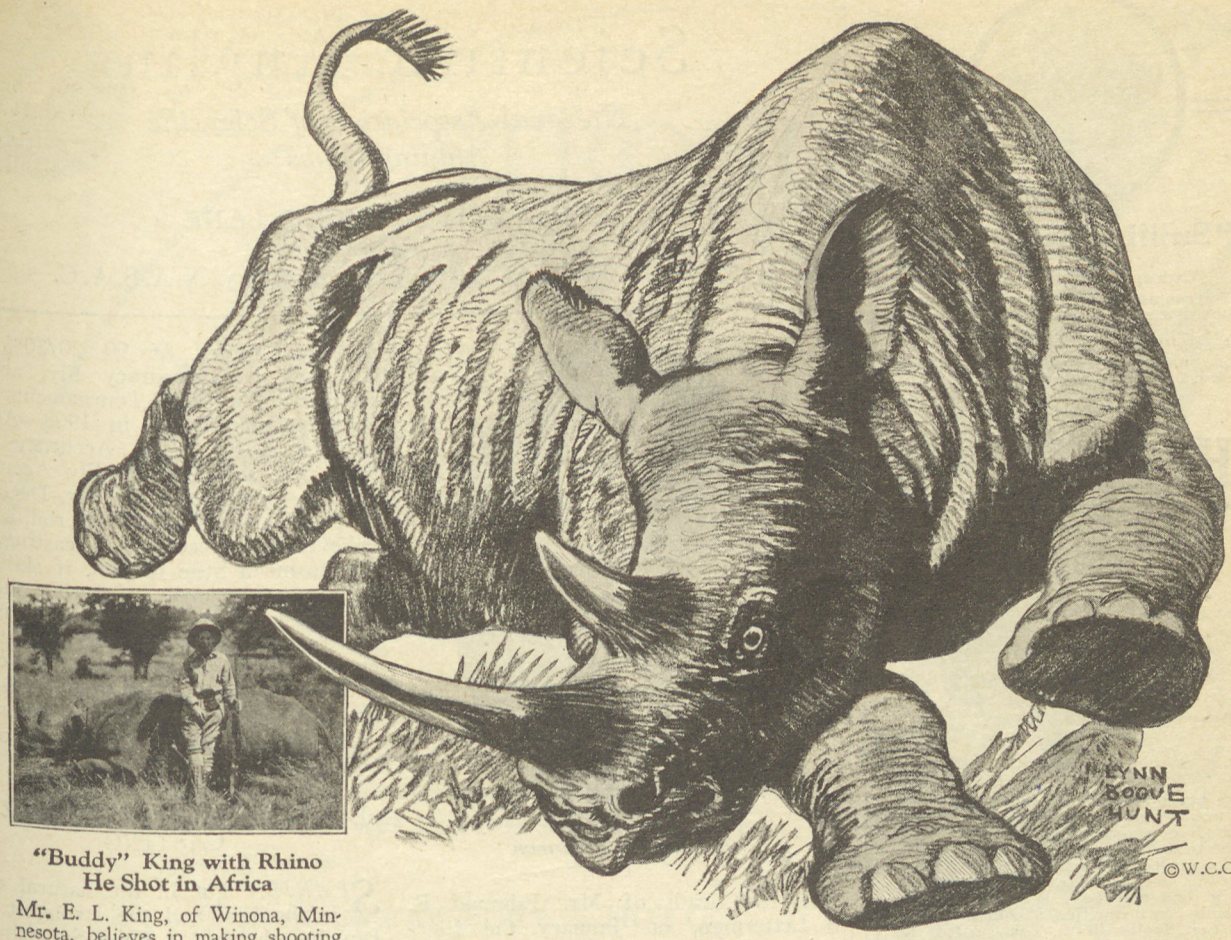
THE Joint Committee of five appointed as a result of the Denver agreement of last summer, for the purpose of preparing and presenting to Congress a Migratory Bird Refuge and Marshland Conservation Bill based upon the principles of the so-called Madsen Bill, for the use of moneys coming from arms and ammunition tax, have reported to their appointing bodies that the Administration and Congress, in spite of all arguments to the contrary, are determined to repeal the arms and ammunition tax—in fact the general tax bill as it passed the House carries such repeal and the Senate Committee has unanimously approved it.

The Committee then turned its attention to an effort to obtain the approval of the Administration of a straight appropriation for the purpose and found that this could not be accomplished. The question which then confronted the Committee was whether to abandon the entire effort to save the migratory wild fowl or to support the $1.00 hunting license as a means of revenue for such purpose, the licenses to be issued through the Post Offices. A new bill was drawn giving the States the right to be represented by their game or conservation commissioner upon the Board with regard to all purchases of lands in the State for the purpose and permitting the States to have concurrent jurisdiction over patroling the refuges if they so desired. This bill has been introduced in the House by Mr. Anthony (H. R. 7479) and in the Senate by Mr. Brookhart and has already been approved by the Committees on Agriculture of both House and Senate and placed on the calendar.

There are many people who are not pleased with a federal license tax as a means of raising revenue for this purpose, including the Izaak Walton League member upon the Committee of five having charge of this matter, but there seems to be no other way to accomplish the desired result and save these birds. Later on if the operation of the license tax becomes too expensive or oppressive, it will be much easier, after the Federal Government has been committed to the policy of creating refuges and caring for them, to change the source of revenue to that of a straight appropriation.

The Anthony Bill received the unanimous approval of the January 1926 session of the President's National Conference on Outdoor Recreation and the Joint Committee of five reports that the prospect of the passage of this Bill by Congress is exceedingly bright. In view of the friendly feeling which has been created over this matter between the great conservation organizations, it is hoped that all League members will approve the action of the Committee and support this measure.

Don't Forget the Fourth National I. W. L. A. Convention April 8-9-10, Hotel Sherman, Chicago



"Buddy" King with Rhino He Shot in Africa

Mr. E. L. King, of Winona, Minnesota, believes in making shooting an important part of a boy's education, starting with the .22 and leading up to the shotgun and the heavy rifle. "Buddy" King's rhino, shown above, was the prize of the expedition, with front horn measuring 19 inches.

Free Shooting Information—

Let us help you get more satisfaction from your guns and ammunition by knowing more about them. Our technical staff is glad to answer questions at any time.

Write for free booklets describing WESTERN'S exclusive developments, such as the *Lubaloy* non-fouling bullet, the famous *Open-point Expanding* bullets, .30-'30 *High-Velocity*, *Marksman L. R.* .22, and others.

Other booklets describe *Super-X* in all gauges, 10 to .410, and the sensational new *Xpert* shell which is winning so many friends among trap and field shooters.

. . . WITH HORN LEVELED TO THRUST AND KILL!!

The stillness of the veldt is suddenly shattered by a native yell of warning as a huge two-ton hulk comes crashing out of the bushes . . . . vicious, enraged, dangerous . . . . earth trembling beneath the fury of his charge as he comes pounding forward, with lethal horn leveled to thrust and kill!

Shooting dangerous big game earns the supreme thrill—and demands the utmost of man and gun and ammunition. It was just such a situation in which eleven-year-old "Buddy" King, of Winona, Minnesota, found himself when he accompanied his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. King, on a recent safari into Africa. He was armed with WESTERN ammunition and a Springfield rifle—a gun usually considered much too light for such dangerous game. How well boy, gun and bullet acquitted themselves is shown here by the photo of "Buddy" with what proved to be the prize rhino of the expedition.

Open-point Expanding bullets, *Lubaloy* jackets and other exclusive improvements have caused WESTERN ammunition to be selected by most of the important big game expeditions in all parts of the world. They all agree with Mr. King when he says, "The ammunition was entirely satisfactory and dependable." The new *220-grain Tip-o-Lead* soft point for the .30-'06 is proving especially effective.

In rifle, revolver or shotgun, WESTERN always will give you the accuracy and performance which has made it "the choice of champions"—World's Champion Ammunition.

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Western AMMUNITION

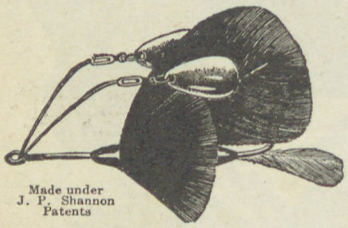
"Smiling Bill" Says

(With apologies to Abe Lincoln)

"You can use any old bait and fool some of the fish some of the time and some of the fish all of the time, but when it comes to *fooling all the fish all of the time* you just naturally got to use the good old Shannon and that's all there is to it."

BILL JAMISON.

THE SHANNON TWIN SPINNER



Made under J. P. Shannon Patents

There never was and never will be a bait that could beat the Shannon. Literally hundreds of thousands of fishermen from Maine to California and from Canada to Mexico can testify to the fact, that there never was its equal. If you haven't tried it get in line and be a lucky fisherman. Anybody can fish with a Shannon. If you can't cast, Troll with it. You can fish the thickest weeds with ease, and that's where the big boys hide. You can fish deep water or shallow. Fish any place the fish are. That's the big reason for its remarkable success. For attractiveness, nothing can beat it. It's in a class by itself.

Made with red, yellow or white feather fly and natural, red, white, yellow or black bucktail fly—Price, each, 85 cents.

Barbless Hook Style Same Price

The Jamison Special Line is soft and smooth running. Easy to cast and easy on your thumb. Gives the best service of any soft braided line. The easier the line is to cast the more casts you make and the more fish you get. Try it and be convinced. Order one for your Shannon. A good bait deserves a good line.

No. 5, 12 pound test, 50 yd. spool, each $1.00
No. 4, 16 " " 50 " " " 1.20

Have you seen our

MOVING PICTURES OF FISHING

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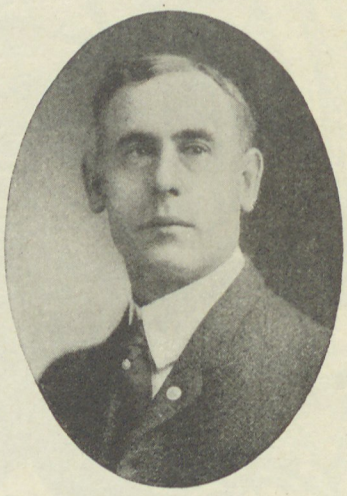
CHICAGO, ILL.

Scientific Angling

National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs

Edited by FREDERICK J. LANE

FRANK S. LEACH, National Secretary, N. A. S. A. C.



Edmund R. Letterman

IN the death of Mr. Edmund R. Letterman, on January the fourteenth the Izaak Walton League lost one of its staunch supporters. His unfailing sense of humor and his kindliness endeared him to his many friends.

He was born in Pekin, Illinois, September 24th, 1864 and came to Chicago when a young man, and entered the fire insurance business of which he was a prominent member for forty-four years.

Spending his boyhood days in the heart of the Illinois valley, which was teeming with fish and game in its early days, he quickly acquired a love for angling and out-of-door sports.

In the formation of the Chicago Fly and Bait Casting Club, he became one of its most active members, and held the office of President for three different terms; and with his ingenuity and skill he helped to bring the modern art of bait casting with a short rod to its present degree of highly developed sport.

He was always an enthusiastic contestant at all of the annual tournaments and carried off many medals and prizes by his skill in both the fly and bait casting events.

His memory will be long cherished by the members of the Chicago Fly and Bait Casting Club, and by his hosts of friends, who feel that he has but gone on before them to the happy hunting ground.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The article, "Leaders for Tournament Casting" was written by Mr. L. E. DeGarmo of Illinois Casting Club, All-Round Champion of 1912, and a recognized authority on all angles of Fly Casting. He holds the National record of 99 20/30% for Delicacy and Accuracy Fly, and at different National Tournaments has won championships; in 1908—Accuracy, 99 9/15; ½ oz. Accuracy Bait, 98.8, and in 1910 Dry Fly Accuracy, with a score of 99 2/5. Mr. DeGarmo is a real artist with the fly rod, a firm believer in correct form in casting, and results mean little to him, if skill and certain refinements of casting the fly are lacking. He is equally at home on the trout stream, as well as on the casting platform, displaying on every occasion a rare knowledge of fishing tradition and mastery of his equipment.

Another article by Mr. DeGarmo will follow later.

LEADERS FOR TOURNAMENT CASTING

SPANISH gut in the natural color is the best and the strongest that can be obtained. This Spanish gut is graded under the several names as mentioned below, and to which we add the measurements in thousandths of an inch diameter.

The best obtained is Royal (Hebras) and runs from 20 to 22 one thousandths of an inch in diameter.

Next:

Imperial—18½ to 19½ one thousandths of an inch in diameter.
Marana first—18 to 19 one thousandths of an inch in diameter.
Marana second—16½ to 17½ one thousandths of an inch.
Padron first—15 to 16½ one thousandths of an inch.
Padron second—14 to 16 one thousandths of an inch.
Regular—13 to 14 one thousandths of an inch.
Fina—11 to 14 one thousandths of an inch.
Refina—9 to 11 one thousandths of an inch.

The silk worms from which this gut is drawn are fed on mulberry leaves until they are ready to spin their cocoons. They are closely watched and as soon as this spinning process has begun the operatives immediately take the silk worms, detaching their heads at about where the gelatin sack begins, then inserting an instrument, something like an elongated pin, into this gelatin sack they draw out, attached to the head of their instrument, a thin filament graduating its size by the pressure of the fingers. This process has never been improved on, but the difficulty is to get a smooth, even, regular gut.

This particular quality is scarce, and,

Results mean more advertising. Help our advertisers get results.

No joints mar the uniform flexibility of the True Temper Fishing Rod. Guide mountings are wrapped with copper wire and do not interfere with bend or action.

STRONG— from tip to butt

NEXT time you go "a fishin'"— be prepared to *fish* and land the big ones. Don't spend all your time forever patching and tinkering your fishing rods.

True Temper, solid steel, one-piece fishing rods are equally strong at every point. There are no joints to twist and break—no stiff spots to interfere with bend and action. A man can do some real casting with a uniformly flexible rod like that.

You can enjoy the *fishing* if you add a True Temper Rod to your tackle pack. See your dealer or write for our descriptive folder which describes all styles and prices of True Temper Fishing Rods.

THE AMERICAN FORK & HOE CO.
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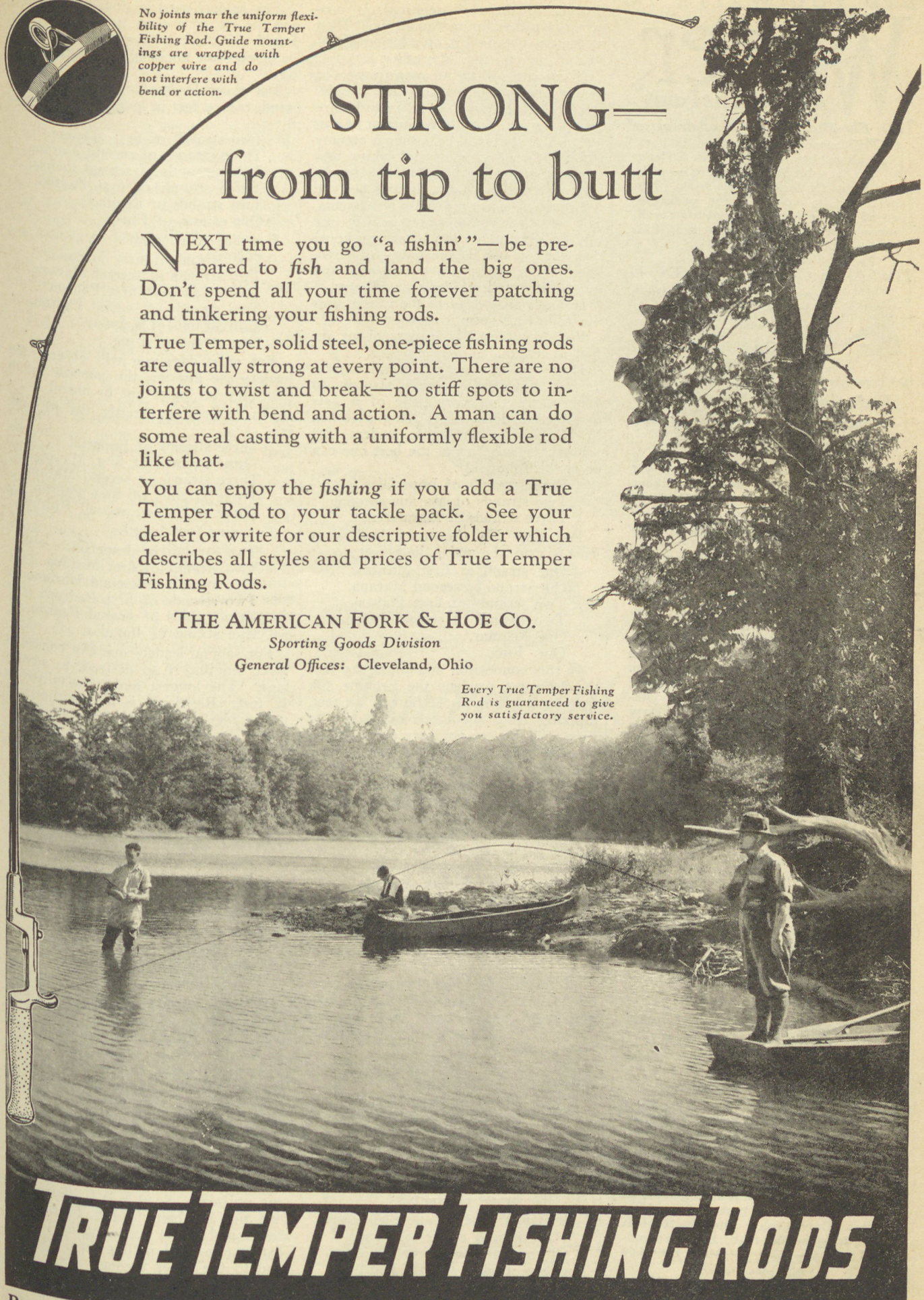
General Offices: Cleveland, Ohio

Every True Temper Fishing Rod is guaranteed to give you satisfactory service.



TRUE TEMPER FISHING RODS

DID YOU WRITE TO

Weber of Stevens Point

"The Fly-Tackle Capital of America"

THE season's coming on — be here almost before you know it. So let's write a bit back and forth — pick out some fly tackle things now. It's good fun to open up the packages ahead of time—and we want to be well acquainted before the season is in full swing. For instance:—

The "Aklenat" Early Season Dry Fly

Ostrich body. Floats very high. Only on No. 16 and No. 18 Model Perfect Hooks. $2.00 dozen.

Or this one—

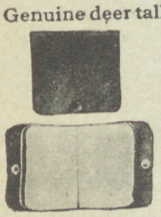
(Cut is oversize)

Fetherlite Floating Spinner

Celluloid Spinner kicks up a big fuss yet casts like down and picks up without strain. 12 colors, Feather and Bucktail.

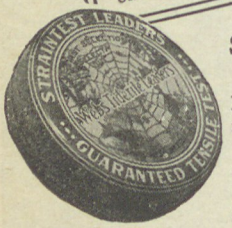
Trout sizes, 35c each.
Bass sizes, 50c each.

Deer-Fat Line Dresser



Genuine deer tallow preparation saturated in felt pages of neat leather-covered book. Floats line; indispensable for dry fly—fine for bait casting. Preserves line as only deer-fat can. Prevents waterlogging; line runs more smoothly and does not carry water, keeping hands dry. The slickest little gadget ever tucked into your kit. Each 50¢.

60 page Color Catalog Not FREE! For this sumptuous book, beautifully illustrating all the items of Weber Lifelike fly equipment—staple and specialty—you must send a quarter. But you get it back —TWICE! With the book we send you free any 25 cent fly. (you name pattern, color and size.) Then besides, if you order goods from the book, your 25 cents will be credited on them in addition.



Straintest Level Leaders

In practical round metal box with moistener.

6 Trout, 6 ft. $2.00
6 Bass, 4½ ft. $2.00
6 Salmon, 9 ft. $6.30

Our Value Supreme

Henshall Vacuum Dressed Line

Most satisfactory fly line made; enameled all through. No kink breaks. Should last years. Brown color. Only in 100 foot lengths (good idea that!) English standard sizes, C—$5.00, D—$4.50, E—$4.00

All goods prepaid.

WEBER LIFELIKE FLY COMPANY
STEVENS POINT, WIS.
"If Weber makes it, a fish takes it"

because of the skill required, is produced in rather limited quantities. Most of the gut obtained is of a larger diameter at one end than the other.

If one cares to tie his own leader (or as our English cousin calls them, traces or casts) care should be taken to secure the most even, smooth, round gut he can find. Also it should be rather a creamy white rather than a crystal white, and if there seems to be glints or bright places along its length, it had best be rejected as these are usually weak spots. The most desirable knot, which one can find in almost any chart of knots that anglers use, is the bings or barrel knot. This is a positive safe one, and is of the smallest diameter of any.

In assembling leaders the writer uses the following specifications:

For Accuracy Fly leaders about six feet in length.

If it can be procured Royal is preferred, however, as this size is so very scarce that very little of it gets to America, most of it being absorbed by English makers of leaders for salmon. Hence, about the best one can do is the following:

Three strands of Imperial.
Two strands of Marana second.
Three strands of Marana first.

For Dry Fly Accuracy leaders at least six to six and a half feet:

One strand of first Marana.
One strand of second Marana.
Two strands of first Padron.
Two strands of second Padron.
One Regular.
One Fina.

In this connection one might say that the Japanese produce the genuine silk worm gut in strands of four to six feet, tapering from about second Padron to Fina. These are not very plentiful but at times can be secured. This gut is not trustworthy enough for fishing as it seldom will stand more than a two-pound breaking strength, but for tips on the dry fly accuracy leaders it is quite desirable. Should one be able to obtain it the formula for this accuracy dry fly leader would be:

One strand of first Marana.
One strand of second Marana.
One strand of second Padron, Spanish gut, and then the medium size of the Japanese gut for the tip.

If you use this Japanese gut be careful to test both ends of it, for the first few inches of either end are tender and break easily, but after that it is fairly trustworthy.

For Delicacy Fly leaders of at least nine feet in length use:

One strand of first Marana.
Two strands of second Marana.
Two strands of first Padron.
Two strands of second Padron.
Two strands of Regular.
One strand of Fina.
One strand of Refina.

Or if you have Japanese gut use:

One strand of first Marana.
Two strands of second Marana.
Two strands of first Padron.
Two strands of second Padron, Spanish gut, and finish with a Japanese gut tip, medium.

For leaders used in distance fly casting the writer prefers two lengths, one length of about twelve feet for windy days, and one about nine feet for quiet days.

For those leaders to be used in the wind, twelve feet in length, the formula is:

Two strands of first Marana.
Three strands of second Marana.
Three strands of second Padron.
Three strands of first Padron.
Two strands of Regular.
One strand of Fina.

For nine-foot length:

One strand of first Marana.
Two strands of second Marana.
Two strands of first Padron.
Two strands of second Padron.
Two strands of Regular.
One strand of Fina.

For quiet days you will observe the leaders are heavier, the purpose being that they are more apt to uncoil.

For twelve-foot lengths the formula is:

Three strands of Imperial.
Three strands of first Marana.
Three strands of second Marana.
Three strands of first Padron.
Three strands of second Padron.

For nine-foot length:

Two strands of Imperial.
Two strands of first Marana.
Two strands of second Marana.
Two strands of first Padron.
Two strands of second Padron.
One strand of Regular.

For salmon leaders one can construct three lengths, if so desired, to advantage. The longest length permitted is 17 feet. Royal gut is by far the most preferable and should be obtained if possible.

The formula for the 17-foot leader is:

Fifteen strands of Royal Hebras.
Five strands of Imperial.
Two strands of first Marana.

For the 12-foot leader the formula is:

Eight strands of Royal Hebras.
Four strands of Imperial.
Three strands of first Marana.

For the nine-foot leader, to be used on quiet days, the formula is:

Five strands of Royal Hebras.
Three strands of Imperial.
Three strands of first Marana.

While Spanish gut in the finer diameters will sometimes be procured as long as 16 inches this is unusual, and 12 to 14 will be about the average, whereas, if one can secure 12-inch Royal Spanish gut he has about the longest strand that can be procured. Many of them will not run over 10 inches.

Spanish gut in the natural color is originally put up in bundles of 100 strands. None of these bundles will run uniform. So that it is desirable if one ties his own leaders to carefully select and assort each bundle, then go over each strand, pulling them from one end to the other through one's finger tips, to test their uniform thickness and roundness, and sort them in clusters of the same size. In this way you will

Don't be afraid to tell our advertisers you saw their ads in OUTDOOR AMERICA.

secure a more uniform strength when you tie them up.

The Japanese produce what is virtually a silk twisted cord then treat it with some chemical to stiffen it. It is usually marketed under the trade name of Talarana, but in tournament casting it has not proved a success because it is of uniform thickness and not tapered, and if soaked it becomes too soft and stringy to uncoil safely in the forward cast. Also it has a disqualification, and that is, upon being wetted, it becomes, so to say, soapy or slippery, so that flies are difficult to keep on.

L. E. DeGARMO.

Live—Don't Exist

(Continued from page 24)

all but two or three weeks in the year and it is absurd to believe that we can abolish our industries and still have a chance to go fishing. So I have long since come to the conclusion that what we really need in every state is that there should be a survey of all of the streams and a division of them into three categories.

First the streams that have not yet been polluted with immediate protection to these streams or parts of them, that they never shall be polluted. That no industry shall be allowed to settle upon them unless there is adequate guarantee that there will be no pollution. The second category is the streams that are polluted to the finish. There are many of these that could never be recovered as a matter of practical fact, without the displacement of hundreds of thousands of people from their homes through crushing their industries. The numbers who would benefit by clearing them would be infinitesimal compared to the suffering and loss implied in such an operation.

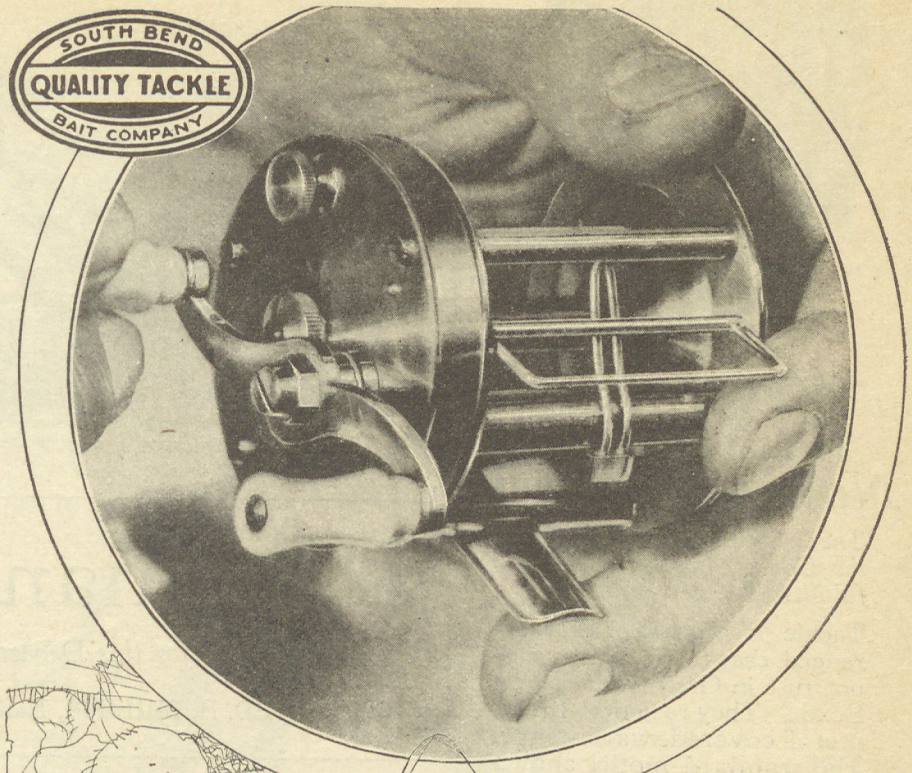
Then we should have a third category of streams—those that are perhaps partially polluted where we could get correction by systematic and sound action and gradually restore them to the first category.

There are also problems of pollution of our coastal waters. Two years ago the Department of Commerce was to a considerable degree instrumental in securing legislation tending to decrease this pollution from oil burning and oil carrying ships. The oil from these quarters not only forms a film on the water which stifles the fish, but it finally coagulates into a sticky mass which floats around a while and finally washes up on the beaches or sinks to the bottom to poison the oysters. Those of you who take your children to our prominent beaches nowadays must also take with you a supply of benzine in order that you may wash your children after they have had a bath.

Sea pollution is a matter over which the federal government can exert some authority. It can exert little authority over pollution of the streams. To solve this problem there must be de-

(Continued on page 59)

SOUTH BEND QUALITY TACKLE BAIT COMPANY



No. 1200
New price—$16.50. South Bend Level-Winding Anti-Back-Lash-Reel. Formerly $25.00.

Announcing

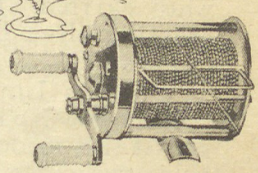
new prices that are lower on all South Bend and Oreno Reels

SOUTH BEND REELS, the famous *Level-Winding Anti-Back-Lash* and the old standby, the straight *Anti-Back-Lash* are lowered in price.

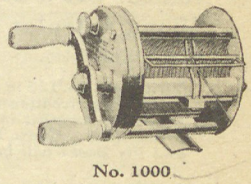
The same standard of mechanical perfection though, still holds; the same fine finish, the same quality which have brought satisfaction to over 150,000 owners. Increased production facilities alone are responsible for the new prices.

ORENO Reels, of like design and operating principle as South Bend Reels—differing only in material and finish—also are reduced in price.

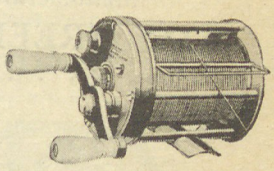
It is now possible for anglers who long have desired the casting perfection of a level-winding reel, to own the best at the cost of an ordinary reel. Beginners, women anglers, boys, all can have the bait-casting joy of a South Bend. Too, these prices permit the convenience of a second or auxiliary reel.



No. 1131
New price—$10.00 South Bend Anti-Back-Lash Reel. Formerly $12.50.



No. 1000
New price—$8.50. Oreno Level-Winding Anti-Back-Lash Reel. Formerly $15.00.



No. 900
New price—$6.50. Oreno Anti-Back-Lash Reel. Formerly $7.50.

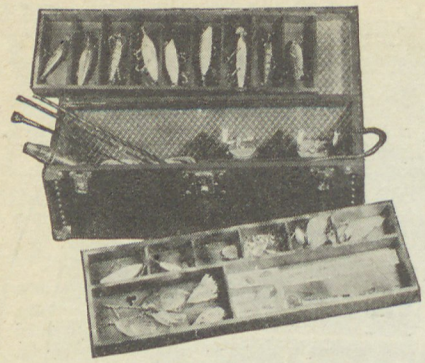
Your sport goods dealer has these reels at the new prices. Ask to see them.

Send for this Book—FREE

"Fishing—What Baits and When", written by noted sportsmen writers. Contains interesting, helpful fishing data. Tells about our annual $2,000.00 Fish-Photo Contest—open to all. Write for your copy today.

SOUTH BEND BAIT CO.

1305 High Street · South Bend, Ind.



Fishermen's Wishes Have Now Come True

The Green Line Tackle Box and the Green Line Fly Book are fulfilling them!

Tackle is always orderly arranged, easy to get at, and cannot rust in Green Line Tackle Boxes. They're wood-lined, metal covered, water-tight. The standard model shown above has two compartmented trays for plugs, spoons and hooks and accommodates a 4-piece steel rod, gaff hook, scales, etc. We also make a small model with a single tray.

Green Line Tackle Boxes will not dent if you sit on them or rattle or bulge at the cover when carried. Finish is attractive olive green baked enamel.

The Green Line Fly Book shown below is a handy folding pocket size, made of metal. It holds two dozen or more separate bass flies and permits them to dry out smooth and unruffled. See it at your dealer's.

If your dealer can't supply you, write us.

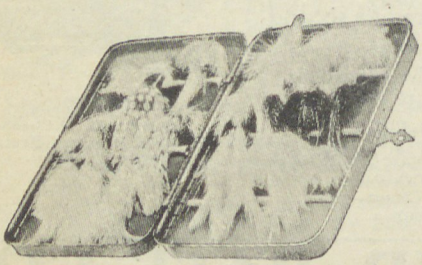
Visit booth No. 126 in the Sherman Hotel during the convention of the Izaak Walton League of America in Chicago, April 8, 9 and 10th. Green Line Tackle Boxes and Fly Books will be on display.

GREEN-CASE, Inc.

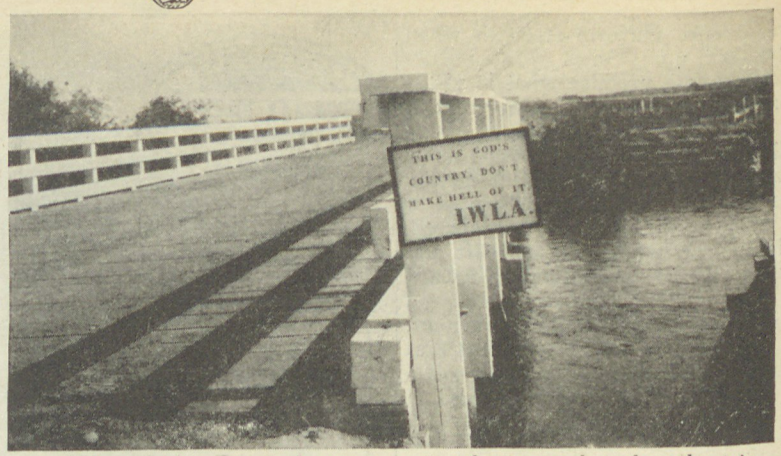
Manufacturers of

"THE GREEN LINE"

Dept. O. A. : : : : RACINE, WIS.



The **GREEN** *Line*



Rock Springs (Wyoming) chapter is erecting these signs throughout the state.

Waltonian Activities

All Material for this Department Should be Addressed to

ED. H. PHILIPPI, National Executive Secretary

Ever stop to think about it?

This Nook is like a bank, a stream and lake, or a coal bin.

You've got to keep on replenishing in order to be able to get what you want out of it when you need it.

From my desk here, I have an eyefull of Lake Michigan, an inspiring view of a lot of water full of great possibilities, and other things. But this Nook is no place for a lot of inspired stories, so that won't help.

This page was dedicated some time ago as a gathering place for a flock of words, each one telling facts about what's doing among the hundreds of live I. W. L. A. Chapters.

And where do we get those first hand facts? Many come in as a result of a mechanical method we employ to insure headquarters keeping in touch with the news about our State Divisions and Local Chapters. But that's like watching the "Births Recorded" Column to know the numerical strength of our families.

It's a second hand deal in our own first hand facts.

In other words, brother Waltonians—this page needs your help.

There's the "New Officers" Column on this page, for example.

Good live stuff but unless you send in this news to headquarters we won't get it on time to run it on this page each month.

Then there is the other news about your Chapter activities, such as the——

Total number of new members added, net result of membership activities, work done with adjoining chapters, entertainment features, especially if they result in a membership gain, report of the outcome of a fight made by your Division or Chapter on I. W. L. A. principles.

So, lets make this page an "Exchange Column."

We will swap a live snappy Waltonian Nook every month for——

What Have You?

CHICAGO HEARS MACMILLAN

Nearly 800 members of the Chicago Chapter, with their minds on the fishing and hunting next spring and summer, followed Capt. Donald MacMillan, the arctic explorer, out of Chicago's zero weather up to within 600 miles of the north pole on the evening of January 21 at the Hotel Sherman. James O. Heyworth at a recent meeting agreed to serve as president for another year and presided at the dinner. Chas. W. Folds, Nat'l Treasurer, conducted a membership drive and about a hundred new members were added.

Capt. MacMillan, the principal speaker, showed the shivering Chicago Waltonians eight reels of films of fishing, duck hunting, and other sport that almost made them forget the cold blasts which swept in off Lake Michigan.

GOOD NEWS FROM INDIANA

An enthusiastic meeting was held in Terre Haute, Ind., at the Elks Club, January 21, being a Division meeting of the Izaak Walton League, comprising districts of the State of Indiana. More than 350 tickets were sold, and all chapters in the Division were represented, including Jasonville, the first chapter in the State of Indiana and in the United States to duplicate its membership after January 1st. They increased their chapter membership from 34 to 115 in one week. A great deal of credit is due President Bill Walters, who is also the Vice-President for the 9th District of the Indiana Division, and to their secretary Ben Sink.

Bruceville was represented with a

When writing to Advertisers give credit to our Magazine.

delegation, led by President Joe B. Mayfield. Dr. B. Billman of Hymera, vice-president of the Indiana Division was also present. Sullivan and Clinton Chapters were represented.

Ed. H. Leever, president of the Terre Haute Chapter should be given credit with his other officers for putting on this successful Division meeting, also for having built the membership up from 80 to 280 in the last two months. Terre Haute is the state convention city for 1926 State Convention. October 28th and 29th is the date.

Dr. W. H. Beachler of South Bend addressed the meeting, calling particular attention to local programs of Chapters, urging that they have a definite program and aim to do something.

Dr. Beachler spellbound the meeting with his subject, "Making the Wheels of Local Chapters Go Round," emphasizing as the basis for local chapter activities, "the restocking of the lakes and streams, fighting polution, encouraging clean cut out-of-door sports, converting the 'game and fish hogs,' encouraging the planting of trees, getting men to delegations, buying abandoned tracts of ground to reforest."

Says Pres. Bradford: "Ed. H. Leever, as chairman of the State Entertainment Committee, will have charge of the entertainment at the State Convention at Terre Haute, on October 28th and 29th. We have every assurance that that part of the convention will be a brilliant success because of the enthusiasm and organizing ability of Ed. Leever, who is heart and soul in the Izaak Walton League. With confidence in its future, and particularly in making a big increase in its membership drive of local chapters of Indiana, we know that the coming convention will be the biggest state convention ever held in the history of the state.

"In the first two weeks of January, our drive developed eight new chapters in the State of Indiana, namely Monticello, Monon, Delphi, Knox, Rochester, Nappanee, Bourbon, Argos, and New Carlisle. To increase memberships many of the local chapters of the State Division have drives planned where they are working to increase their memberships from 400 to 1,000."

Mr. Ivar Hennings who is also president of the South Bend Bait Company, has charge of the membership drive in South Bend and has appointed generals and fifty captains to thoroughly organize South Bend, broadcasting from station WSBT, the South Bend Tribune.

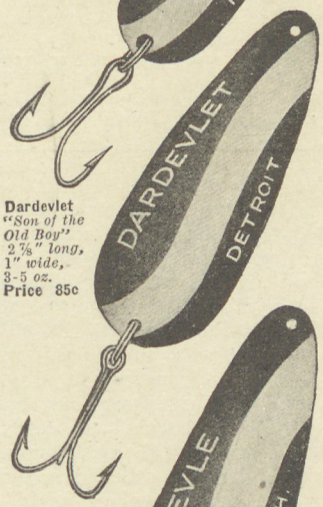
PONTIAC, ILL., ANNUAL MEET

The annual banquet of the Pontiac, Ill., chapter of the Izaak Waltons of America was held on January 18th. New officers were elected as recorded in the new officers' column on this page.

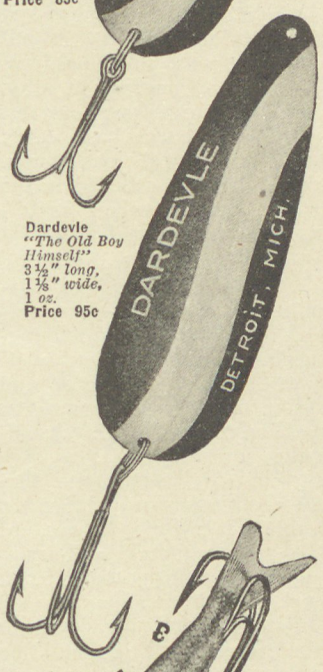
Dr. A. Brabson Morrow, gave the principal address of the evening. Other speakers included F. A. Ortman and G. J. Koons. Dr. James Mitchell, the retiring president, was paid a high compliment by his successor, Mr. McConaha, for the splendid work he has accomplished for the league during the past year.

The more results our advertising brings, the more advertising we will carry.

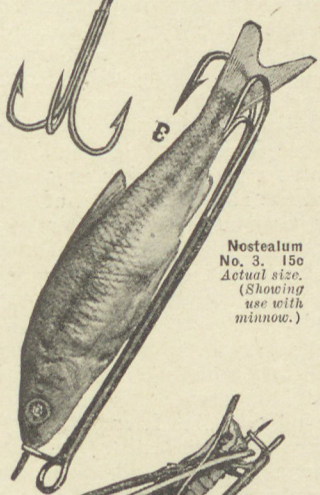
Dardevle's Imp
"The Little Devle"
2⅛ long, 2-5 oz.
Price 75c



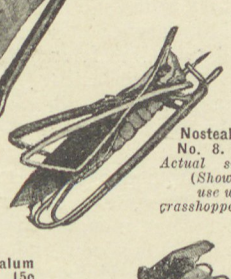
Dardevlet
"Son of the Old Boy"
2⅞" long, 1" wide, 3-5 oz.
Price 85c



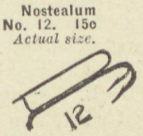
Dardevle
"The Old Boy Himself"
3½" long, 1⅛" wide, 1 oz.
Price 95c



Nostealum No. 3. 15c
Actual size. (Showing use with minnow.)



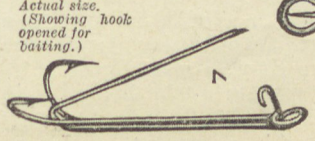
Nostealum No. 8. 10c
Actual size. (Showing use with grasshopper.)

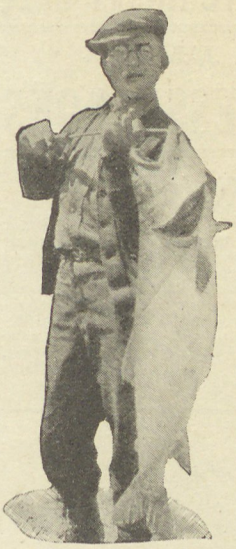


Nostealum No. 12. 15c
Actual size.

Nostealum No. 14. 15c
Actual size. (Showing use with house fly.)

Nostealum No. 7. 10c
Actual size. (Showing hook opened for baiting.)





18¾ pounds of Mackinaw Trout!

And—need I say—taken on an Eppinger Dardevle lure.

The man with the grin—(who wouldn't grin after landing one like that)—is Mr. J. M. Ham, of Wauseon, Ohio. He got the load he is carrying at Elk Rapids, Michigan. In sending the picture he says the anglers up that way didn't know much about Dardevle lures until he blew in, and that he took pleasure in *showing them.* I'll say he "showed them!"

The three most popular sizes in which Dardevle lures come are shown here. There is another, the Husky Devle, for muskies and other huskies, but he's too big to fit in this space. These are all illustrated in ten different color combinations, in a handsome catalog I'll be glad to send you.

You'll also find out all about my Nostealum Insect Hooks, a few of which are shown here. They are worth their weight in gold when 'live bait is all they're rising for.

Osprey Dardevle lures and lines are handled by all good dealers. Send for catalog. If your dealer can't supply you, send his name with your order and we'll supply you direct, postpaid.

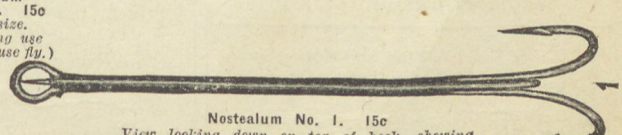
Canadian Distributors:
Canada Needle & Fishing Tackle Co., Ltd.,
76 West Wellington Street, Toronto

Lou J. Eppinger

"Outfitters of Sportsmen"

Dept. W, 310-312 East Congress Street, Detroit, Mich.

"Gateway to Canadian Game Fish and Big Game."



Nostealum No. 1. 15c
View looking down on top of hook, showing spread of double hook. See No. 3, above, for side view; and No. 7, left, showing how bait holder opens.

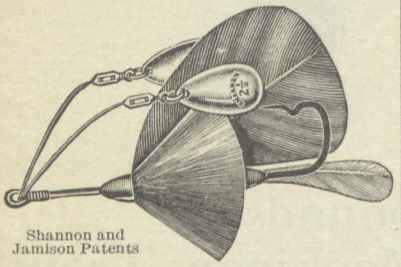
Help Save the Fishing

USE JAMISON

BARBLESS HOOKS

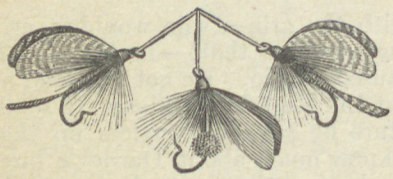
For All Kinds of Fishing

They catch more fish because of better penetration and because they do not cut or tear. They do no injury to small fish, and thus help preserve the fishing. They are humane, sportsmanlike and effective. Every Sportsman should use them and many thousands do. We guarantee absolute satisfaction or money refunded. Do not fail to take a supply with you on your vacation. Returning small fish uninjured will add much pleasure to your trip.



Shannon and Jamison Patents

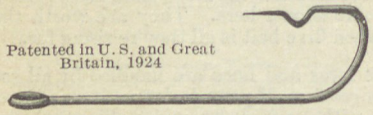
The Barbless Hook Shannon Twin Spinner. The greatest of all casting or trolling baits, Weedless but a sure fish getter. Red, Yellow or White Feather Fly. Price each 85 cents.



Barbless Hook Wet Trout and Bass Flies, Highest Quality. 24 patterns. No. 4, No. 6, No. 8, No. 10 and No. 12 hook. Five for $1.00 or $2.25 per dozen.

Barbless Hook Dry Flies, no snell. Highest Quality. 12 patterns, No. 8, No. 10, No. 12 and No. 14. Four for $1.00 or $2.50 per dozen.

Barbless Hook Inverted Bass Flies No. 1/0 Ringed Hook, no Snell. Highest Quality. 14 patterns. Each 35 cents, $4.20 per dozen.



Patented in U. S. and Great Britain, 1924

Ringed Barbless Hooks (cut shows No. 1/0). Nos. 8 and 6, 20c doz. Nos. 4 and 2, 25c dozen. No. 1/0, 30c doz. No. 3/0, 35c doz. No. 4/0, 40c doz. No. 5/0, 50c doz.

Turned-Down-Eye Barbless Hooks, for fly tying, Nos. 8, 10, 12, and 14, 25c doz. $1.75 per 100.

Single Gut Barbless Hooks Nos. 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12—doz. 75c.

Double Gut Barbless Hooks, No. 2 and 1/0, doz. 85c, No. 3/0, 4/0 and 5/0 doz. $1.00.

OUR FISHING PICTURES
are the best "movies" ever made.
Send for full information.

Catalog of Barbless Flies, and Hooks, Shannon Twin Spinners, Coaxer Baits, Silk Casting Lines, etc. Testimonials.

THE W. J. JAMISON CO.
Dept. W
739 S. California Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Ouachita National Park

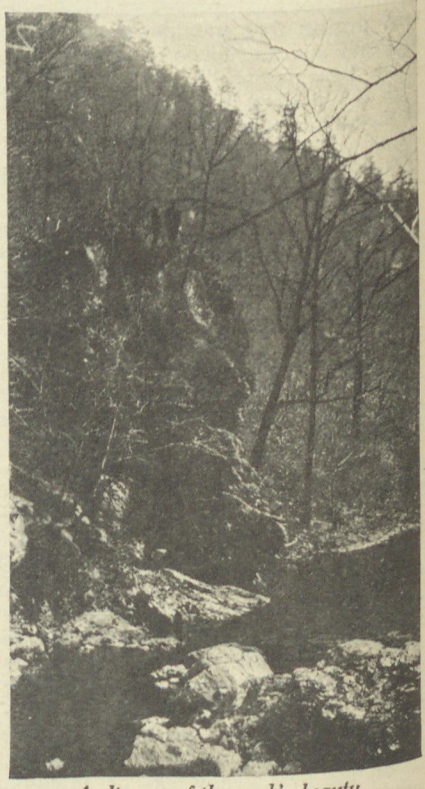
Every Waltonian Should Give This Project His Active Support

By K. E. MERREN
Pres. Louisiana Division I. W. L. A.

READERS of Outdoor America will, perhaps, recall an article in these pages describing an area in the Ouachita Mountains of Arkansas, in which the Federal Government is being asked to establish a National Park. A bill for this purpose was introduced in either House of the Congress in May, 1924, too late in the session, however, to enable the proponents to carry through to a successful conclusion. These bills have been introduced in the present Congress with numbers as follows: H. R. 4079, Senate Bill 1141.

At the Third National Convention of the Izaak Walton League the Legislative Committee recommended as follows: "We direct attention to a measure now pending in both Houses of the National Congress to create and establish, from lands now owned by the Federal Government in the Ouachita Mountains of Arkansas, a National Park; and, we recommend that our distinguished Congressional Leader, the Honorable Harry B. Hawes, of Missouri, be requested by the Permanent Legislative Committee to form a committee from such members of the House and Senate as he may desire to work for the passage of this Act. The Convention as a whole having endorsed and enacted the recommendation of the Legislative Committee, the matter becomes a part of the program of the League, the fruition of which will be one more item creditable to its list of achievements.

Americans from every section of the country will find in this a happy change in National Park areas. There are no forbidding heights, but friendly mountains clothed in everlasting verdure greet the eye on every side. In the valleys the magnolia grandiflora grows and blooms and on the greater heights, the magnolia acuminata; the swift flowing mountain streams are bordered by the dogwood and the mountain tops are covered with rhododendron and mountain laurel. Many beautiful streams have their sources in these mountains, among them being Little Missouri River, Cossatot River, Crooked Creek, Mine Creek, Sugar Creek, Long Creek, Blalock Creek, Big Fork, while the Ouachita River flows along the eastern edge for a distance of 30 miles. These streams are favorite haunts of the small-mouth Black Bass. Upon hearing of the plan to establish a park in this area, Dr. Henshall wrote, "I heartily endorse this movement, as I personally know this region to be one of the finest for Black Bass in the United States."



A glimpse of the park's beauty.

The Ouachita Mountains are the western extension of the Allegheny Mountains, known to geologists as the *Ouachita Uplift*. In geology, in flora, and in fauna, it is characteristic of the Allegheny Mountains. Many lovers of nature have long wished for a National Park established in a characteristic portion of the Allegheny Mountains. Colonel Mather, the Director of Public Park Services, is one of these. In his report to the Secretary of the Interior for the period ending 1923, he spoke of the desirability of establishing a park in a characteristic section of those ranges, but since the lands owned by the Government in the Allegheny Mountains proper were purchased under the Weeks Act, he did not see how it could be done, as that Act provided for the lands to remain in the control of the Bureau of Forestry, which is a branch of the Department of Agriculture, whereas the National Parks are administered by the Department of the Interior. The proponents of this bill are asking for no appropriations whatsoever. They merely ask that the land now owned by the

When writing to Advertisers give credit to our Magazine.

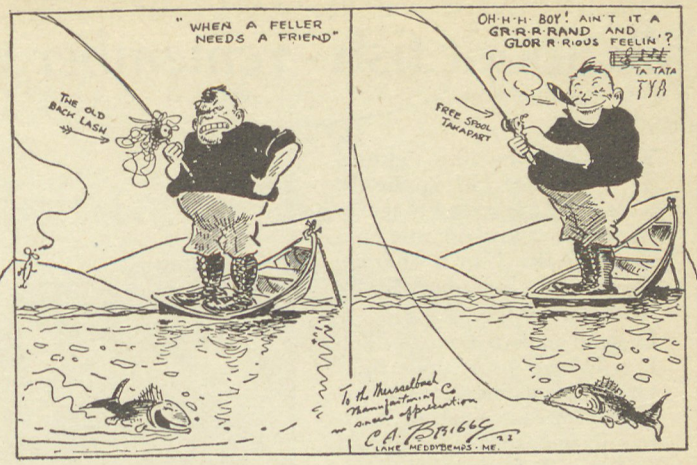
Government and controlled by the Department of Agriculture be transferred as a National Park and administered such under the Department of the Interior. This land is a part of the public domain, with which the Government may do as it sees fit; either, to keep as a National Forest, to establish game sanctuaries therein, or National Parks. It is not hedged about by any of the provisions of the Weeks Act, under which Act all of the Government lands in the Appalachian Range were acquired.

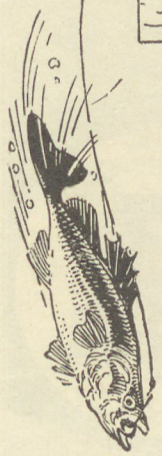
There is no National Park in the United States which would be easily accessible to so great a number of its population, as this park would be. A line drawn around this area a fraction nearer it than any other National Park in the United States would embrace within its borders forty-five millions of people. The boundaries of the seven states, nearest the area in which the park is located, are in distance approximately as follows: Oklahoma is but 14 miles away, while Missouri is 150, Texas 80, and Kansas 200; the north end of Louisiana lies to the south 100 miles and the boundary of Mississippi to the east 200 and it is but 20 miles more, or 220 miles, to the Tennessee line.

Now, just a little simple arithmetic shows that when the state, in which this area is located, is added to the seven just mentioned, we will find within their borders approximately 800 chapters of the Izaak Walton League. This number of chapters constitutes almost a third of all the chapters. They are approximately as follows: Oklahoma 168, Arkansas 80, Missouri 180, Kansas 140, Louisiana 60, Mississippi 30, Tennessee 6, and Texas 120, making a total of 784 of the 2400 odd chapters in the United States.

The area is served on the west by the Kansas City Railway and on the east by the trunk line of the Missouri Pacific. Along the western edge of the area runs a main trunk highway, which begins at International Falls, Minn., and ends at New Orleans by way of Kansas City, Joplin, Mo., Ft. Smith, Ark., Mena, Ark., Texarkana, Ark., and Shreveport, La. Under the present plan of the United States Government in the building and maintaining of highways, this road was accepted by the Secretary of Agriculture on Nov. 19th and designated United States Highway No. 71. A state highway borders this area on the north and east, running from Hot Springs to Mena and another state highway from Mena west to the Oklahoma line, thence west through Oklahoma to Talihina, connecting about half way between these two points with a north-south main highway over the Winding Stair Mountains in Oklahoma and leading to Tulsa and Oklahoma City and points west.

The Government is being asked to use but a fraction of its land situated in the State of Arkansas to create this National Park. There are but 160,000 acres within the boundaries of the pro-


"WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND"
THE OLD BACK LASH
OH-H-H-BOY! AIN'T IT A GR-R-R-RAND AND GLOR-R-IOUS FEELIN'?
TA TATA TYA
FREE SPOOL TAKAPART



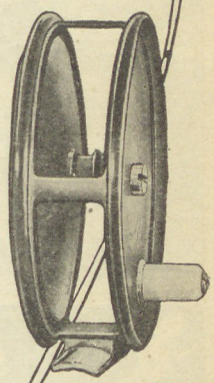
You'll be in Good Company

WHEN you fish with a Meisselbach you'll be in good company—famous fishermen, tournament winners, casting authorities have preferred this standard reel for almost 40 years.

Try a Meisselbach at your dealer's and you'll see why. Smooth running yet under perfect control. Frame cut from a solid piece to prevent vibration. Gears absolutely true because cut on a special gear-hobbing machine. Quadruple action. Made of finest German silver and bronze, with phosphor bronze bearings. Our own and original easy "takapart" feature for cleaning and oiling. Simple, sure, indestructible, and guaranteed for all time against defective material or workmanship. Costs more than some but worth more than any.

But try the Meisselbach for yourself. Cast with it. Get the thrill that only a balanced, smooth-running, perfect mechanism can give.

And send for *"The Bite Book"*—chock full of all kinds of information helpful to amateur and old-timer alike. Yours for the asking.



The famous "Rainbow," for trout fishing—$5.00. Aluminum and bronze, enameled.

The A. F. Meisselbach Mfg. Co.
Incorporated
Sales Offices and Factory: Elyria, Ohio
10 Taylor Street

Meisselbach

The Veteran Reel for Veteran Fishermen

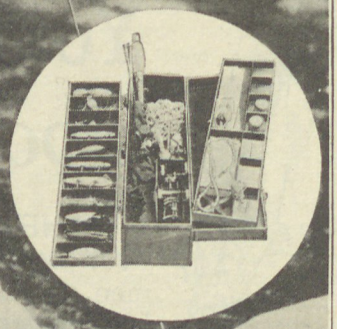
Talk about fish—*remember this?*

PFUT!—the line tightens —Shoosh! He's in the air. Kersplat! He's down again. Now he's sawin' the line on a sharp rock. Not a chance, beauty—that line's been in my Kennedy Kit—it's right.

Depend on your Kennedy Kit. It will keep your tackle right for that big moment. It's waterproof and rust-resisting. Electrically welded steel—finished in Kennedy Brown baked enamel. Carries all your bait, sinkers, rods, reels and line. Can't spill. Moderately priced.

All good hardware and sporting goods houses have them

Kennedy Manufacturing Co.
208 Harrison St., Van Wert, Ohio



Kennedy Kits

TRADE MARK

$100.00 for a Name

for this Wiggling Spoon A New Wonderful Fish Getter!

Length of body 2¾ in.
Weight ⅜ oz.
Price $1.00
Made of brass—highly nickel-plated.
No. S-1 equipped with feathered treble at end.
No. S-2 equipped with hook for attaching pork rind.

THIS new 1926 Wiggling Spoon wants to be rechristened! There's nothing else like it! Does not revolve or twist line! Has natural minnow-like swimming movement—like other Creek Chub Lures! And a guaranteed fish getter!

WE will pay $100 to the person sending us the best name and the best description of this lure—and why every fisherman should use it! Try to keep descriptive paragraph within fifty words! In case of tie, the paragraph submitted will be deciding factor!

It is not necessary for contestants to purchase this lure!

SEE this Wiggling Spoon at your dealers—or order one direct from us! Try it out and see for yourself how it acts in the water! Contest closes July 31st, 1926! The officers of this company will be the judges. Winner's name will be announced in September 1926 issue of this magazine. Address all names and paragraphs to Contest Manager,

CREEK CHUB BAIT COMPANY
1323 So. Randolph Street, Garrett, Ind.

posed Park, whereas the Federal authority owns approximately a million and a half acres within the state. And this, as will readily be seen, is but a fraction over 10 per cent of its holdings and which will merely be transferred from one department of the Government to another department of the Government.

These valleys were once the native haunts of the elk and, to some extent, the bison. Upon the approach of settlers, however, these animals fled, the elk finally making their home in the Rockies of the West. But, when stocked again, as they doubtless will be, they will again thrive and multiply as in days agone and, regardless of their numbers, there will never be any grazing problem in this section, as, under a friendly climate, grasses grow abundantly the greater part of the year.

Now, in addition to doing that which would, doubtless, meet the approval of this great body of its members, the League, if successful in this work, would be laying the foundation for a much greater membership in all the southwestern and southern states. With this accomplished, the League and its program would deserve and receive the attention of all this great section in a manner like unto that which was witnessed in the middle west, when its Upper Mississippi Bill became a law and a fact. And, as the chapters and membership of all sections of the country rallied to the League's support at that time, so now the south and southwest appeal to its brothers everywhere to back it up in this, which is but a part of the League's program and work and which is in the interest of all sections of the country.

New Chapters

IDAHO

Boise Chapter: President, Harry C. Shellworth; Vice-President, Jess B. Hawley; Secretary, J. O. Malvin; Treasurer, R. M. Loree.

ILLINOIS

Fairburg Chapter: President, W. H. Bartlett, Sr.; Vice-President, Dr. E. L. Fincham; Secretary, L. C. Johnson; Treasurer, C. W. Veatch.

Peoria Chapter: President, A. L. Anderson; Vice-President, Wm. Partridge; Secretary, M. C. Halladay; Treasurer, Maude Heurring.

Pontiac Chapter: President, John C. McConaha; Vice-President, Dr. Thomas Lockie; Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. Thomas Lockie.

Springfield Chapter: President, C. J. Doyle; Vice-President, Dr. S. E. Munson; Secretary, F. R. Jamison; Treasurer, H. C. Edwards.

Winnetka Chapter: Secretary, A. M. Ferry.

Vermilion County Chapter (Danville, Illinois): President, Edward J. Ryan; Vice-President, Warren Bell; Secretary and Treasurer, H. R. Williams.

INDIANA

Jasonville Chapter: Secretary, Ben H. Sink; Treasurer, George Price.

IOWA

State Division: Harry L. Erwin, Secretary.

Des Moines Chapter: Secretary, Frank L. Connor.

Independence Chapter: President, M. A. Smith; Vice-President, J. B. Lux; Secretary, Alva M. Norton; Treasurer, F. G. Whitney.

Onawa Chapter: President, Dr. J. S. Deering; Secretary, Lawrence Bearce.

Osage Chapter: President, Prof. Geo. H. Sawyer; Vice-President, W. J. Flower; Secretary, Henry N. Gaarder; Treasurer, C. M. Stevens.

Ottumwa Chapter: President, William T. McElroy; Secretary, Otto Armstrong.

Sac City Chapter. Re-elected. President,

Our income from advertising is put to work for conservation.

Henry Wingerson; Vice-President, Bill Fickel; Secretary, F. C. Hoyt; Treasurer, F. C. Hoyt.

KANSAS

Osawatomie Chapter: President, Willard Cook; Vice-President, R. B. Barr; Secretary, and Treasurer, F. E. Bell.

KENTUCKY

Covington Chapter: President, R. A. Cochran; Vice President, J. A. Brendt; Secretary, John H. Gill; Treasurer, Geo. Mader.

LOUISIANA

Mr. T. W. O'Bannon appointed as Acting Secretary for the Louisiana Division.

MARYLAND

Frederick Chapter: President, Guy K. Motter; Vice-President, James H. Gambrill; Secretary, S. Edward Shaw; Treasurer, J. Harry Kennedy.

MICHIGAN

Watersmeet Chapter: President, S. D. Warren; Secretary, J. L. Parker.

MINNESOTA

Climax Chapter: Secretary, M. G. Jacobson.

Raymond Chapter: President, William J. Johnson; Vice-President, Herman Wegner; Secretary, E. S. Miller; Treasurer, E. S. Miller.

MISSOURI

Excelsior Springs Chapter: President, B. C. Hedges.

St. Joseph Chapter: President, Arthur Petri; Vice-President, Judge F. S. Buzard; Secretary, W. J. Jones.

NEBRASKA

Fremont Chapter: President, Arthur Baldwin; Vice-President, Henry Haman; Secretary, John Melick; Treasurer, John Melick.

Inman: President, E. L. Watson; Secretary, I. L. Watson, re-elected.

NEW JERSEY

Vineland Chapter: President, Arthur Scholtz; Vice-President, William Nichols; Secretary, Ben F. Master; Treasurer, Lyndon Hall.

OHIO

Bucyrus Chapter: President, Chas. E. Rhoads; Vice-President, W. S. Davis; Secretary, F. E. Stewart; Treasurer, Omar W. Tum.

Findlay Chapter: President, J. L. Deming; Vice-President, R. E. Taylor; Secretary, Jacob Burket; Treasurer, Jacob Burkett.

Napoleon Chapter: President, M. B. Gillespie; Vice-President, Ray Gilbert; Secretary-Treasurer, M. B. Sayers.

PENNSYLVANIA

Titusville Chapter: President, J. G. Williams; Vice-President, C. B. Morgan; Secretary, Joseph W. Gray; Treasurer, Joseph W. Gray.

WISCONSIN

Mauston Chapter: President, C. C. Ohman; Vice-President, C. F. Altenberg; Secretary, George G. Winsor; Treasurer, Gus. Brown.

Racine Chapter: President, H. A. McCaughey; Vice-President, Tom Jones; Secretary, Dr. J. T. Townsend; Treasurer, A. B. Northrup.

Rice Lake Chapter: Secretary, G. P. Gannon.

Stevens Point Chapter: President, J. N. Welsby; Vice-President, E. Viertel; Secretary, C. W. Nason; Treasurer, J. V. Berens.

NEW CHAPTERS

JANUARY

White Lake, South Dakota.
Herkimer, New York.
Floodwood, Minnesota.
Sloatsburg, New York.
Sunbury, Pennsylvania.
Leonardsville, New York.
Crandon, Wisconsin.
Florence, Colorado.
Knox, Indiana.
Bridgewater, New York.
Many, Louisiana.
Monon, Indiana.
Ledyard, Iowa.
Rochester, Indiana.
Dalmatia, Pennsylvania.
Guthrie Center, Iowa.
Leesville, Louisiana.
Muscoda, Wisconsin.
Sparta, North Carolina.
Beemer, Nebraska.
West Edmeston, New York.
DeRidder, Louisiana.
Tamaqua, Pennsylvania.
Sharon, Pennsylvania.
Conroe, Texas.
Alexandria, South Dakota.
Brandon, South Dakota.
Knoxville, Iowa.
Mount Vernon, Washington.
Delphi, Indiana.
Nappanee, Indiana.
Oil City, Pennsylvania.
Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania.
Clarion, Pennsylvania.
Baton Rouge, Louisiana.
Bourbon, Indiana.
Verdigre, Nebraska.
Corning, Iowa.

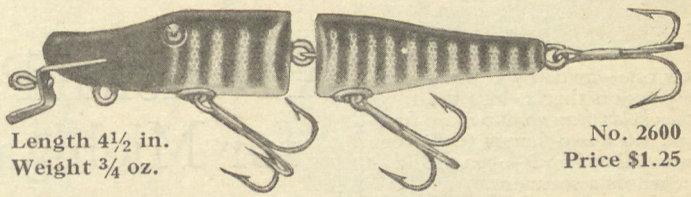
REORGANIZED CHAPTERS

Cordell, Oklahoma.
Herman, Nebraska.
Monticello, Indiana.
Texarkana, Texas.

Oh Man! Look Who's Here—!

NEW

Jointed Pikie Minnow



Length 4½ in.
Weight ¾ oz.

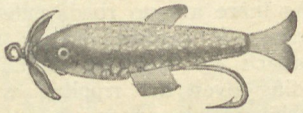
No. 2600
Price $1.25

NOPE! Your eyes do NOT deceive you! It's the Famous Pikie Minnow—the Greatest all around lure ever made—the old reliable favorite of all good fishermen—improved to make it even more graceful, more life-like and more deadly!

And Gosh! What a wicked wiggle! And that sensuous, snaky glide—just like the living, breathing minnow it represents! This new Jointed Pikie stirs those old fightin' Bass, Pike, Pickerel and Muskies into action—makes them perk up their fins and rush madly after it! It gets even those that can't be teased to strike on any other lure! Prepare NOW for that first fishing trip! Get your new Jointed Pikie at your dealers or direct! And you'll catch more and Bigger Fish!

New Fly Rod Lures *for* 1926!

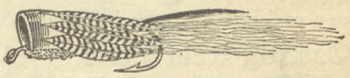
Cripple Minnow



Length 2¼ in. No. F-90 **Price $1.00**

Actually represents an injured minnow in looks and actions! A very light lure with flexible fins and tail! Spinner at head! In water it glitters like a natural silver side wounded minnow! Made only in New Silver Flash finish! A guaranteed Killer!

"Pop-it" Lure



Length 3¼ in. No. F-100 **Price 75c**

A very light little lure with Cork body, buck tail and mallard feathers! Jerking makes it pop around on surface—with lots of fuss which Bass can't resist! Fast pulling makes it wiggle like minnow hustling for its life! We guarantee it to be a deadly killer!

Have you these two Bass getters—**Flyrod Froggie** and **Flyrod Crawdad?** Get them either at your dealer's or direct from us!

Silver Flash Another Creek Chub Creation—a new finish that—in the water—produces a shine and sparkle on the bait like a silver side minnow! It is known as Silver Flash finish No. 18—and is especially good on our No. 2618, New Jointed Pikie; No. 1518, Floating Injured Minnow; No. 2118, Fintail Shiner and No. 718, Famous Pikie Minnow!

The Famous Pikie Minnow

Make Bass Mad

Length 4½ in.

No. 700
Price $1.00
Weight ¾ oz.

Floating Injured Minnow

Weight ½ oz.
Length 3½ in.

No. 1500
Price $1.00

You know you're really "Goin' Fishin'" when you've got these two fish foolin' wonders in your kit! Both are deadly killers wherever fish are found!

FREE! A Famous Pikie Minnow to everyone who sends us a first class original fish photo showing a catch made during the 1926 fishing season! Also $25 for the best photo accepted, $15 for the second best, and $10 for the third. Get plenty of out-of-doors in the photo! We will be the judges! **Send 'em in.**

See Other Creek Chub Advertisement in this Issue—$100 for a name for new Wiggling Spoon!

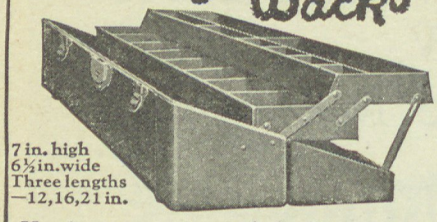
Get any of these real fish getters from your dealers or direct from us! Every one guaranteed to be satisfactory to you in every respect or money refunded! Dealers sell our baits under this guarantee and we protect them!

Our New Beautifully Colored Catalogue Sent Free Upon Request!

CREEK CHUB BAIT COMPANY

323 S. Randolph Street - - - GARRETT, IND.

The Trays Swing Back



7 in. high
6½ in. wide
Three lengths
—12,16,21 in.

Here's a new one—made by Outing—cantilever construction that swings the trays back and *then holds them up.* No more fumbling around with two hands to dig out what you want. One hand—open the lid—there's your whole assortment.

It's husky—built of auto body steel. And it has the looks—rounded corners and edges—enamelled brown-green—a beautiful job. You'll say you never saw one that's in its class for convenience, looks or construction, and you'll want one at $5.75, $6.75 or $7.75 depending on length.

The Real Shape Here

Wt. ⅝ oz.
Price .95

Bassy-Getum

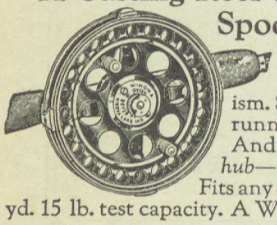
Just look at the shape—you can't beat it for life-likeness. That's because they are made out of hollow bronze.

Both have that crippled, hurt minnow action that makes them look like a real lunch to a rod-smasher.

Piky-Getum

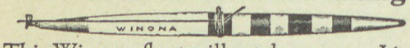
Wt. ½ oz.
Price .95

A Casting Reel That Spools Itself



No complicated mechanism. Sturdy but light running—noiseless. And you *thumb the hub*—not the spool. Fits any casting rod. 100 yd. 15 lb. test capacity. A Winona product.

When You're Still Fishing



This Winona float will catch your eye. Line clips take line without threading. Hollow—light—yet durable. Finished in five colors.

The Outing line also includes steel rods, landing nets, lines, lures, folding metal decoys, and other outing equipment. We'll gladly send you literature on the complete line. It's yours for the asking.

Outing Mfg. Co.

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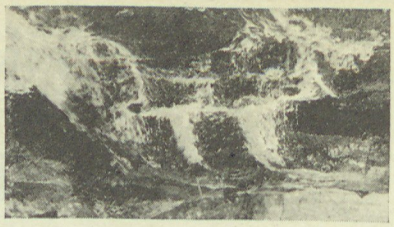

A National Park for Michigan

This is indeed a worthy bit of legislation that deserves your support

By Charles J. Hansen

IN the state of Michigan in the northwestern part of Mason County lies a tract of land, its scenic beauty and natural conditions making it highly desirable as a public natural park.

As there are no roads entering this territory it becomes easier to make approach by way of Hamlin Lake. Gliding over the rippling waters of this inland lake one reaches the towering sand dunes bordering the lake in the northwest.

Climbing up the first dune, rising a hundred feet from the very edge of Hamlin Lake, one pauses a moment to gather breath, to drink deeply of the ozone laden atmosphere and the pungent scent of pines wafted to him as the gentle summer breeze from Lake Michigan filches its incense in passing through the forest.

Pause in wonderment! Rolling westward are the bended hills and valleys of clean, white, water-washed sands of centuries. Here and there the voluptuous hills bow to a favored valley where lie patches of struggling jack pines, around the smaller ones twine the tendrils of wild grape, and here and there sand cherries struggle lonesomely in the white sand.

Down into a deep valley of sand and up again, mounting a still higher hill, the highest of them all, and looking westward over more wave-like hills, the deep blue waters of majestic Michigan lave the shore with dancing and playful white caps, while behind, rest the peaceful rippling waters of Lake Hamlin in a graceful wreath of green.

To the south, in the distance, are acres of beech, maple, birch, pine, hemlock and Norway, and bordering the dunes on the north are stretches of flat

When Fishin'- Is Fishin'

No matter how you get him in, there is always some thrill to landing one of those speckled beauties—but have you ever used a Martin Automatic Reel?

Well Sir, it's hard to describe, but—you're walking a stream and he hits suddenly—you grab your line—no, not the reel handle—the line. You play him on your finger tip. You pay out more line or you pull it in. Every move, every turn is registered on that finger tip. You get everything there is to fishing—the whole thrill—in those few minutes—or seconds.

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Don't bother about slack line or snarls—there are none. The hand holding the rod works the brake lever and your line is taken in or let out as you want. There is no need to pump the reel—that's Automatic—you just fish and keep fishing—really fishing.

Martin Automatics are not expensive. The No. 3 reel which holds 150 feet of G line costs only $5.50 and with a tungsten steel line protector, it costs only $6.50. If you don't like it, you get your money back.

When you go out this year, make sure you've got a Martin Automatic in your creel. You'll be mighty glad.

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and wooded lowlands with crystal springs and small meandering brooklets.

Leaving this dune observatory, traveling southward over hill and dale of sand one merges into a forest of beech, maple, and oak. Viewed from the crest of a hill there lies before you a huge amphitheatre of stately trees and scattered throughout are wild flowers blooming everywhere. A partridge whirrs from a thicket; a rabbit scurries from its hiding place; the black squirrels skip from limb to limb; a flash of red as a sly fox sneaks through the underbrush; a quarrelsome blue jay scolds the intruder, his strident voice rising harsh above the softer orchestral melody of a myriad of birds.

Rambling toward the west, up and down the forest hills, the hardwoods gradually intermingle with different varieties of conifers, finally emerging into a virgin forest of white and Norway pine. How this has managed to escape the woodsman's mercenary axe is a mystery. Giant pines, many three feet in diameter, tower defiantly—ancient relics of the past—silent monuments for present and future generations to reverently gaze upon. Limbless Norways, straight as arrows, rise supremely a hundred feet into the blue. And scattered about in the more open places are many thousands of lusty children of these noble parents.

Strolling along the valley on a soft carpet of pine needles one is fascinated by the magnificence and cathedral solemnity of the forest. Then climbing another wooded hill, a distant murmuring is heard. Breasting another ridge and through the trees old Lake Michigan bursts suddenly into view, and the melting sun throwing fiery red into crowding lake and towering sky.

And here and there among the hills of virgin timber and struggling second growths are small ponds and water holes where the blue winged teal and mallard like to linger in their flight. Occasionally a deer, strayed from its sanctuary in an adjoining county, roams the wooded sections cropping at tufts of grass.

In traveling over this territory there also comes to notice the relentless struggle of nature. Earth, the mother of the trees, turns strangler. In places the restless wind-swept sands, through the course of many years, slowly pile around a clump of trees until only the dead tops protrude. On some slopes are but the tips of large trees, still alive, struggling for existence against the choking sands. No doubt, that under some of the larger hills lie buried forests.

Because of its inaccessability this land still remains practically in its natural state—practically untouched by the destructive hand of man, or the red demon of fire.

Most of this land, about two thousand acres, is owned partly by the U. S. government and partly by the state of Michigan. A movement is now under way for the state of Michigan to acquire the federal holdings, possibly some private lands and concentrate the whole into one large natural park.

Shakespeare Ideal Rods

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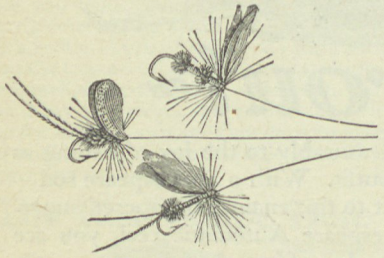

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PIONEER GOLD FISH FARM, RACINE, WIS.

With state care and supervision this would make an ideal game sanctuary, forest reserve, and a playground to suit almost every desire. To the north are lowlands and flat country, the home of small game and a few deer. Meandering through are sparkling streams where thrive the elusive and beautiful fontinalis. In the middle are sand dunes for children to romp and play and dig. On one side is Lake Michigan with surf bathing. On the other side is the unpolluted Hamlin Lake for those who like the warmer and calmer waters. And in this lake are bass, pike, pickerel and other game fishes for our piscatorial friends. And there is motor boating, sail boating and canoeing for adventurous mariners. To the south is a virgin forest of pine and hardwood where one may pitch tent in the forest solitude.

And here the naturalist may roam with scrutinizing eyes to gather specimens; the artist may find inspiration in the glorious sunset, and the poet may come to hear the song of nature.

It is hoped that the state of Michigan and the U. S. government will devise some plan to concentrate their holdings, acquire some of the necessary private lands and establish a public park that posterity may have just one more beauty spot preserved as Nature made it.

This should be done before this tract becomes split up and sold to private persons with the usual signs staring one in the face—"KEEP OFF."

A reward of $25 will be paid by D. D. Sutherland, Fond du Lac, Wis., for the return of "Sally," a brown and white hound branded "S" on left hip.

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Never before have you seen so much quality at so low a price.

The Luckie Steel Fishing Rod is as good as many rods twice the price. It's strong and powerful. Made by the people who make the world-famous Bristol Steel Fishing Rod. It has the same fine workmanship and material—at a moderate price. A style for every kind of fishing. **WRITE** today for free catalog describing all models. The Horton Mfg. Co., 53 Horton St., Bristol, Conn. (Pacific Coast Agents: The Phil. B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.).

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No. 700 Luckie Bait Casting Steel Rod—3 joints—4½ to 6 feet. Cork handle. Agate casting guides. A splendid rod for general fishing. Enameled black. Price $6.00. Specify length wanted.

If your dealer can't supply you, order direct, enclosing price.

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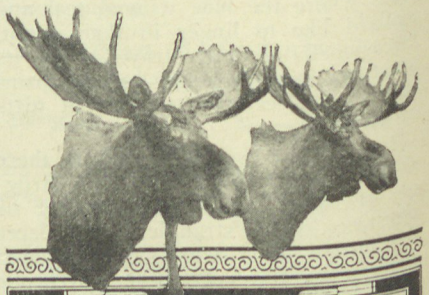

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Trees and the Climate

By FRANK HOLDEN

Missouri Waltonian

THE United States Bureau of Forestry says that trees are being cut off four times as fast as they are being grown.

The papers are full of conservation articles telling of the things that will happen to the country when the trees are gone. They tell us that a country without trees is a land of torrid heat in summer, of streams that go dry the hot season and are raging torrents when it rains and of crops that burn up because of lack of moisture in the air. Very few of these articles, however, tell us just how trees come to have such a great influence on the climate and water supply.

It is easy to realize that the roots of trees, forming a vast network underground, help to keep the ground from packing and thus gives the water a chance to soak into the ground instead of at once running into the water courses. Then, too, the dead leaves and branches on the ground form a spongy mass that is capable of soaking up an immense amount of water and feeding it into the ground slowly for some time after the rain has ceased. It is this water, held back by the trees and allowed to soak into the ground that reappears at some spring, maybe miles away, thus helping to keep the streams running during dry seasons.

All this is easy to understand because we can see it to some extent. The thing we cannot see is the chemical laboratory hidden away in each tree leaf and the part it plays in purifying the air and keeping it filled with moisture.

These tiny laboratories take the water sent up to them by the roots, break it up into its component parts, hydrogen and oxygen, add the poisonous carbon dioxide gas from the air and thus form starch. As soon as the sun comes up in the morning these little starch factories start working and they work straight through to sundown, without time out for lunch, because sunlight is the power they run on and this power must not be wasted. Each leaf has a system of pipes or tubes that carries the water sent up by the roots around through the leaves and return pipes that takes the starch in liquid form back down to be distributed through the tree even to the lowest roots. This liquid starch is the food on which the tree lives.

If we bake a stick of wood until the hydrogen and oxygen have been driven out, we have left a stick of charcoal. This is almost pure carbon and all of it came from the carbon dioxide gas in the air.

In addition to the work the leaf laboratories do in removing carbon dioxide from the air and thus purifying it for breathing purposes, two main by-

"The Box with the Red Edge"

In 14 Years of Field & Stream's Fishing Contests MORE PRIZE BASS on Heddon Baits than all other makes of wooden lures combined

Limit catch of C. E. Young, Kissimee, Fla. "All on Heddon's of course," writes Mr. Young.

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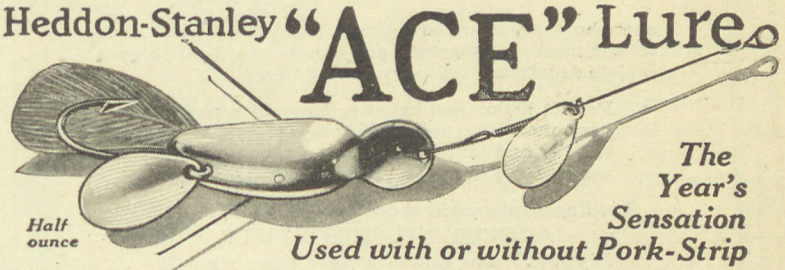
BETTER casting results—better fishing results. Right to the mark on windiest days; less fouling, no snag or weed troubles. More fish—bigger fish—hitting like mad, staying on for keeps. The limit—repeated day after day! If that's the sport you've been missing, here's your straight ticket to results!

Heddon-Stanley "ACE" Lure



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The Year's Sensation

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ONLY bait combining the bullet-like casting quality of metal with full wooden-minnow action, and triple lure of gleaming body, brilliant feather fly and flashing spoon effect! Nothing like it in casting satisfaction and results. Runs any depth. Scientific hook placement equals any treble barb, "sets" more easily, harder to shake loose.

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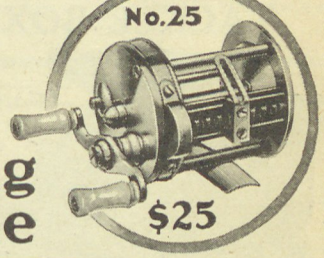

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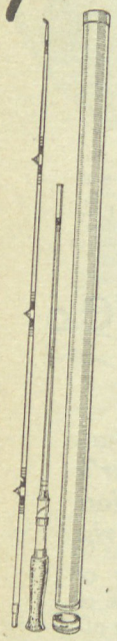

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Fishermen everywhere have proved that GRANGER Rods meet the most exacting tests and can be relied on to give complete satisfaction on every fishing trip.

Perfect action and balance. Marvelous power per ounce. Fine finish. Built to give long service. Fly and Bait Rods in various lengths and weights at $20 to $50. Send for 1926 Catalog.

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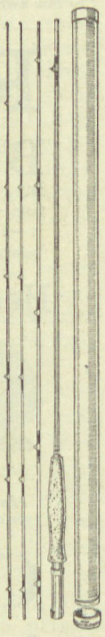
Look for the name "Goodwin" or "Granger" on the Reel Seat



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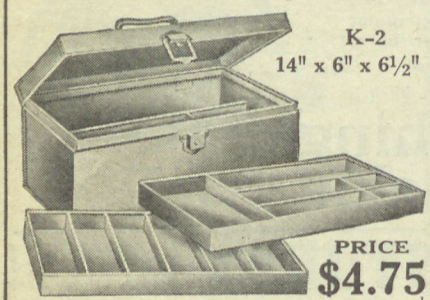

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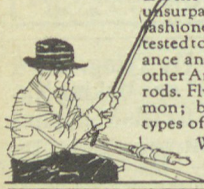

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How infinitely swift and keen is the response of your nerves to every action in the fine sport of outwitting your game fish.
Too bad to dull that keen edge of pleasure with an instrument too insensitive to conduct the action to your hand.
Those moments of rare outdoor sport are all too few. Make the *most* of them! Experience the *greatest* thrills fishing holds for you!

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It is the nearest thing to another "nerve" leading out to the fighting game itself.

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Rods to order if you wish

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It's one of the best books on fishing ever issued—not a dry line in it. *Free to you*—tell us where to send it.

John J. Hildebrandt Co., 635 High St., Logansport, Ind.

products are given off in the making of starch—oxygen and water—the oxygen being in the same amount as the carbon dioxide taken from the air. The water evaporated by the leaves is the surplus sent up by the roots. An average sized oak tree will evaporate about 150 gallons of water per day.

The effect that the water evaporated by the leaves has in tempering the heat of summer can hardly be imagined. To begin with, the leaves, because water is evaporating from them, are cooler than the surrounding air and the wind that blows across miles of forest will be cooled considerably by contact with the leaves. Then, too, wind blowing through trees will pick up the moisture discharged by the leaves and so prevent the scorching effect we sometimes get from the hot winds that are likely to follow a long dry spell. A hot wind is merely wind without moisture.

NEW JERSEY

Thirty persons found it costly to hunt ducks illegally after sunset last month in New Jersey. They were among a total of one hundred and fourteen poachers arrested by wardens and State police for violations of the fish and game laws, not one of whom escaped conviction when their cases came into court.

The duck hunters who were captured while taking an unfair advantage of law-abiding sportsmen, paid a total of $600.00 in fines. These arrests were made by Wardens Howard Mathis, Jr., Carson, Hall, and Graham.

The fact that law-breakers are hunting deer after nightfall, with aid of spotlights, has aroused the resentment of sportsmen throughout the state, who are urging that the highest possible penalties be imposed on these violators. The Izaak Walton Chapters in New Jersey are condemning the above unsportsmanlike methods in no small terms and assist wherever possible in securing convictions.

* * *

The sportsmen of Camden County have organized a local Chapter of the League to be known as the Audubon Chapter in honor of John James Audubon, bounder of the Audubon Society. He was to ornithology what Izaak Walton was to the art of angling.

The first meeting of this Chapter was very unique in many ways. The President, Mr. William Strang, invited all the members to his home, where a camp supper was served, using regular camp dishes and furniture, and with the autumn leaves hanging about, it reminded one of the North Woods.

The menu consisted of Canadian bear steak, French fried potatoes, milk biscuits, and coffee. The famous South Jersey pumpkin pie topped off the menu.

Mrs. Strang and Mrs. McLaughlin helped make the affair a success by preparing the food. Other women of the community also took deep interest in the Chapter.

The officers of the Camden Chapter are: President, Wm. M. Strang; Vice-

Our Advertisers help us, let us help them.

President, Frank J. Hineline; Secretary, Chas. E. Bendorf; Treasurer, Henry C. Armstrong.

MINNESOTA.

Thirty-five representatives of legislatures, state executive departments, health, conservation, fish and game commissions and members of the Izaak Walton League attended a meeting at Red Wing, which was called for the purpose of appointing interim committee for the investigation of the Mississippi River situation, as regarding pollution. The meeting was called to order by Representative Otto W. Kolshern of Red Wing, and Senator Walter Hunt of Wisconsin was chosen presiding officer and Representative J. E. Masek of St. Paul, Secretary.

The announced purpose of the interim committee is to arrive at some tangible evidence to support corrective measures to be brought in the next legislative sessions of Minnesota and Wisconsin.

Pollution of the Mississippi was described as dangerous, as a serious and growing menace to the health of the people of the Northwest, as destructive to game and fish, by representatives attending the Conference.

Suggestions for corrective measures were made by Representative Charles Perry of Milwaukee, who described Milwaukee county's $21,000,000 investment in disposal plants.

George H. Selover, President of our Minnesota Division, and C. M. Wicks, representing the Wisconsin Division, stressed the need of remedial measures and pledged the whole-hearted support of these two Divisions in helping eliminate the pollution of the Upper Mississippi.

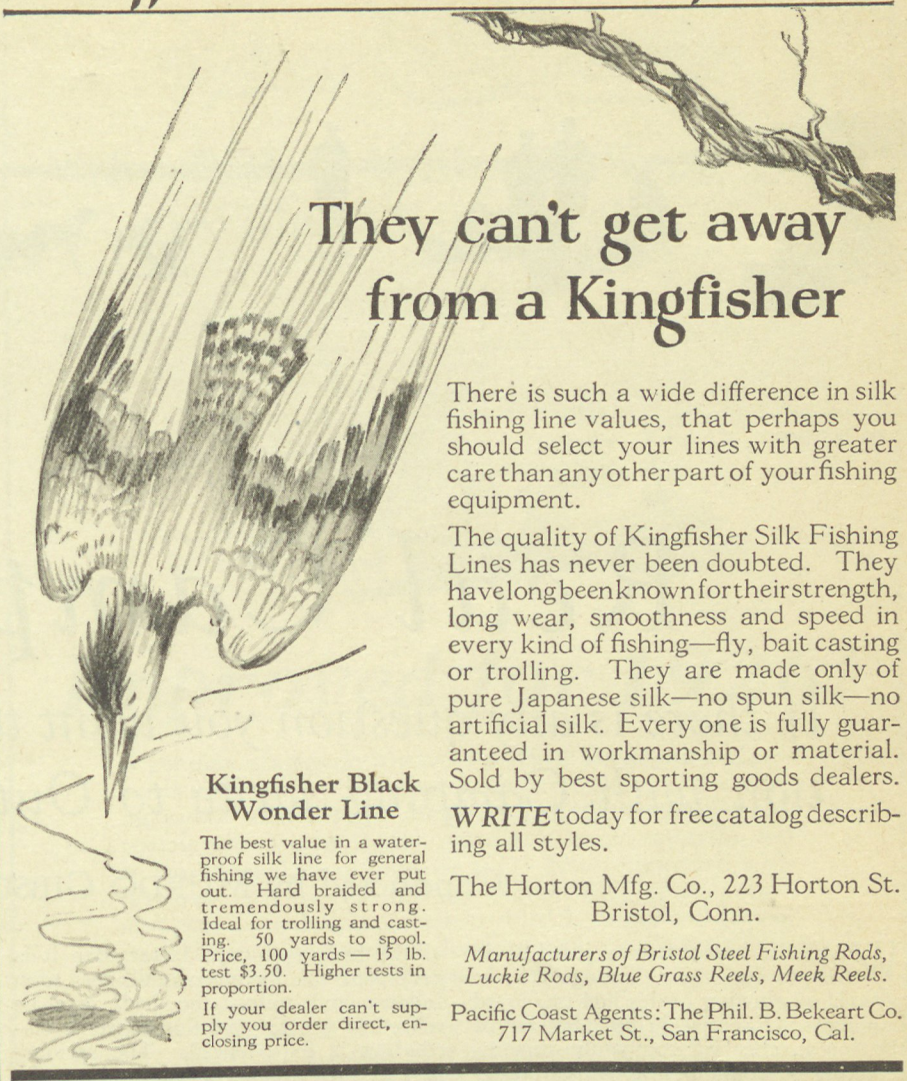
What Is Your Chapter Doing?

Headquarters wants to know and all other chapters are interested. Your plan may help them.

Address

ED. H. PHILIPPI
National Executive Secretary

Kingfisher Silk Fishing Lines



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There is such a wide difference in silk fishing line values, that perhaps you should select your lines with greater care than any other part of your fishing equipment.

The quality of Kingfisher Silk Fishing Lines has never been doubted. They have long been known for their strength, long wear, smoothness and speed in every kind of fishing—fly, bait casting or trolling. They are made only of pure Japanese silk—no spun silk—no artificial silk. Every one is fully guaranteed in workmanship or material. Sold by best sporting goods dealers.

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It casts with the ease of a tournament rod

Perfect casting action . . . perfect balance . . . light weight . . . unusual strength and flexibility. That's what you'll find in every Richardson Steel Rod. For Richardson Rods are designed by experts of national reputation.

To secure the finest product . . . Richardson tests every rod 26 times before its final test. Pays a 22% premium for special tempered, spring steel. Manufactures with an ideal . . . a determination to give the greatest dollar for dollar value fishermen have ever known.

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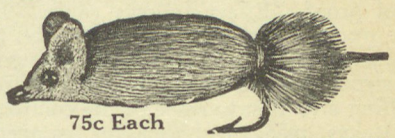

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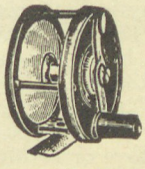

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Real Camping

If there is any question you want to ask in connection with Camping, write to Outdoor America

Conducted by MURDO GIBSON

WINTER campers are justified in expecting their outings to be periods of glowing health and unalloyed happiness. Exercise in the pure air of the forest, cheerful companionship, interesting surroundings and many other things combine to make life enjoyable to those who spend their holidays in the wilderness. But no sort of trip is fool proof. Effect follows cause. In the woods, as in town, those who fail to adjust thoughts and actions to changed environment are bound to suffer. By calling attention to some of the common mistakes made by vacation campers the "Real Camping" department hopes to assist its readers in obtaining the utmost pleasure from their outings and to prevent them from misplacing the blame should their excursions to the forest prove disappointing. First, let us enumerate the conditions most likely to cause discomfort to the inexperienced winter camper. These are: cold by day or night; thirst, on trail and in camp; weariness; sore toes and blisters; indigestion, sleeplessness and snow-blindness.

Used in moderation, physical exercise and dry clothing are the best preventatives of cold. Artificial heat, internal or external, is a poor substitute. As a means of "warming up" swinging an axe or scuffling with your chum is much better than hugging the stove or revolving in front of an open fire. Moisture is such a good conductor of heat that, in cold weather, garments, damp with perspiration, allow the natural warmth of the body to escape faster than it is generated. A feeling of chilliness soon follows and unless the body can be roused to greater exertion extreme discomfort is experienced. The seriousness of such a condition depends on the person's vitality and the temperature. Perspiration, therefore, is the gauge by which to measure the proper amount of exercise and clothing for cold weather. When sweat becomes noticeable reduce one or the other.

Stefansson, the Arctic explorer, gives some very practical instruction on this matter in his book, "My Life with the Eskimo." Those who contemplate winter camping in the North Woods should read it. He ridicules the widely held belief that the traveler who falls asleep in a blizzard will "wake up dead" and asserts, on the contrary, that unless one is utterly helpless from exhaustion, or alcohol, the cold itself will prevent any dangerously prolonged slumber. The lesson to be learned from this is, that one should rest when tired and before extreme weariness lowers the powers of resistance to the danger point. He dispels many other prevalent notions. According to him freezing of the face, nose and ears is no more serious than sunburn and their thawing can be better accomplished with the warm hand than with cold snow. Although agreeing with him in regard to mere surface frost bites we shouldn't forget that the solid freezing of fingers or toes is a very serious misfortune that often results in loss of these members and sometimes, through gangrene, or blood poisoning, in death. Due to the fact that rubber footwear has a tendency to induce profuse perspiration which cannot escape, it should not be worn on cold days. Practically every case of frozen feet that has come to my attention was due to the wearing of rubbers, usually too tight. A letter from a timber cruiser, which I received last week, illustrates the insidiousness of frost. He writes as follows: *"We had a few forties seven to ten miles from our main camp so we took a blanket apiece and a tarpaulin and slept out. I nipped a couple of toes that day some time. Can't imagine when it was, for at no time did I feel my toes getting cold. But that night around the fire when I pulled off my rubbers and stuck my feet along side the fire, I began to realize that something was not as it should be. Snowshoeing the next two days was not what I would call a picnic, but we made it and finished the job. My toes have been pretty sore, and last week one of them developed infection, and I have hardly been able to hobble around since, but think I have it on the run now."*

The chances are that my friend did feel his toes becoming cold, but his mind being concentrated upon his work he postponed attending to them. Shortly after, they became numb and continued in that blissful state until the heat from the camp fire commenced to thaw them.

A practical method of warming a

When writing to Advertisers give credit to our Magazine.

cold foot is to swing it backward and forward as far, and as violently, as possible. If snowshoeing, remove the cold foot from the snowshoe and use the idle web or ski as a support. Swinging the relaxed arm rapidly in a full circle will quickly restore circulation to a cold hand. If, when facing a keen wind, the knees become cold, insert a layer of paper—or birch bark—between the under and outer garment. Every tramp knows the value of newspaper as an insulator and is familiar with its use, both as a lining for threadbare clothes and as a substitute for blankets at night. In order to ward off some of the chill of nights spent bivouacking in the woods the writer has, on several occasions, encased his body and legs in rolls of birch bark. He found that this helped him to obtain longer naps than would have been possible without their protection.

Foot-freezing generally occurs in the afternoon. The reason is that, around the lunch fire one's feet are apt to become damp from melting snow and from perspiration caused by overheating. Toward the end of a winter day the temperature is likely to drop rapidly and this fact, combined with the lowered vitality to be expected after a period of relaxation makes a condition which is very favorable to frost bite. I learned long ago that the mid-day lunch fire had a decidedly bad effect on my resistance to cold and that this effect was in direct proportion to the length of time spent beside it. As a rule it took at least an hour of brisk travel or other hard work to regain the vigor and energy lost during the nooning. Not caring to forego the pleasure of eating nor the welcome break in the monotony of counting trees, I made a sort of compromise that seems to me to be entirely free from objectionable features.

My winter lunch now consists of a cupful of Grape Nuts and a quarter cupful of granulated sugar, mixed together and carried in a small sack attached to my trouser band. When I feel like eating the only preparation necessary is to squat wherever I happen to be, open the sack and pour out on the snow a little of the sweetened cereal. With the aid of a light teaspoon I elevate a mixture of food and snow, the proportions of which vary according to the amount of saliva available at the moment. A lunch of this kind has many advantages. It takes but little time, entails no extra labor, satisfies the craving for food and allays the phantom of thirst. The temperature of the body, feet and hands is not disturbed and there is no temptation to relax. Furthermore, the food supply need not be entirely consumed at one sitting. Two or more meals can be eaten at desired intervals without serious stinting. This feature has often saved me from being uncomfortably hungry when unforeseen circumstances delayed arrival at camp.

Thirst may be real or false. On winter trails it is generally the latter. The commonest causes for the false

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Coleman No. 2 (shown above) is a miniature gas range de luxe. U. S. Price only $12.50. Has all the following Coleman features:

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Tank Always Connected—Swings inside for carrying, outside for cooking.

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Camp Stove

Coleman No. 9 (shown below) the new, moderate priced stove with Coleman quality through and through. U. S. Price only $9.00. Has Coleman patented ***Hot-Blast Starter, Built-in Pump and Funnel, Strap Steel Legs, Flame-Spreading Burner Caps, Folding Wind Baffle, Detachable Fuel Tank.*** Both stoves use common motor gas for fuel; fold up and carry like a suit case.

Ask your dealer to show you both models of Coleman Camp Stoves. If he is not yet supplied, write us for descriptive literature. Address Camping Dept. O. M. 26

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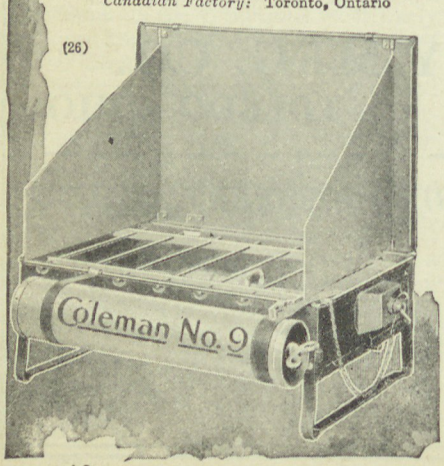

thirst experienced by winter campers are overeating, overheating and the use of ice water. The drinking of water that is too cold tends to intensify the sensation of thirst; and the same is true of snow eating. Of course the moisture actually required by the body *can* be supplied in this way, but it is more than likely that the illusion of thirst will persist. To prevent trail thirst I take, just before leaving camp, a full drink of slightly warmed water and then promise myself that I won't drink again until the next meal. The promise is important because it clears my mind of a profitless subject and precludes the possibility of chilling my system with unneeded water should opportunity offer. I refrain from eating snow, not that I consider it a harmful practice but because it only aggravates a disagreeable sensation which it is powerless to dispel.

Of all the discomforts commonly suffered by amateur outdoors people none is more fatal to enjoyment than sore feet. Skinned toes and chafed tendons are a tremendous strain on the most cheerful disposition. The holiday camper who can retain his appreciation of the beauties of the winter woods while snowshoe thongs are rasping grooves into his raw flesh deserves both harp and halo. Neither time, trouble nor expense should be spared in order to avoid this affliction; but if it comes, it should receive immediate attention. Postponement may show fortitude, but fortitude in this case is folly. Overly tight straps are a frequent cause of snowshoers' foot trouble. In the attempt to prevent the toe from sliding too far forward many hikers draw the toe straps so tight that circulation is impeded, frostbite risked and discomfort assured. If the distance between the thong holes, on each side of the toe aperture, is greater than the width of the foot (at the base of the great toe) mere strap-tightening is useless. The remedy is to lessen this distance so that the *sides* of the loop, and not the downward pressure, will check the forward movement. Ice lumps that form on the inner surfaces of the straps and on that part of the main brace which is covered by the foot, are responsible for a lot of misery. I wish I knew how to prevent their formation. Every experienced snowshoer has given the matter much thought but, to the best of my knowledge and belief, no sure method of abolishing them has yet been discovered or evolved. Still I do not despair. A recent article in a popular magazine gives me hope that a way will soon be found to save future snowshoers from this pernicious pestiferous annoyance. Because of the well known fact that ice will not stick to rubber, many old timers lace a piece of light, rubber belting to the foot part of their snowshoes. This helps to prevent "icing up," but it adds to the weight of the shoe and has other disadvantages. The aforementioned article describes a process by which rubber, in solution, can be PLATED, in any desired thickness to such substances as wood, fabric and leather. It seems to me that rubber plated snowshoe harness and filling might solve the problem. I haven't given the idea any serious consideration and it may be entirely impractical, but someone, sometime, will produce iceproof snowshoe and foot harness and by so doing add immeasurably to our enjoyment of winter sports.

Meanwhile, don't ignore the first symptom of chafing. Tender toes should be protected by wrapping them, individually and collectively, with clean gauze—or, if the skin be not broken, with adhesive tape. The wise hiker will not wait until abrasion occurs but will tape the most vulnerable parts before starting on the trip.

Danger of snow blindness is greatest during late winter and early spring. Everyone who travels the northern wilderness at that season of the year should wear colored spectacles during every hour of daylight. Don't imagine that because the sun is not shining there is no risk. That is another of the many popular fallacies that have no foundation in fact. I suffered my first and only attack of snow blindness on a dull, cloudy day, most of which was spent whip-sawing spruce lumber in a Alaskan forest. That was just twenty-seven years ago this spring and since that time I have learned that most cases of this affection are contracted on days when the sun *is not* visible. Regarding the proper color for lenses, all I care to say is, that in recent years amber seems to have supplanted in popularity the smoked glasses we used to consider the best. My advice is: consult an oculist, before buying.

Emergency goggles that give good protection from snow glare without seriously impairing the vision can be made from a postcard. Cut a notch to fit over the nose and make slits opposite each eye that are just about long and wide enough to let a fifty cent piece through edgewise. Slits may be either horizontal or vertical. For lake travel the former is best, but for rough climbing I prefer the latter. I have used small holes instead of slits and found that distance vision was actually improved although the field was restricted.

From what I have been able to learn the most practical field treatment for snow blindness is absolute protection from light; and application of moist tea leaves. The affliction is very painful especially during the first two or three days and the after effects may be felt for years.

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By
Paul Wingertner and Vic Lab

AFTER covering many miles of difficult mountain and desert roads we decided that our small three speed car with its small built body was just about the thing for auto navigation. We camped one night at one of the motor camps in the Rocky mountain wonderland when a large car, similar to ours pulled in. It was a very pretentious affair and placed upon one of the best known of the high class cars on the market. That evening after all was set and the evening meal properly placed, the owner of the large car came over to us and examined our outfit. He seemed so interested that we pulled all our duffle apart and explained the why and wherefore of it. Before he left that evening he made the statement that his next year's trip would be made in a car the type of ours. He also stated that he experienced difficulty in making some of the turns and generally getting his camper over mountain trails. This only proved to us that others were of the same idea that we were.

When we had decided to make the trip, the next step was to select the car upon which our rolling home was to be built. This came after careful consideration. As it happened we were both driving the same type of car and were satisfied. Arrangements were made with a dealer to turn both of our cars in on a new chassis. We then took the measurements of the chassis and set about building the body in the cellar of our home. It was necessary, of course, after the body was built, to take it apart again and then assemble it on the car.

The body that we built was no longer than the sedan body for the car, which was eight feet. It is four feet wide

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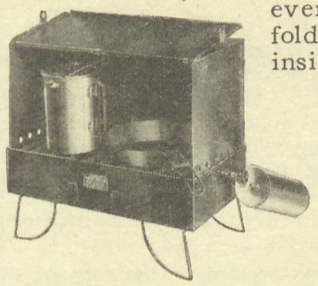

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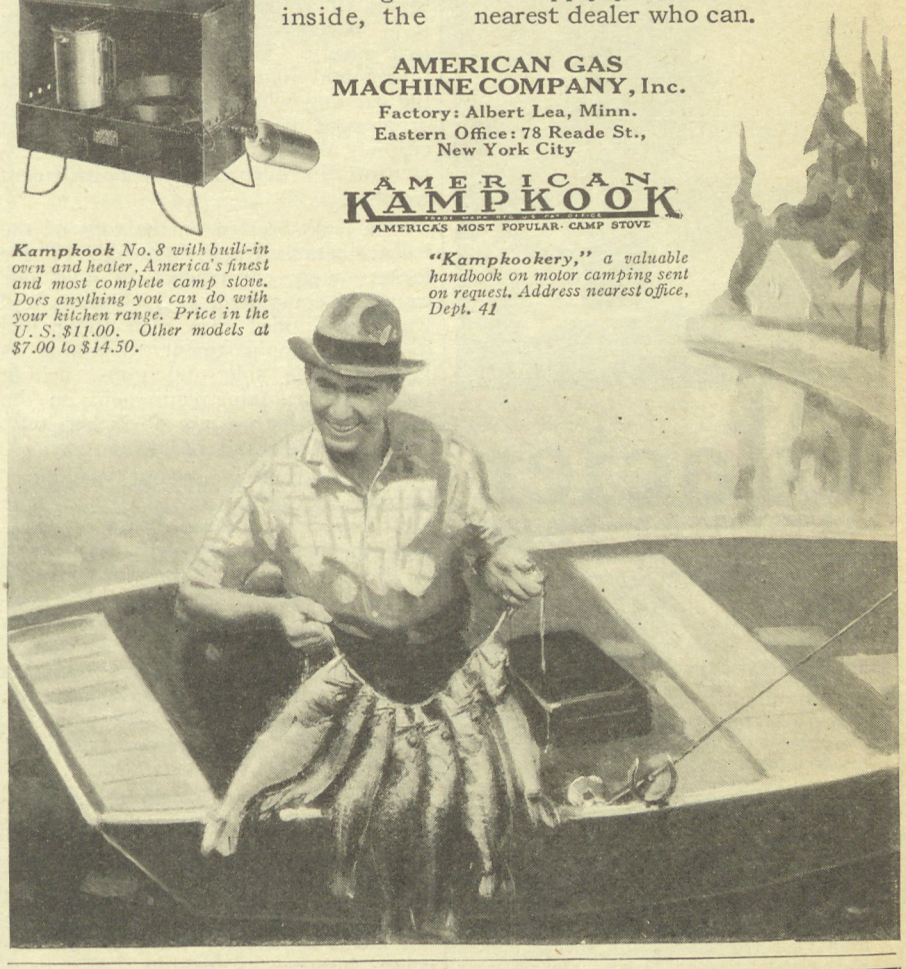

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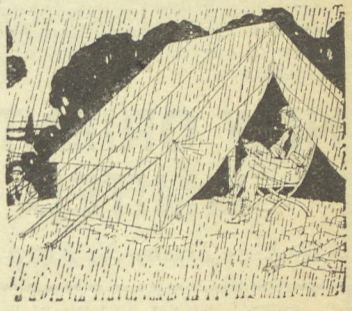

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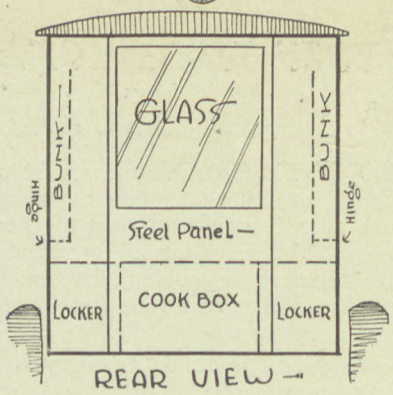

and 52 inches from floor to roof. Even though this appears short for sleeping, it is so constructed that two can bunk in it nicely. The slatted bunks are on hinges and fold up against the side of the car and when they are lowered the front seat is let down and the seat cushion used as a pillow. This affords comfort in even the most inclement weather.

The bunks rested on the tops of the lockers which we constructed. These lockers were constructed to hold our camping equipment and clothing and were so divided that each thing had its proper compartment. Clothing is kept on one side and guns, fishing tackle and camping equipment on the other. The lockers are 48 inches long, 18 inches high and 12 inches deep.

While en route we set our "cook box" between the lockers on the floor of the car. This box contains all that is necessary to the culinary department, and is 18 inches high, 22 inches long and 22 inches wide. Cans containing condiments and staples are packed within it and the lids are labeled so that it is not necessary to remove them in order to tell the contents. The cook box also contains our stove which is of the air pressure gasoline variety. It has proven entirely successful.

Behind the cook box is a one compartment fireless cooker and this is one of the most valuable parts of the culinary department. The principle of the cooker is known to all and after the stones are heated on the gasoline stove our meals are cooked while we are enroute, hunting or fishing. We have baked "sour dough" bread and pies in the cooker and find it very satisfactory.

Under the front seat is another locker and it is in this that our good clothes are carried. All of the small articles of clothing are carried in balloon silk bags which makes them entirely dust proof.

For bedding we have two eiderdown sleeping bags and blankets and have been comfortable in this in cold spells that have reached 10 degrees below zero.

On the outside of the car, running along the top and fixed to the body is a tarpaulin. This can be stretched and give a lean-to effect in hot or rainy weather; it is a great comfort. An iceless refrigerator of the evaporation type is carried on the running board. The interior of the car is lighted and

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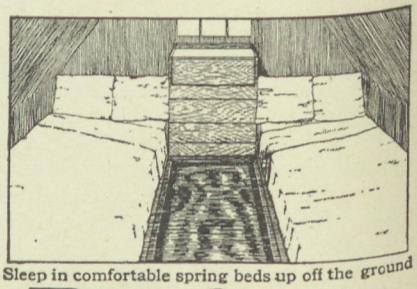

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De Luxe Auto Camp Trailers

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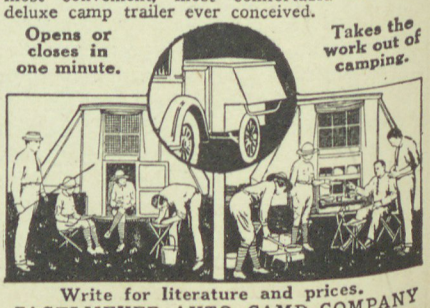

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I intend taking a motor camping tour through the western states to the coast next summer. Can you give me the dope on the roads? What would you suggest in extra equipment for the car? P. E. B., Akron, Ohio.

Ans. Several reputable concerns have published maps that will give you detailed information on the country that you wish to pass through. These are for sale at most news-stands and book stores. If you are to stick to the main highways there is no reason why you should add a great deal of equipment to the car for the trip. It is well of course to carry spare oil and water. A neat compact container can be made for this purpose and fitted into a place on the machine where it is out of the way. A couple of gallons of gasoline may come in handy on some occasions.

If you are to leave the main traveled routes it will be well to be prepared for any emergency. There is a puller on the market that will enable one or two men to remove a car that is not unreasonaby mired. A tow rope will come in handy, if not for yourself you may be able to help out some other brother of the road.

Chains, of course, should be added to the equipment. If you will let me know in detail the routes you are to travel I will be glad to give you additional dope, but your question is very general.

Would a ———— car be fit to take an extended trip through Canada this summer? R. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

Ans. Far be it from me to discuss the merits of a car, but judging from the number of ———— I have seen in Canada with license plates that were issued in the States I am sure that with an even break it would take you there and back.

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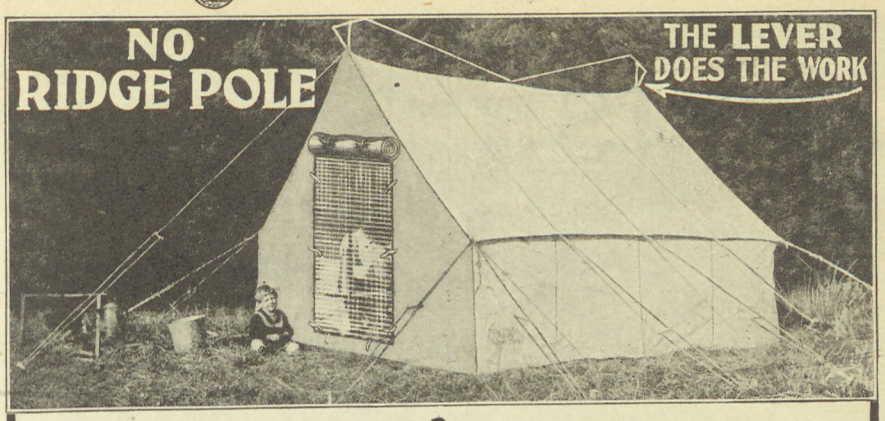

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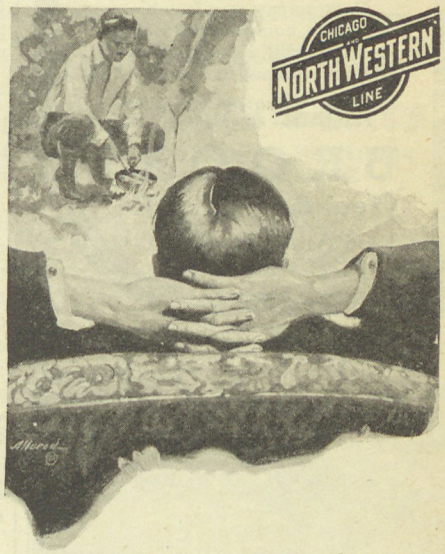

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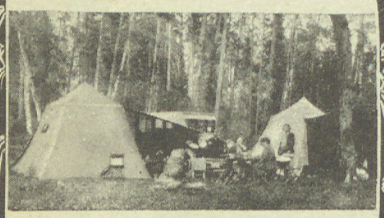

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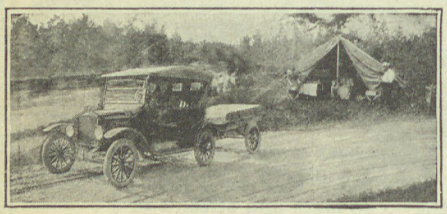

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Pets

Fur Farming

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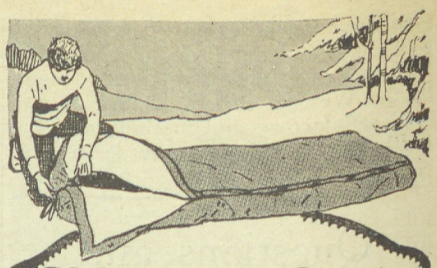
MARCH is a wonderful month on a Silver Fox Ranch. It is the beginning of the whelping time. Most domesticated foxes have their birthday in April, but March adds the first of the new fox babies to the ranch census. No city or town awaits the count of its population with the deep interest of a ranch or feels its thrill of daily growth.

The usual litter is three per unit. That is the average number of puppies born to a breeding pair. Though some may have one or up to ten or eleven, more than four or five are infrequent. The average increase of only one pair of youngsters is regarded satisfactory for that is one hundred per cent by the doubling of the pairs owned and the rancher who averages only that amount every year soon will suffer in his income tax. In some cases he "don't get nothings," but that also is infrequent and makes him more skillful the next year in the mating season. This begins in the latter part of January in New York State, earlier in Northern New England, and a little later in the Southern section of the midwestern States.

So reliable is the Silver Fox in the matter of self-reproduction that the arrival of the new families are timed almost with the accuracy attending the appearance of expected planets. That is easy, for fifty-two days is the almost unvaried period of expectation as to little foxes, but the difficulty is to know from which past date to count. The watchtower seen on every fox ranch is the breeder's observatory. From its topmost windows overlooking every pen in the yard below a keeper keeps watch over all the foxes day and night. His eye must be keen to catch the mating dates and put them down for reference.



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yet lighter than a pair. That's why Woods Arctic Eiderdown Robes are endorsed by hunters, traders, explorers, foresters and all outdoor men as giving perfect comfort in sub-zero temperatures.

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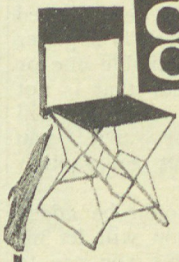

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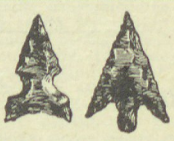

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Continual watch from this tower is imperative, particularly in this instance, and again for at least ten days before the end of the gestation period. This is to see when a male fox, or dog as he is termed, must be removed from the pen and put in a separate one.

There are fathers among foxes that will deny themselves food to give to the mother. Others will rob her and may eat her newly born pups. The vixen at such times trusts neither kind. To her all male foxes are cannibals. Affectionate towards her mate at other times now his very presence worries her. She thinks he is after her puppies, a wolf-like trait, and to conceal them she may lay upon and crush them or drag them out of the pen and bury them alive. Prevented by the male from hiding her offspring in these ways, the fight she puts up to drive out perhaps an over-fond, blundering father wanting to see the new babies, may, unless quickly checked, result in their being trampled to death. There are a few cases of mother foxes eating their young; but, like those of immature girls and some women who yearn for chalk and slate pencils, they are very rare.

The fox at mating and breeding time is a peculiar animal. It has an individual as a well as a collective psychology which every breeder should understand for it concerns his success as a rancher. Its temperament should be learned by studying the reactions of each animal. Text books are technical; hearsay misleading; observation is illuminating. Many biologists say that the fox is a variant of the wolf although it is a one-family beast and does not run in packs. Jack London, in "White Fang" a story of a dog that was "vamped" back to the wild gives the viewpoint of the female wolf at such times as these in trustworthy fiction with the reasons for abnormal actions common to lions and wolves as well as to wild foxes when breeding. The Silver Fox gradually is dropping these atavistic puzzling tendencies of its kind as its domestication progresses, as the household cat and dog almost completely have lost theirs.

Particularly interesting and crucial is the care to be given old pairs of foxes as well as the newly weds in every pen when increase begins to come to them. The ranch which is shut down to visitors must continue to be kept as still as a graveyard or it may become one. Strangers admitted freely to the yards up to Christmas time then must be barred. Newly employed feeders may not enter the gates. Even the keepers and caretakers on daily intimate terms with their four footed friends must be careful to wear the same clothing and the same gloves every time they visit the pens lest a new scent strike the vixens with young as suspicious and excite them to destructive efforts to save their pups. Perfect peace must be obtained and quite the watchword during all this period of mating and whelping which runs well into May.

The mothers and youngsters need special attention at this time. The character of their diet, too, differs from that which is provided for other months.

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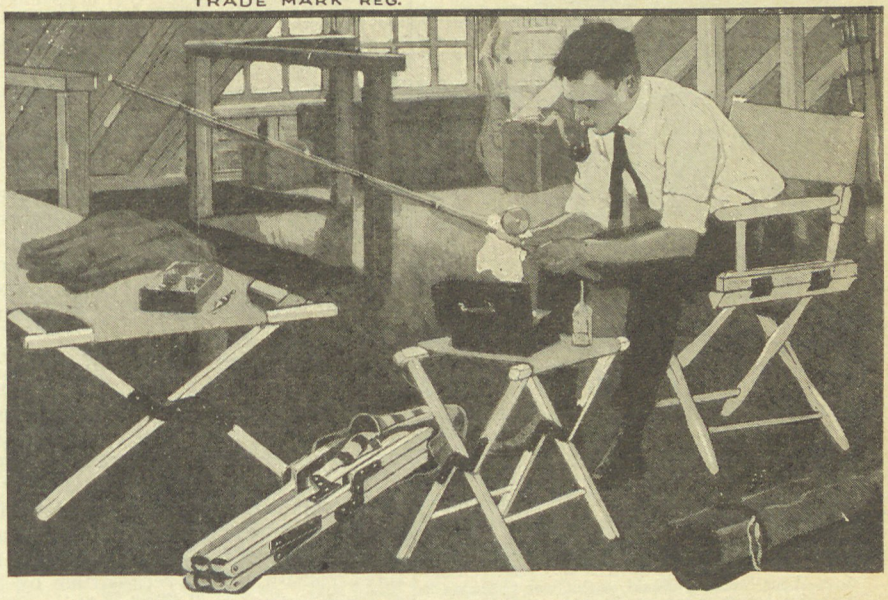

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Can be put up or taken down almost instantly.

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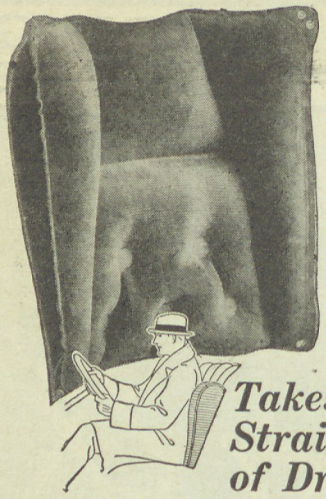

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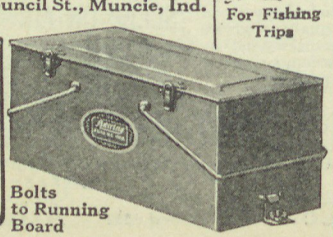


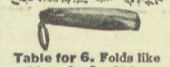
Bolts to Running Board

The objects of the change is to increase the quantity and enrich the quality of the mother's milk to furnish the puppies with a proper substitute when she decides to wean them. Old breeders say they can see the taming effect of domestication increasing in succeeding generations and some hold that foxes now are more playful and more easily taught tricks than cats or dogs. He says he knows of one fox that has learned to take a bath. It is agreed by all authorities that only the mating and whelping seasons now rob domesticated foxes of every vestige of the high degree of confidence in man to which they have been won. It is then a vixen changes from a Mrs. Dr. Jekyl to a Mrs. Hyde.

The many fine qualities of the silver fox make possible, through continued enlightened breeding, perhaps more along temperamental lines, that the devoted ranch raised vixen may be freed from her periodical ferocious distrust of her mate inherited from her wolfish and polygamous ancestors. Male and female silver foxes in the wild are the most romantic of lovers—truer by far to each other than human beings. In their free estate the male makes eloquent love to his choice for life and will fight to the death to secure and to keep her. In captivity he will quickly kill an unfancied bride that man may give him. As for the vixen, a period of courtship must precede capitulation but once won her love is even more demonstrative than his. It survives separation and has been known to brave recapture and return from freedom to the wired pen.

Cleo II. escaped outside the ranch gate from a shipping crate about to be sent to the west. Pursuit was fruitless; in a trice she was lost in the woods and beyond the catching. For months there was no trace of her. Then from time to time people of the countryside reported seeing a beautiful silver fox running wild and so wary that no man could get near enough to shoot her nor were any able to set a trap she did not shun. There were red foxes in the woods, but Cleo was always seen alone. One moonlight night a keeper in the tower spied a lone fox sitting on the edge of the high rocks across the creek from the ranch and heard the baying of the fox love song with which he was familiar. Closer watch was kept the next night and the mystery was solved. When strangers asked, after successive nocturnal serenades, why the fire department had such a mournful sounding, heart breaking fire horn, they were told that what they heard from the cliff was Cleo, the missing fox, calling to her mate in the ranch below. But she called in vain, for Emperor had met with accidental death before her escape or she never would have had an opportunity to make it from a shipping case.

For those who go into the Silver Fox business with sympathy and understanding—and it is to such that the enterprise becomes most enjoyable as well as a highly remunerative vocation—there is this problem of conserving



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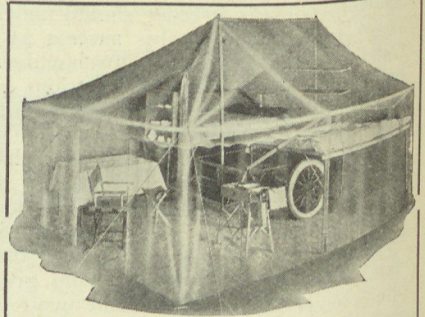

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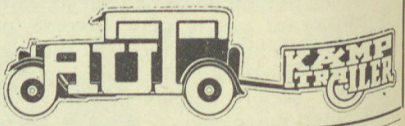

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young ranch-life awaiting solution thru deeper knowledge of the loveable nature of the noblest fur bearer of them all—the Silver Fox. More than mere sentiment is involved in the lessening of this preventable loss of progeny at breeding time. It is not a discouragement to the industry, although at times it cuts into profits of the ranches and adds watchtowers and watchers to overhead expenses. That the problem will be solved by progressive breeding and new ways of raising admits of no doubt whatever. The silver fox is not the mean old crafty robber of vineyard and hen-roost, wariest enemy of man and slyest deceiver among beasts described by Aesop, who indeed wrote fables about him and his ancient species which possibly were warranted at the time. But the Silver Fox today is a modern reformed animal, reliably engaged in agriculture, helping the farmer raise the mortgage from his farm which his other domesticated wild creatures after centuries have not made escapable. And the fox has done it in record time of about fifteen years—the quickest wild animal to become a servant of great economic worth to man.

Patience, keen interest, more knowledge and acquirement of skill in breeding are going to enchance this value. The production of better pelts will follow and of strains more docile at times of reproduction. The friendly disposition of this breed of foxes shown with increasing frequency on the silver fox ranches is the basis for this belief. The man who merely raises fur for market will prosper but not to the extent attending the efforts of the one who strives to breed a better animal also.

The most money today, it is true, is in the selling of breeding pairs. This has brought down on the industry the criticism that it is more of a livestock than a fur industry. In a sense this is so and must continue for a while to be so. It is a natural phase incidental to the great demand for breeding pairs for foundation stock demanded by the number of new ranches starting up all over the country. It will slow down with the years, but in time, as is resulting already, industrious ranchers make unusual profits from fur and their number will steadily increase. Their output is improving in quality, and increasing in quantity and demand.

Fur raisers will outnumber the sole breeders of silver foxes as similarly happens in every other animal industry. The farmer sells wool he raises from sheep originally bred by a blooded sheep breeder, and other breeders furnish the registered cattle and high grade poultry from which he gets his milk and eggs. As fur raising is as much a part of agriculture, as is producing wool or any farm commodity, there are those who predict that eventually the farmer will produce the great bulk of domestic fur which America has set out to furnish the world and which the world needs and cannot obtain through the dwindling supply from the forest and plains.

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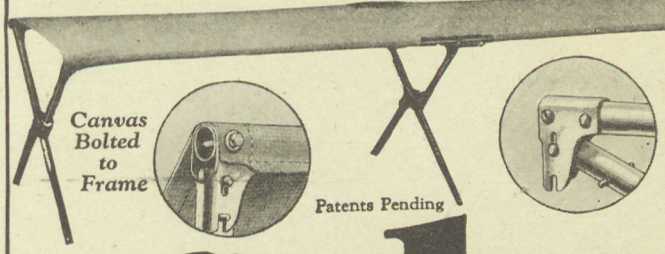
At last, a perfect one-piece folding cot is here. Now you can camp with comfort. The Goldwyn is the most wonderful—most ingenious one-piece folding cot ever invented. So simple! Even a child can set it up and take it down in less than a minute. Cannot pinch the fingers.



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No end pieces to drag into position. Has removable top; adjustments to take up the stretch; automatic self-locking brackets; no cut-outs at corners; light weight; rigid; beautifully finished. When open measures 6½ feet by 27 inches. Folds up into a small package, easily carried and placed out of the way. The ideal folding cot for camp, home, farm, tourists.

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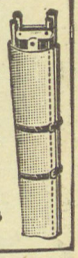

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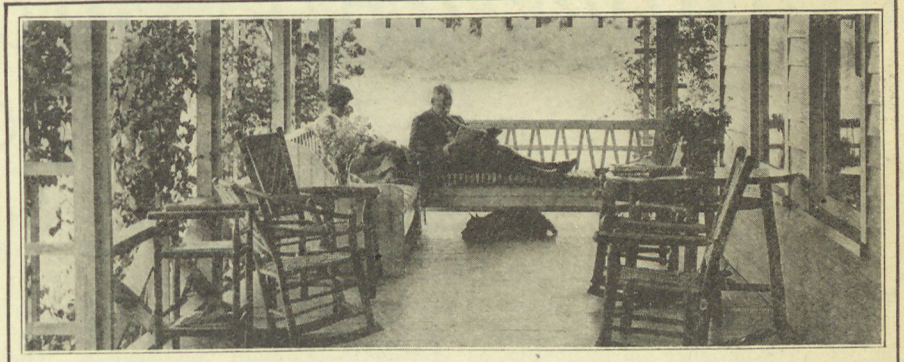

Springtime — and Rustic Hickory

When the ice starts goin' out of lake an' river—when the pussy willers start a-noddin' 'round the marshes—that's the time you start thinkin' of the fishin' and the trampin'. But what about the sittin' and the eatin' and the sleepin' in the ole summer cottage, when the fishin' day is done.

Rustic Hickory Furniture was made for just those restful times, when resting is the only thing you want to do. This unique furniture is made from selected second-growth hickory; good looking, mighty comfortable, and will outlive the healthiest fisherman that ever snagged a line. And we've been making it that way for over 25 years. It's come to be a hobby of ours, and you never saw a fellow who didn't know how to ride his own hobby!

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Canoes and Small Boats

Devoted to Small Craft

Edited by EDGAR S. PERKINS
Editor WATER SPORTS, the Only National Canoe Magazine Published

WHILE it does not often happen to the average canoeist it is, nevertheless, an experience worth having, as well as the knowledge to handle the situation skillfully. The majority, when handling a canoe alone, will use the bow seat and face the stern. This practice will do for general pleasure work on the home grounds, as it does somewhat center the weight.

However, in long trips such as cruising the middle of the canoe is the best position, kneeling on the bottom with the hips resting against the center thwart and leaving the boat in its accustomed position. Your center of balance is much lower than when using the seat, which makes the craft more stable and gives better control, also owing to your low position there is less of the body to offer resistance to the wind.

One should never use the stern seat when out alone in the canoe although you can get away with it on calm water or with a following wind, otherwise you will either lose control of the canoe or at least waste a lot of effort trying to maintain your course. The only time there is an excuse for using the stern is when the canoe is loaded and then the load should be well up front to offset the lack of a bow paddler. It is better in most cases to get your weight and load well centered and low.

There is a great tendency especially with beginners, to use the "circle" stroke, that is, starting the paddle near the side of the canoe going out as he pulls it back and at the finish he is in much the same position as when he started the stroke, the paddle being close to the side of the boat. This will, of course, tend to turn the canoe in a short circle instead of going straight ahead; to prevent going all the way around the paddler will then repeat the same movement on the opposite side, which makes his course much the same as a snake's. This, of course, uses up the paddler's strength very fast as he works twice as hard and usually covers twice the distance necessary. The fact that he is alone, necessitates conservation of strength as he may need it at any moment.

The correct stroke is to catch the water well away from the canoe and pull your craft forward; when about half finished in the stroke, the paddle is sliding straight back along the side. As the paddle passes the body position, feather it slightly. That is, turn the paddle so that the inside edge leaves the water first. The majority of your energy should be expended on the first part of the stroke and the recovery at the end with a little snap. With practice the paddler should be able to do 35 to 45 strokes a minute and while these will be short ones, they will keep you moving faster than he who uses the long sweep stroke and will not tire you as quickly.

Remember, you do not have to dry the paddle after each stroke and the less effort you expend lifting it through

the air the more you can spend paddling. Some paddlers use the complete feathering stroke such as after the stroke is finished the paddle is turned in the same manner as previously stated, only when the edges of the paddle are parallel with the bow and stern the paddle is pushed straight ahead with a slight lifting movement, then turned down again to the stern. The only real advantage in this is silence such as when hunting, etc. It was an old Indian stroke. It has a tendency to tire a man and slacken the progress of his craft and unless done skillfully might be dangerous to use.

In practice paddling, one will acquire the ability to do all the work from one side. This is done by a slight turning of the blade and also swerving at the finish of the stroke both movements either toward or away from the side according to which way you desire to go or the extra strain is coming from either, due to wind, waves, or other paddlers.

SAFETY AND ORGANIZATION

There are many people who may wonder, especially after becoming experienced canoists, either sailing or paddling, why the sport in general is not favored by more people. This is very easily explained as the average person will say, "Oh, a canoe is dangerous" and it is, to one who thinks so. And yet, as the canoe floats on the water, by itself, there is nothing as seaworthy. It is the human weight that makes the danger. The majority of skilled canoists will tell you that a canoe is the easiest and fastest boat to handle afloat, and its qualities are worthy of admiration. The very things that make it dangerous to the unenlightened, only add to its beauty in action when understood.

Lake Michigan is known as a fairly dangerous body of water and in the last fifteen years, there have been many canoe accidents—some of serious nature. But in not one case were any of the participants members of the various well known clubs or associations. The Chicago shoreline in particular is covered in the above remarks. This tends to prove the old theory, "There is safety in numbers."

There are other reasons however, one does not have to be a competent swimmer to buy or hire a canoe at most places and in many it is not required that you be able to handle a canoe.

There is hardly a canoe club or association in the country that will accept a member unless he is a competent swimmer and if he cannot handle a canoe at least he will not drown. In most organizations, he can get all the help he needs until he has acquired a certain amount of proficiency with a canoe. Regardless of what he does or who is with him or what happens, there are usually some of the members around to lend a hand. Going out under trick weather conditions when there is no one else around is just an-

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Easy Control
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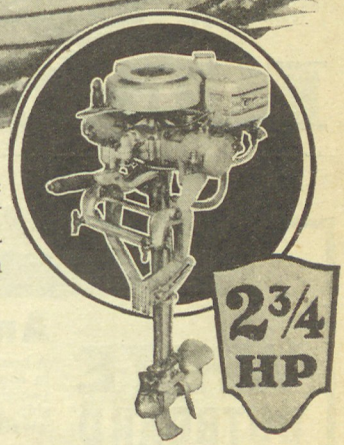

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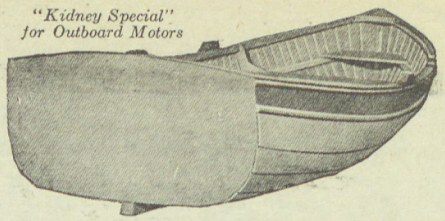

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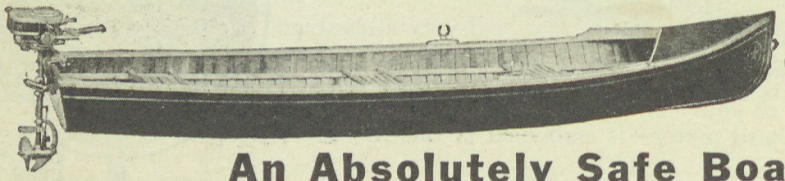

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An Absolutely Safe Boat

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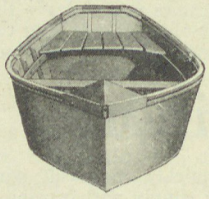

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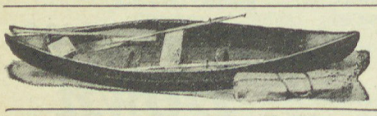

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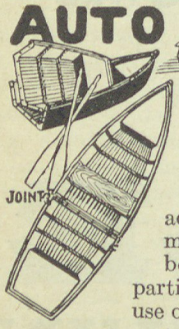

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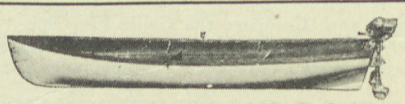

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"In the Land of Woods and Waters"

other way to KEEP FROM GROWING OLD.

Today there are clubs and associations that cover the country, especially, is this the case in the eastern part, or section east of the Mississippi River. The American Canoe Association is the largest national association in this country and is divided into six divisions which are geographical divisions. There are three officers in each division beside the National Commodore and Secretary of Treasury, Board of Governors, and the Executive Committee.

The object of the A. C. A. is to unite all amateur canoists for the purpose of pleasure, health, or exploration by means of meetings for business, camping, paddling, sailing, and racing; and, by keeping logs of voyages, records of waterways and routes, details, drawings and dimensions of boats, and collection of maps, charts, and books.

Any gentleman over the age of eighteen years, and a competent swimmer, may become an active member of this association, and whose application for membership has been proposed by an active member and properly approved, as provided in the By-Laws.

There is also the Middle States Canoe Racing Association extending from southern New York to Virginia. Unlike the A. C. A. this association is made by the membership of clubs, not individuals. There is in Canada the Canadian Canoe Association, one of the finest organizations of its kind in the world.

I would suggest to all readers, the affiliation with some organization as a help to himself from the safety and experience angle and, also, to be connected with an outfit that is doing much to help promote the sport he enjoys so much. If any of our readers have any thoughts of starting a Canoe Club and would like any questions answered, suggestions, or information on the subject, the writer will be glad to assist them. Also, if you desire to find out if there is at present a club or association operating in your territory this department will be glad to give you full information on the subject.

MAKING HEADWAY AGAINST A CURRENT AND POLING

In the average work of canoeing upstream, the paddle will do, but there are times when, faced with a stretch of water running against you at the rate of four to six miles an hour when even under the utmost straining of all strength, you will only stand still for a while and then drift slowly backward.

If you do not want to portage the only other way you can get through this fast water is by the use of a tow line or poles. It is always well to look the stretch over, for even if you do not wish to portage it may be the safest thing to do.

Using a tow line on a canoe (the woodsman usually calls it tracking), simply means attaching a line to the

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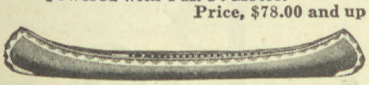

Light, swift, safe, strong and durable. A complete line, including non-sinkable Sponson Canoes. Choice of many rich and distinctive color combinations.
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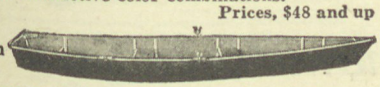

—For row or Outboard Motors. Sold ready built or knockdown. Easily cleaned and practical for all purposes.
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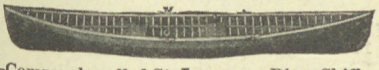

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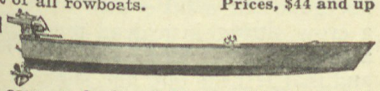

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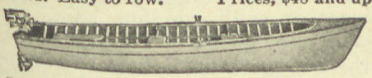

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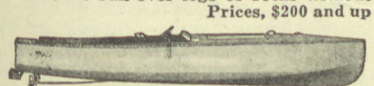

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craft and hauling it by hand over the fast water. This can, and usually is done, from the shore; one hauls while the other presses a long pole against the canoe to steer it clear of rocks and snags. It is sometimes possible to wade when doing this work, unless the water is very fast and deep. In making the tow line fast, distribute the strain between the bow and thwarts as much as possible.

Speaking of the tow line will recall to many of our readers the many stories about the "Cordelliers" of the frontier before the time of power. These men steered a boat accurately from shore by means of tightening or slackening the line. When the line was hauled hard, the craft would drift out and when slacked away, it would come in shore. This was caused by the bow being allowed to hit the current on an angle rather than head on. These men used a towline that formed a Y. The two short ends were made fast to the bow and forward thwart while the bottom line, which was much longer, extended to shore. This system is very useful on a fairly wide stream with a long pull in sight. In towing in this manner, the canoe must be loaded heavier at the bow. If there is still difficulty try the rear line nearer amidships.

If you cannot portage or use a towline get out the poles, unless you want to turn back; although you will find places where the towline will go where the poles are useless. If you have ever seen a real northwoodsman handle a pole, you have seen some real action. Many canoists have never used a pole and may never have to, but if you are going to keep on traveling fast water, especially without guides, it is a good thing to know. Get a good iron spike and shoe that you can easily fit to the end of a pole, cut when the need arises, and carry it; as a pole without an iron spike that fits well is useless in fast water. While poling is sometimes easier than paddling when going upstream, you should remember that about the only way you can retard the canoe going down rapids is with a pole.

The ordinary pole is about ten to twelve feet long. One can no more give a set of rules for poling than you can for paddling; it is more or less an individual knack. Some men pole like climbing a rope hand over hand and some slide their hands along its length when shoving. The former is the general practice but there are times when it is impossible to change hands.

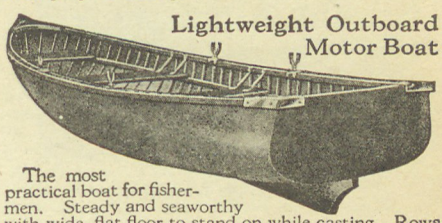
As a general rule most people stand in a canoe when poling as the most effective position to make headway. The pole resting at the bottom of the stream helps to keep the standing balance. Such things as slippery rocks will bear caution as one slip of the spike on the end of the pole and you will not only go over, but probably tip the canoe as well.

Write Mr. Perkins *for* Canoeing Information

You'll Prize this Boat Book (it's free)

Everyone interested in boats will want this book—the NEW Dunphy Catalog. Filled with photographs of the newest launches, outboard motor boats, canoes and row boats. Contains specifications, prices, and complete information. This year, enjoy the pleasures and recreation of boating—write now for the New Dunphy Catalog.

Lightweight Outboard Motor Boat



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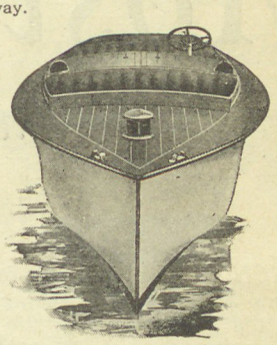

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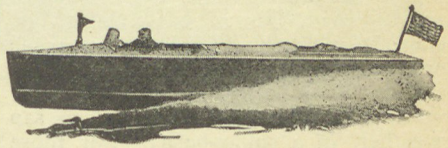

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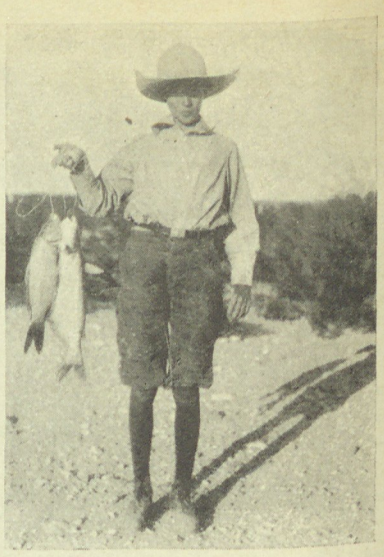

Walter T. Millington.

Mostly About Boys

Written by Young Waltonians and

Edited by BEN EAST

MARCH is here. Pa-puc-qua, the Sap Moon, to the Indians, who learned the art of gashing the trunks of the maples, catching the sweet sap that flowed out, and boiling the water from it by dropping red hot stones into their wooden vessels, centuries before the white man came. In fact, although I do not know for sure, I believe the white man first learned of maple sugar from the crude chunks, specked with bits of bark and twigs, that the red men offered them in trade for glass beads.

How many of you boys have ever spent those March weeks known as sap weather, in a sugar-bush? For those that haven't, suppose while our fire is burning down to a good bed of broiling embers, we tell a little about it.

The sugar-bush to begin with isn't a bush. The name means a maple woods, where sap is gathered for maple syrup and sugar. The weather must be just right, for the sap that has been stored in the roots of the tree all winter to begin its steady flow up into the trunk and branches. The days when the snow softens to a soft slush in the daytime, and freezes into a hard crust at night, are the best for sap to run.

Small holes are drilled into the maple trunks, an inch or two deep. The white man has learned a better way than the Indians. One that is not so hard on the trees. Two or three such holes can be drilled in each tree, and they heal over within a year or so. Tiny spouts are driven into these holes, down which the maple sap, clear as water, can drip into buckets hung beneath the spouts. When the buckets are full, once or twice a day, the sap is gathered, dumped into barrels and hauled to the evaporating pan. There it is boiled down, or the water evaporated from it, till it is thick enough for either maple syrup or sugar.

Once the weather becomes warm enough that the roots of the trees begin taking new sap from the wet earth, the sugar run is finished. This new sap, unlike the clear sweet liquid that was stored in the roots last fall, is dark from substances drawn from the earth, and contains less sugar.

It all sounds very quiet and a lot like plain work, to tell about it this way, but you fellows that have spent a week or two in a sugar-bush know better, don't you?

There's the snow melting, in the daytime, and the chickadees hopping about in the brush, and rabbit and squirrel tracks in the soft drifts. At night, the fire of the boiling pan, and perhaps a big campfire besides, and the owls hooting in the swamps, while the boiling sap seethes and bubbles, and thickens to brown syrup, and finally to a thick mass that turns to sticky balls of maple taffee if you drop spoonfuls of it in a hollow in the snow.

Pa-puc-qua is a good month in the sugar-bush. Best of all perhaps, we know that while it is passing wild geese will go by, high overhead, song birds will come up from the south, skunk cabbage will flower in the marshes, and then, for us here in the north, spring will come.

Kiamichi, Okla.

Dear Editor:

I am going to tell you about a hunt I experienced last summer. I started from home with about five shells, two fine shot and three buck shot. I had not gone but a little way when I saw a crow sitting in a dead pine. I took a shot at him at long range and missed and that left me one fine shot. I knew I couldn't hit anything with buckshot because they scatter so badly, so I went on with one fine shot. Soon I saw a crow sitting in a dead oak at the end of a corn field. I slipped up within good range and started to shoot, when I saw a hawk sitting in a dead gum within easy range. I was trying to decide which to shoot when I noticed something scrambling up the tree the crow was in. I looked again and saw a large fox squirrel playing on the tree. Imagine how I felt with a crow, hawk and squirrel all within easy range, and only one fine shot shell. I was trying to decide which to shoot, and being like all boys I wanted to shoot all three. While I was standing thus, the hawk flew away, so I shot the crow and broke his wing. I shot twice at the squirrel with buckshot with no success and giving it up I started for home.

Sincerely Yours,
K. MILLIGAN.

An unusual fix to be in, wasn't it, fellows? What would the rest of you have done? I believe I would have shot the hawk, if he had given me time.

(Continued on page 65)

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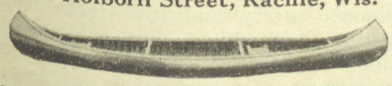

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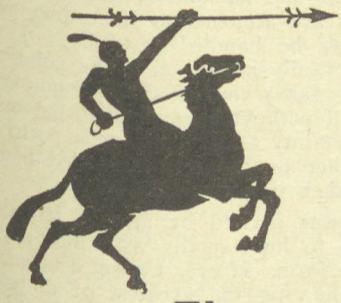

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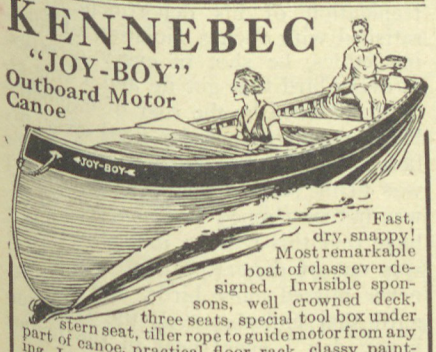

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Kennebec Boat & Canoe Co.
Dept. MM-11, Waterville, Maine

Live—Don't Just Exist

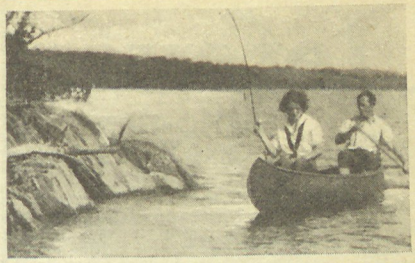
(Continued from page 31)

veloped within the states an adequate sense of public responsibility and public action.

But to return to fish. I am really concerned with this subject. We have not only problems in our food fish, but we have our problems immediately in front of us in our game fishing. It is computed by the Bureau of Fisheries that ten million anglers were turned loose last summer upon our game fish. The Department has devised new methods for spreading game fishing, has invited the cooperation of all fishing clubs of the country and has received it to an astonishing degree, but even these efforts are small compared to the battle front that has been opened up by the automobile. I feel that your association could well take up this question amongst other important issues which you have embraced.

Our public parks have been large in your discussions. The movement to foster these reserves for human outdoor life and conservation of wild life is one of our most beneficent public endeavors. And in it we need more action by the individual states. We also need a distinction between the province and responsibilities of the states and the Federal Government. My own thought is that the National Parks—the parks within the responsibility of the Federal Government—should be those of outstanding scientific and spiritual appeal, those that are unique in their stimulation and inspiration. The states should undertake the smaller shrines of nature and provide the wayside areas of rest for the wayfarer, where he may drink the stream of quiet nature. Unless, of course, the states are disposed to do greater things, and if so we shall not protest. But it should not be the duty of the Federal Government to carry the burden of the lesser reserves. And all this bears upon education, upon conservation upon inspiration and also upon the real friend of tired man—fish.

But I need not extol to you the joys of outdoor life, its values in relaxation, its contribution to real and successful work. All these things have been covered by your stimulating sessions. The spiritual uplift, the good will, cheerfulness and optimism that accompanies every expedition to the outdoors is the peculiar spirit that our people need in troublous times of suspicion and doubt. They ought all be sent fishing or camping periodically, and if they are to be sent fishing we must build up the opportunities for them to fish and camp. Life is not comprised entirely of making a living or of arguing about the future of defaming the past. It should be comprised in part of the outdoors—and fishing.



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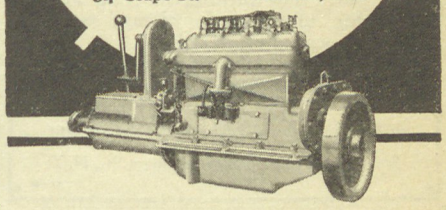

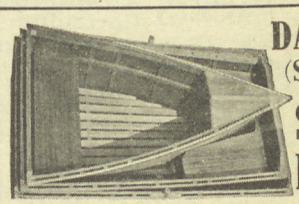

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Field Guns

Edited by OZARK RIPLEY

Shooting Ethics

AS I grow older I am inclined more and more to view a man who is deficient in shooting ethics in the same category as the one who suddenly finds himself become a success, though he has never been a success before, in an organization, and then rides rough shod over everybody as well as their ideas and personal traditions. The similarity is definite in the subsequent results, however much the unwritten rule which they ought to obey is ignored. Those who violate ethics in shooting eventually find their presence no longer wanted by the old crowd and this applies also to the former welcome from owners of the land upon which the hunting is pursued.

Shooting ethics cover a wide scope, with the variations of disobeying them running a gamet from actual offenses against all hunting traditions so far as the necessary amenities are concerned, to actually endangering the lives of others. You may be a welcome field companion until selfishness starts you into the wrong rut, but the instant the idea possesses you that all birds flying are yours and first in everything that is presented in the form of wild life is by some divine right bestowed on you, you are approaching the condition of the once illustrious Kaiser Wilhelm. And look what a cropper he took! Nobody wants him, nor will they you, on any of their shooting excursions.

Next to criticising a man's dog, he most resents remarks concerning his gun and his shooting. Usually he is out to enjoy a pleasant day and not to be made to listen to your expressions on these subjects. If a chap gets hooked up with a missing streak, you will do him no good whatever by showing him his frailties. On the contrary, you will augment them and cause a degree of nervousness which will effect jerking the trigger and very imperfect aligning. He knows just as well as you that he is missing, moreover, he derives no pleasure from it. But if you remain quiet and say nothing, actually behave as though you were not aware of it, he will very soon pull himself together and get going properly.

There are still lots of boys among us, and, thank God, there always will be, but most of the accidents that happen to them while hunting is the haste excitement encourages and the eventual disregard of shooting ethics. If they were taught along this subject before being permitted to go hunting, many a boy that had run in front of the other to kill a rabbit or squirrel or take a pot shot at a flock of ducks, would have been living today. It was the absence of sensing the necessity of ethics that developed the attack of haste and excitement, which brought about their death.

I recall still very vividly how I first was made to feel that recognition of a person's safety and his rights while hunting with him were mighty big things to regard. Furthermore, any action outstandingly different was bound to mar the sport of at least one. I was brought up in a school which teaches, with merciless pertinacity, that a firearm is dangerous whether loaded or not loaded, and no matter what safety devices are attached to them they must always be handled carefully. I was didactically impressed to the point that I was fairly convinced that a gun could go off without being loaded, but man's uncertainty in knowing positively whether or not it was loaded had to be taken into account.

I was invited by an old friend of mine to hunt quails with him on his large farm. If ever I spent a miserable day hunting the greatest of all game birds, that was the transcending one. He shot a double hammer gun. Any way I looked while walking through the corn, cotton and ragweed fields, the muzzle of his infernal firearm I discovered pointing threateningly at some part of my anatomy. If I called his attention to it, laughingly he passed the faux pas aside with the statement that the gun was not cocked and so far he had never shot anyone. Of course, this was neither encouraging nor satisfyingly relieving my fears nor would I have become accustomed to it. All the day I was assailed with continuous trepidation of his deportment. Not satisfied with such a violation of hunting ethics, he shot in every direction at every bird that got up and I was almost deafened by the roar of exploding black powder when he fired over my head. Despite his assurances that he was firing several feet over my head I was not in a mood to shoot, nor to believe that this was an indication that I was out of danger. In all my life, I never missed more birds, and now regard that experience as the most unhappy day I ever spent in the haunts of game.

Whether hunting quails, rabbits or grouse, when two men are shooting together each should decide on shooting on one side and no other. One man

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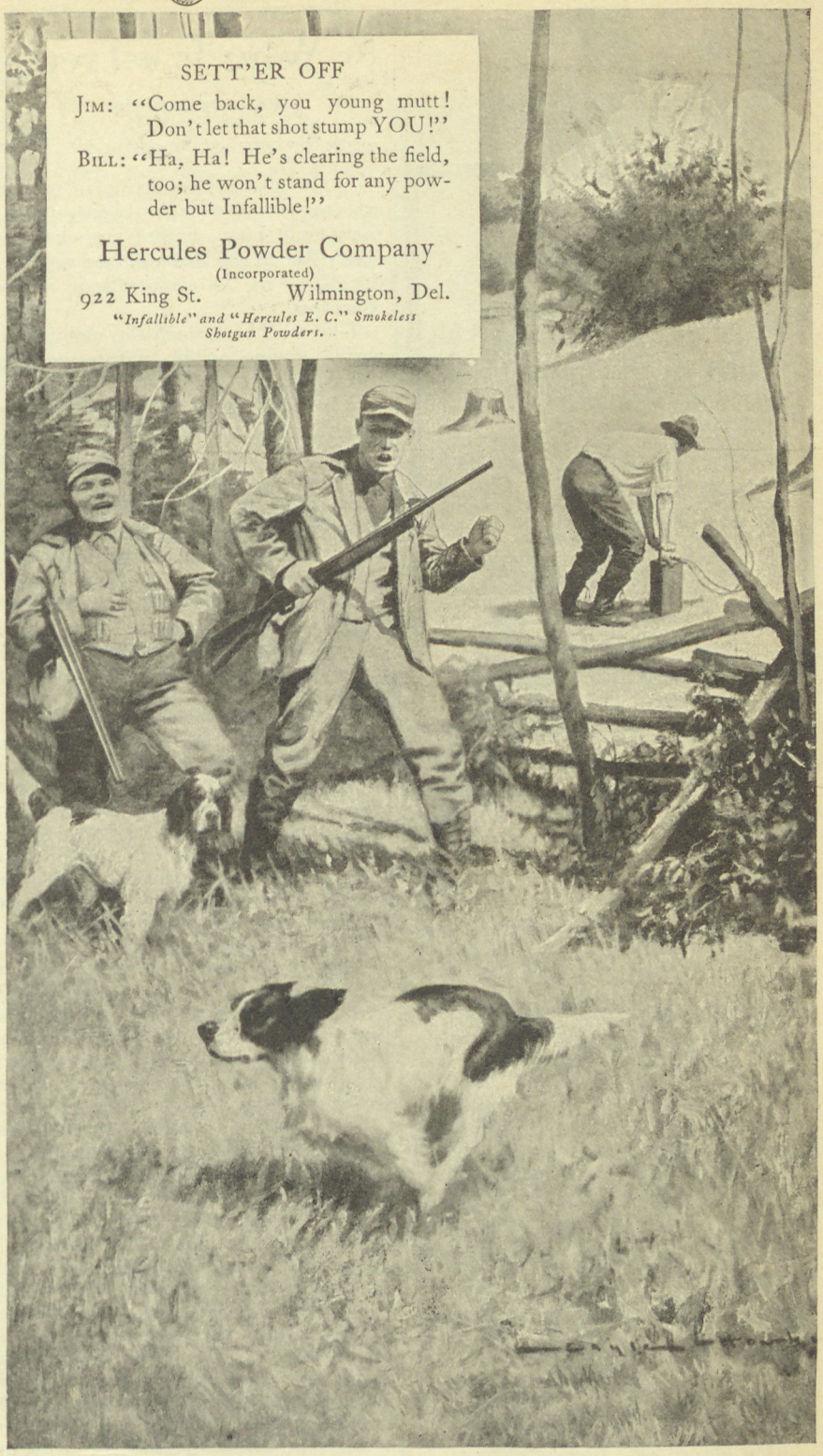
ought to select the left of a dog, the other the right. The matter of straight ways can easily be decided upon by taking turns. If you do happen to double with the other fellow, always offer him the dead bird, furthermore, when you have the occasion to wipe his eye when he has missed again, offer him the kill as his own in a polite manner and not with the air of one whose skill surpasses his. You will be surprised to see how the same courtesy will be returned and the pleasure of your hunt augmented considerably at the same time.

While lingering on the important subject of ethics, which will quickly disclose whether a man is selfish or not, remember continually never to permit the muzzle of your gun to point toward your shooting companion, or anyone else or even an animal. If you start observing this meticulously from the very first day you shoot, the habit of safety will be second nature and in no matter what position you are never will your muzzle be found endangering anything were the gun to go off by accident as the darn things often will through the strangest happenings.

Ethics must be observed strictly when two are shooting from the same blind at wild fowl. The occasions for a proper display of them are just as frequent as when shooting in the field, adhering to your side and the same thing about offering the straightways to your companion first or the kill upon which both of you have innocently doubled. There is another chance on the ducking grounds to show whether you are an ethical sportsman or simply a man who considers only his participation in a great outdoor pastime and that is, watching that you do not in any manner interfere with the shooting of a sportsman in another blind. So many do it wilfully; so many do it innocently. Seemingly they cannot refrain from shooting at ducks too far from their blind, which had they not been frightened in this manner would have swung close to the other fellow's decoys and offered him a shot within range.

If we are prone to regard respecting ethics as away from the realm of sportsmanship it is time for us to junk our guns, hold up our hands and declare that we are so selfish we have no right to enjoy the sensible pursuit of wild life with a companion, or by ourselves.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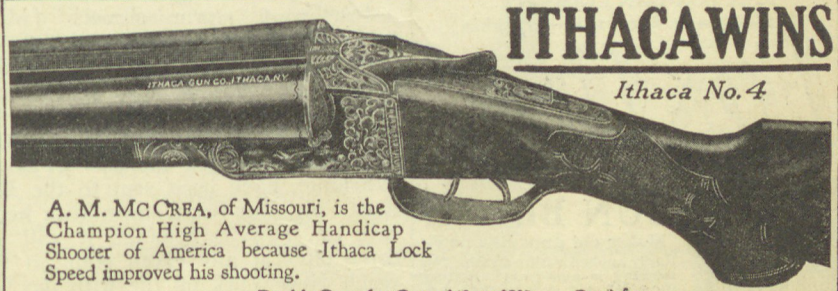

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Why Is a Tree

(Continued from page 22)

show the changes occurring in pressure and temperature from twenty-four to forty-eight hours before any change is noticeable in the looks of the sky or in the "feel" of the air so far as we are concerned.

This may be termed the mobilization period during which nature gets her forces ready.

When pressure and temperature conditions are at the right balancing point, the air over this area where the storm is forming begins to move (always from right to left, and never otherwise) in a gigantic spiral flow toward the center which is the point of least pressure.

This air motion is precisely like a screw with the point up and the air flows in lines corresponding to the screw thread toward the center and upward.

Now, having started to whirl around, this big cyclonic (all circular storms are cyclonic) storm starts to travel forward and it always moves Southeastward along the track I've shown on the map, the usual forward speed being about equal to that of a fast train, though there are times when these storms move much faster or slower, depending again on "intensity."

Now see what takes place. Here is a body of warm air probably 4000 to 5000 feet "deep" and a thousand miles across, spinning around a center and moving ahead over the same route followed by a warm ocean current that is evaporating at an enormous rate because it is warm water, flowing between "banks" of cold water, which means that heavy fogs are being produced.

The whirling storm takes up this fog, and all other floating moisture, absorbs it, whirls it to the center and on up into the upper air where it becomes a vapor cloud mass containing thousands of tons of water in suspension which the storm carries along with it and which is now the moisture supply in suspension that tomorrow will condense and fall as rain or snow over the land to Eastward as the storm crosses the continent.

For two or possibly three days the above process goes on as the storm comes loafing along down the coast.

Northwest storm signals (which mean Southeast wind warnings) are now flying in Seattle, for the weather department instruments have picked up the storm, located it, told us its rate of travel, its intensity and all the other needed facts during the past 24 hours. Warnings have been sent to the East that a big Nor'-west storm with heavy rain or snow is coming; it will last three days at any given point, it will reach New York on the fifth day and a cold wave will be right behind it where the *"High" pressure* center follows with its *Low temperature* and its

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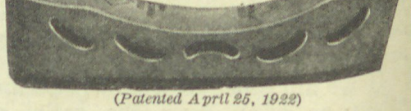
The Solvol Company, Culver, Ind.

D-W Recoil Pad



(Patented April 25, 1922)

"An Aid to Better Scores"

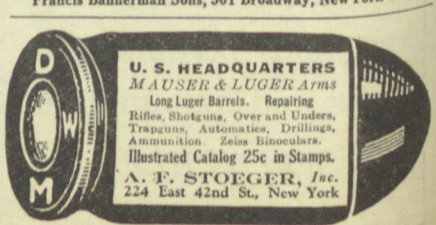
Elmer C. Starner, winner of Grand American Handicap, says of the D-W Pad—"It certainly has improved my shooting." It will improve yours too!
at your dealers, or direct **$3.25**

D-W MANUFACTURING CO.
360-B SIXTH ST. ELYRIA, OHIO

$12.50

U. S. Army Model 1917 Rifle

Cal. 30, five shot. Barrel 25 1-4 in., total length 46 in., weight 9 1-2 lbs. Barrel new. Sight mounted over receiver. This type used by A.E.F. Price, $12.50. Ball cartridges $3.50 per 100. Gunners cleaning kit 85 cents. **Tents,** cots, **Messpans,** canteens, **Knapsacks,** haversacks, **Outing Suits,** hats, helmets, **Saddles,** bridles, **Bugles,** larints, **Medals,** etc. **15 Acres Army Goods. Catalog 1925, 60th Anniversary** issue, 372 pages, fully illustrated, contains pictures and historical information of all American military guns and pistols (incl. Colts) since 1775, with all World War rifles Mailed 50c. Est. 1865. **Spec. New Circular** for 2c stamp.
Francis Bannerman Sons, 501 Broadway, New York City



U. S. HEADQUARTERS
MAUSER & LUGER Arms
Long Luger Barrels. Repairing
Rifles, Shotguns, Over and Unders, Trapguns, Automatics, Drillings, Ammunition. Zeiss Binoculars.
Illustrated Catalog 25c in Stamps.
A. F. STOEGER, *Inc.*
224 East 42nd St., New York

Our Advertisers help us, let us help them.

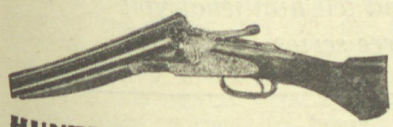
Two Barrels— ONE TRIGGER!

RIGHT or left barrel at will—no "fiddling"—no "flinching"—no jamming of the trigger-finger.

That's the service—the satisfaction you buy when your

L. C. SMITH GUN
is equipped with the
HUNTER ONE-TRIGGER

Before you buy *any* gun, ask your dealer to explain and show you this greatest gunning development since choke-boring. If he hasn't a One-Trigger gun in stock, write us for catalog C48.



HUNTER ARMS COMPANY INC.
FULTON NEW YORK

McDONALD & LINFORTH
Pacific Coast Representatives
Call Building San Francisco, Calif.
Export Office: 50 Church Street, New York City

The "Old Reliable" PARKER GUN

Send it in NOW

Does your Parker need overhauling or refinishing? Send it to the factory now and be certain of having it in first class condition for the next shooting season. Don't wait until the last minute and expect prompt service.

Parker Bros.
Master Gun Makers
44 CHERRY STREET,
MERIDEN,
CONN.

dry clear air. There isn't any guess work about it, for it will work out under natural laws just that way and no other.

The center now reaches a point West of Vancouver Island, or practically opposite the Northwest corner of the United States, and here it wakes up, throws on the high gear and turns almost squarely to the East to follow along the U. S. boundary line and finally reaches the moutlf of the St. Lawrence in five days or possibly six days' travel.

Things are doing now. In Seattle the wind is warm and blowing from the South at 25 to 40 miles per hour and it is raining. In Spokane the cool wind is from Southeast and blowing only a breeze. In the towns on the Canadian Pacific R. R. it is blowing from the East and is pretty cool. North further it is from the NE and is icy. On the SE Alaskan coast it is cold and from North and out to Westward in the ocean it is cold and from NW. Off the mouth of the Columbia it is from the West and fairly warm while in Portland it is from SW and balmy as spring.

All this is because of the circular motion that sucks the air to the storm center and thence upward, thus pulling the air to a common center over a circle a thousand or more miles in diameter.

This air is *warm* and it is saturated with moisture. The storm now goes whirling Eastward. The first thing it encounters is the Olympic mountain range which rises up from the ocean beach to an altitude of 8000 ft. and the air that surrounds their upper reaches is colder than the lower strata just as it always is about every mountain range in the world.

There you have an ideal condenser on a huge scale for the warm, moisture-bearing air of the storm to be shunted upward against and so condense its vapors into rains and snows, and that is exactly what it does.

Just as soon as the warm storm air comes in contact with this cold mountain air it begins to rain, or snow, depending on the temperature at the time and this may take place at first a number of miles to the West-Southwest of the mountain range and then continue on to the summit or a bit beyond (but not far beyond the summit) as the storm moves on East.

Thus it will rain or snow on the *West* side of every mountain range the storm comes to as soon as the storm air reaches the belt of cooling influence that surrounds and extends several miles Westward from the mountains and it will continue to rain or snow almost all the time, if not the entire time, that it takes the whirling storm to pass from edge to edge over that mountain range with its cool condensing influence and that is usually two or three days. But it does *not rain or snow east* of the mountain summits.

Having struck the Olympics the storm rises and passes on East to encounter the Cascade range, 70 miles to the East, in an air line, thence on to the Bitterroots in Idaho and the Rockies in Montana with many small outlying

1870 *Marlin* 1926

EVER SINCE 1870

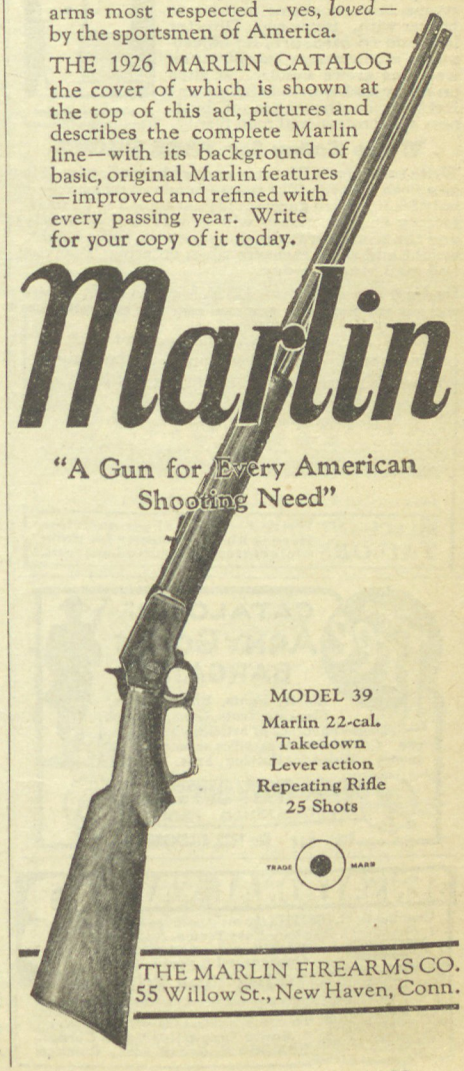
SINCE the days when John Marlin discovered and painstakingly worked out the so-called "Ballard" system of rifle-boring—most accurate, longest-lived method ever used, and *exclusive* with Marlin;—

Since the days when Marlin found it was possible to make a side-ejecting receiver with a *solid top*—the only absolutely *safe* way to make one;—

Since the days when Marlin found a 22-calibre rifle could be made *interchangeable* for short long and long-rifle cartridges without any adjustment;—

Ever since those golden days in the history of gun-designing, have Marlin Rifles and Shotguns been the firearms most respected—yes, *loved*—by the sportsmen of America.

THE 1926 MARLIN CATALOG the cover of which is shown at the top of this ad, pictures and describes the complete Marlin line—with its background of basic, original Marlin features—improved and refined with every passing year. Write for your copy of it today.



Marlin

"A Gun for Every American Shooting Need"

MODEL 39
Marlin 22-cal.
Takedown
Lever action
Repeating Rifle
25 Shots

THE MARLIN FIREARMS CO.
55 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

New Belt Takes 2 to 4 Inches Off Girth—*Instantly*

Just as the illustrations show, this amazing belt reduces your waistline from two to four inches—the moment you put it on. And by *supporting* and *strengthening* the abdominal muscles in a natural way, this reduction quickly becomes *permanent*.

Tested Method Reduces Weight Every Hour of the Day

No need of carrying excess fat like this

Director does exactly as we claim—without drugs—without diet—without strenuous exercise. Slip into a Director in the morning and note the feeling of *ease* and *comfort* it immediately gives you. The sagging muscles are supported comfortably and held firmly in their natural position. Not only does this give you a more trim and athletic figure by reducing the waistline 2 to 4 inches, but more important still it has a direct bearing on your physical condition. When you wear a Director the weight of the abdomen is supported by the *muscles of the back*, just as it should be. Thus you experience greater comfort and added energy throughout the whole day. The weakened front muscles are held together by a firm but gentle pressure and with every step you take and every movement of your body these muscles are kneaded together and fatty tissue is dissolved. Wearing a Director gives immediate reduction, great comfort, and a permanent dispersion of fat. It works every hour of the day.

No Laces, Hooks or Buttons

Waistline is inches thinner with Director

Director is woven from the finest mercerized web elastic — *all in one piece*. There are no buckles, straps, laces, hooks or buttons to bother with. Since each Director is *made to measure*, no adjustments are necessary except as the waistline grows smaller. It slips on easily and is delightfully comfortable, as thousands of business and professional men testify.

Write Today for FREE PROOF

Write today for a Director and see how effective it is as a flesh reducer. The price—made to measure—is only $6.50. Each garment is guaranteed to be satisfactory or your money will be refunded promptly and the trial won't cost you a penny. Give height, weight and waist measure when ordering. Tear out and mail coupon today.

Landon & Warner, Dept. 93, 225 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago

LANDON & WARNER
225 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Dept. 93
Send me a Director under your money-back guarantee. My weight is ..... my height is.....
my waist measure is .....
☐ $6.50 enclosed. ☐ Send C. O. D.
Name.....
Address.....
.....

MERCHANT TAILORS Write for special proposition. Here is an opportunity for profit while correcting figures hard to fit.

Free CATALOG OF ARMY GOODS BARGAINS

Shirts, Pants, Boots, Shoes, Blankets, Tents, Guns, Harness, Tools—hundreds of articles you can use. Government's sacrifice saves you money. Write for Catalog, Free.

ARMY AND NAVY SUPPLY CO. ESTABLISHED 1868
Dept. 314 Box 1835, RICHMOND VA.

SENSATIONAL SALE $3 DOWN

Genuine L. C. SMITH (*the only ball-bearing typewriter*) 1-2 Price—Easy Terms. All 1926 attachments—re-*newed*—Guaranteed 5 years.

10 Day Free Trial

before you send us a cent. $3 worth of extras FREE if you accept our Special Offer. Write for details, and free typewriter manual.

Smith Typewriter Sales Corp.
553-360 E. Grand Ave., Chicago

ranges on the high plain between the coast ranges and the Rockies.

Exactly the same thing takes place as the storm reaches each and every one of these ranges, namely, condensation, and thus rain, or snow falls on the *West*, or *sea* side of the mountains for the time it takes the entire storm to pass over the range.

It *does not rain or snow on the East side of the summit of any of these ranges anywhere* except for a dozen miles beyond or Eastward of the summit in some instances. This is because the mountains *force the winds up*. Nearly always the condensation and consequent precipitation stops at the summit or just "curls over" the summit and does not continue down the East slope.

These facts, being facts, and absolutely fixed by natural laws, it follows that the West slope of every mountain range on the continent from summit to base, and a few miles on out in the foothills to Westward, is an area of excessive moisture provided we consider the belt of country crossed by the big storm and this means a thousand miles North and South along the West side of all the mountains with the wettest area of the belt center about on the Northern boundary of the U. S.

Now within this belt of country and on the West sides of these mountain ranges is exactly where the heavy forest growths occur—get that?

In other words, *where abundant moisture is brought by the big storm and released as rain or snow there is where the tree grows—it is where it always grew since the continents were formed and where it always will grow best as long as cosmic conditions are what they are. Nor will trees grow anywhere else as well unless water is artificially supplied, because trees are the largest users of water in the vegetable world, structure, life-length and resultant produced material* considered. Just don't let go of this little bunch of facts, for it explains a lot and it isn't theory.

In my next following story I will explain more in detail how the trees, the big storms from the West, and the mountain ranges running at right angles with wind flow, all work together to produce the great forests on the Western slopes of all the Northern mountain ranges.

I will show you conclusively the inter-relationship between the three things mentioned and the welfare, happiness and comfort of the people of America—a fascinating story when you know all the details.

Write to El Comancho and tell him what you think of this tree series.

Pollution Experiments

(Continued from page 25)

stream pollution. The investigations carried out at the field laboratory at Cincinnati, Ohio, are outlined under the advice of a group of special consultants in line with the general plan which has been followed constantly since 1913.

There are individual studies on pollution and natural purification in large rivers. These involve results obtained on the Potomac and Illinois as well as the Ohio river. The diverse physical and biological characteristics of these three streams support the view that the relations common to them are general and may be applied to other large streams at least.

There are experimental studies regarding natural purification which cover three fields viz., a study of chemical changes, a study of bacteriological changes and a study of the Plankton in relation to chemical and bacteriological purification.

The outcome of these studies is not final but points to certain definite conclusions. It has proved possible to formulate a rule for estimating the limits of pollution which are consistent with maintaining a specific standard quality.

The pollution of Lake Michigan in the vicinity of the Indiana and Illinois line has also been the subject of study by this service. Preliminary survey shows that the conditions affecting pollution in that area are highly complex and require further study in which the Public Health Service may hope to coordinate the work of the state and the local authorities in that region. Variable distribution of pollution is influenced by changing currents due to wind, temperature and barometric pressure. While these factors are extremely variable the studies will undoubtedly result in marking off the limits of pollution that may ordinarily be expected in different parts of the lake.

WHAT ONE GOOD COMMON MAN THINKS

The subject of sewage disposal is of tremendous importance. When I think of what passes away from our small family alone into the sewer, and multiply that by all the families of the city and think of all that volume going into the river, and when I think further of the other cities using the same river in the same way, I am "flabbergasted." Yet there seems to be no particular interest in the question on the part of the public in general. Surely something will have to be done in the near future, but what and how is intelligent interest to be aroused?

When writing to Advertisers give credit to our Magazine.

Mostly About Boys

(Continued from page 58)

Marseilles, Ill.

Dear Fellows:

Here's for a chuck story. I have hunted chucks for the past two years, but I have never had as much sport as I had in killing the one I am about to tell you of.

One Sunday I was sitting in the back yard reading a story, when all of a sudden I was aroused by an awful squawking in the chicken yard. A few seconds later I was on my feet and heading for the chicken house. As I passed around the corner of the house the last chicken was just going through the door with a chuck not two feet behind it. The chuck did not notice me, so I crept in softly and shut the door behind me. A few seconds later the chuck had a chicken cornered, but before he got the chicken I had him just behind the jaws in my left hand, and my right hand holding him by the back. He put up a good fight to get away, but did not succeed. I held him for about five minutes, not knowing what to do with him now that I had him. I finally thought I would put him in a small metal chick house. After I had him safely put away I went to the house, and put the last three long rifles I had into the Marlin, and went back to the chick house. I carried it out into an open field back of our place, opened the house, but he would not come out. So I dumped him out, gave him a good lead, and opened fire on him. The first went through his head, just about ending him, but I gave him another for good luck.

HENRY FISLER.

An unusual experience sure enough, Henry. Chucks do not bother chickens as a rule, and boys don't usually get a chance to catch them in their hands. A good story. Come again.

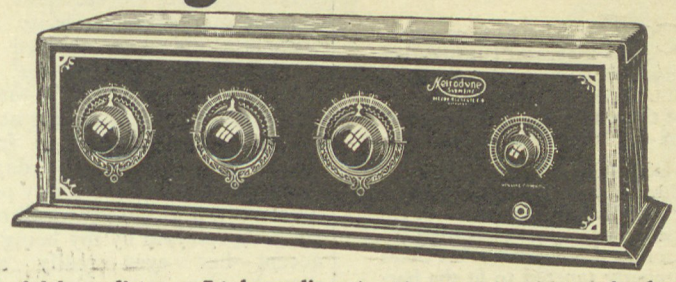
The Winter Angler

(Continued from page 12)

them he changes their tears to jewels, dazzling topaz, ruby, emerald, diamond. It is to worship the Creator and give thanks for the gift of sight.

One such morning on way to the stream and a particular pool, as the home made bread was not of the correct age to work up into prime dough-bait of the allright stickativeness, I stepped me into a bakery on the Main Street to get a day-old roll. The girl behind the counter was the neatest, trimmest; "easy to look at" as the vernacular has it. Pushing a bronze coin across a glass show-case inquiry is made for a yesterday's roll. She looked from the cent to me: "Oh, you can have half-a dozen fresh and settle any time," and me—thought there

30 Days Free Trial



Wonderful long distance 5-tube radio set, gets coast to coast on loud speaker. Mail coupon below. Do not buy a radio set until you send for our liberal Free Trial Offer. Direct from factory to you at less than dealer's cost (until we have a dealer to represent us in your district). This wonderful coast-to-coast 5-tube radio set will be shipped anywhere in the U. S. for 30 days FREE trial. Test it yourself in your own home and if you do not agree that it is the greatest Radio Set in the country, return it to the factory.

Metrodyne Super-Five Radio Set

Agents-Dealers! Wholesale prices! Make big money selling Metrodyne sets —all or part time. No competition—lowest prices. Send for 30-day Free Trial Demonstrating set.

5 Tube Set $48.50 RETAIL PRICE

Thousands are enjoying this wonder 5-tube radio. Buy now and save 50%. Tune in on the Merry-makers—listen to the world's best music—hear lectures—market reports, news! Get New York, Honolulu, Canada, Mexico! To prove that the Metrodyne can do all this—that it is the best radio buy on the market—we will send you a Metrodyne Super Five-Tube Radio set on 30-days free trial. We have thousands of testimonial letters from happy buyers who took advantage of this astounding offer! Some of them have made money on last minute farm market reports which paid for their set many times over.

Read What Some Owners Say:

J. W. Bryant, Perry, Kan.: Received Metrodyne at 2 o'clock. By 5 I tuned in New Orleans, Omaha and Memphis.

C. M. Charlton, Donora, Pa.: I think the Metrodyne is the best on the market.

M. Livingston, Port Huron, Mich.: My Metrodyne brings stations from coast to coast. Works better than our old $275 set.

Andrew Harcharek, Lyon, Pa.: My trial is up and I have decided to keep the Metrodyne. Four of my friends want to buy Metrodynes.

World's Greatest Radio Set

The Metrodyne Super-Five is a 5-Tube Tuned Radio Frequency Set, approved by America's leading radio engineers. Highest grade low-loss parts. Magnificent Walnut Cabinet. Beautiful genuine bakelite panel with all designs, charts, and borders gold plated. Anyone can operate the Metrodyne Super-Five—the last word in volume, clearness and powerful long distance reception.

MAIL THIS COUPON

Only a 2c stamp or a postal card brings you positive proof from thousands of owners that the Metrodyne is unequalled for selectivity, long range, and all around performance and quality. Remember, we give you **30 days free trial** in your own home. Mail the coupon now.

Metro Electric Company, 1243 S. Wabash Avenue
Dept. 141 CHICAGO, ILL.

METRO ELECTRIC CO., 1243 S. Wabash Ave.
Dept. 141 Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

Send me full particulars about the Metrodyne Super-Five Radio sets, and your 30-days FREE trial offer.

Name.....

Address.....

Feed the Baby a Cheaper Grade of Milk if you Must

—but have a FILSON HUNTING COAT *this Spring!*

$10.

The Filson Catalog "Q" shows the Filson superline of Outdoor Clothes. Send for it. It's free.

This wonderful Filson Coat is double throughout—jammed full of pockets and comfort. The price $10.00. Might as well have the best. Chest measure only.

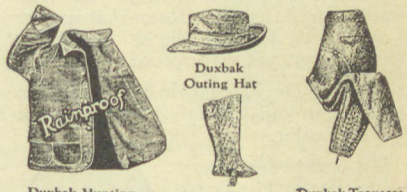
C. C. FILSON COMPANY

1005-1007 First Ave. Seattle, Wash.

"Filson Clothes for the Man Who Knows."

Camp? Hunt? Fish? Hike?

Send for free catalog illustrating and describing Duxbak Outing Clothing. Garments made right for comfort, convenience, protection and long wear. Cloth double at exposed parts. America's favorite for 22 years.



Duxbak Outing Hat

Duxbak Hunting Coat Double thickness, rainproofed cloth. Roomy pockets.

Duxbak Leggins Wear and waterproof.

Duxbak Trousers Double thickness seat and knees. Water and wearproof.

FREE CATALOG: Shows styles for all sports. Contains samples of special Duxbak cloth, firm, closely woven, pliable and water-proofed. Write today.

UTICA DUXBAK CORP., 30 NOYES ST., UTICA, N. Y.

UTICA Duxbak CORP. TRADE MARK Outing Clothing

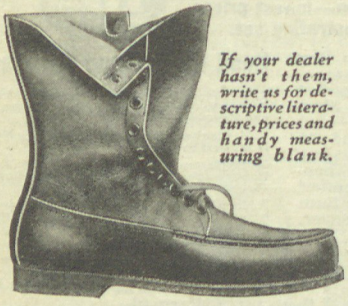
A Real Moccasin Ski Shoe

COMFORT, long-life and genuine moccasin construction (not imitation) have made RUSSELL'S SKI SHOES the favorite of those who know most about ski-ing and ski equipment.

Made in chocolate colored, chrome tanned, water-proofed Paris Veals; patented Never-rip seam on toe piece; box toes; extra firm double oak soles. Soles properly tapered to fit the harness. Heels grooved to hold strap in place. Sheepskin "weather strip" around tops.

The W. C. Russell Moccasin Co.
924 Capron St., Berlin, Wisconsin

Russell's Ski Shoes



If your dealer hasn't them, write us for descriptive literature, prices and handy measuring blank.

FEATHER - DRYBAK
YOUR BEST SPRING SUIT

for

FISHING
CAMPING
HIKING
CANOEING
MOTOR TRIPS
AND
FALL HUNTING

SATISFY YOURSELF

See these wonderful new suits for sportsmen. Fit yourself out in supreme satisfaction in what you wear on your days off. Remarkably soft and light, yet durable as buckskin; no rubber, yet waterproof.

Feather-Drybak fabric coat, breeches and hat only weigh 2½ lbs. Ask your dealer.

Guarantee — Every Feather-Drybak coat has the famous Drybak guarantee on the button, insuring satisfaction.

Send for catalog

Lewis M. Weed Co., Inc.
Room 1001, 93 Worth St.,
New York City

Makers of the famous Drybak Hunting Clothes since 1902.

was a faint deepening of the peach-bloom amid the cream of her satiny front, and a tiny droop at the corners of her cupid's bow, and a pitying gleam in her eyes, and that she glanced my tailor-made to see if its erstwhile elegance showed signs of decay.

Assuring her slowly—no hurry, don't see such beauty all at once too often—that the roll was for a particular purpose, must be day old you know, as it was for a finiky person who must have a yesterday's roll or nothing we compromised by my being forced to accept—her eyes really are grey, thought they were blue at first—two rolls for the cent 'count of their being over age—and her profile as she stoops to reach under the counter for the old-uns is clear-cut, beautiful—after some argument that one would be quite entirely all right.

The world is full of beauty, sweetness, generosity.

On way along the street bridgeward, is seen approaching the girl comrade of summer canoeing days, and very recent skating afternoons. She feared the warm spell would wind up the skating on the ponds and it would be a long wait for summer.

Looking at her frank, friendly face, seeing how deep a brown, almost black were the merry eyes, how long were the dark lashes that swept her cheek, thinking how we could keep up chat without end, "talk of many things," the wish was strong for her companionship at the waterside, and the urge arose to say: "What's the matter with going fishing to-day with me?" but my bump of caution rose up and bumped off the urge, and I merely twittered: "Oh, it will probably freeze up again."

The flowing stream has cut a little bay in the bank having deep water close to shore with a slow circling current. This place was usually frequented by some of the fish, but whether they would touch the bait was a question. Temperamental biters, particularly in cold weather when their taking the bait is almost imperceptible at the float which is so small and thin as to go under at the slightest touch. English anglers use a float made from two swan's quills joined at the open ends on cork set in waterproof glue the joint wrapped with silk thread and varnished. Before joining, a few fine shot are dropped in the end of one quill, a little hot tallow is poured on the shot, and the quill held upright until the tallow sets, the finished float being perhaps three inches long.

I never arrived at such an elegance of float, the fault primarily being the lack of swans, but a slender pointed cedar stick 2½ inches long—or a match stick—answered very nicely; this instead of floating upright with merely the tip out of water, swam flat and would show the bite by tipping up to the slightest touch of the bait. No lead was used on the line, the weight of the tiny hook with the little ball of dough on its point being the only sinker. The bait instead of dropping quickly, would slowly submerge,

Hunting the big game of the sea with

Zane Grey

"We were speeding along . . . Smash! The water cracked, boiled, spurted at the captain's bait . . . The surface run that followed was magnificent, indescribable and unbelievable."

A two hundred pound tuna fish is making the gamest fight of its life—the kind of fight a sportsman loves and no one can describe so well as Zane Grey. But it is

Only one of hundreds

of thrilling adventures in those mysterious waters of the lonely Pacific, the deep sea fishing grounds near Galapagos.

It was here that Zane Grey found the gigantic black marlin, the spectacular and gamy sailfish, dolphin, porpoises, marine iguanas and hundreds of other strange creatures of the sea.

The story he writes is for all sailors and sportsmen. It is crowded with adventure and every page is laden with the salty tang of the sea.

TALES OF FISHING VIRGIN SEAS
Price $5.00
Superbly illustrated with 100 action photographs.

HARPER & BROTHERS
49 East 33rd Street, NEW YORK

WHY is a MOCCASIN ?

The lightest—most durable—most comfortable footwear known

Because it's made the Indian way with the smooth upper leather extending in one piece completely *under* the foot. This construction does away with need for the stiff sharp edged innersole, the welt and the bottom filler, found in ordinary shoes.

Rangeley Moccasins are foot-comfort insurance. Get a pair for your spring fishing trip.

If your local merchant does not carry Rangeley's write us direct for free catalog O. It tells the moccasin story, and illustrates the many styles for Men, Women and Children.

Write for Catalog O. today. It will interest you.

G. H. BASS & CO., Wilton, Me.
Shoemakers Since 1876

Sporting goods dealers interested in carrying the profitable Bass Line should write at once for full information.

Our income from advertising is put to work for conservation.

with a wavy motion, to the required depth about 3½ feet as the fish are mid-water swimmers. A very small tapered sproat hook tied on silk-worm gut snell of almost cobwebby fineness was the proper rigging.

Getting the catch home without remark, was not as difficult as might be expected by one reading of the camouflage needed to reach the stream. Most of the right-o men folks were commuters by train to their affairs in the city, and as my own signature was inscribed regularly each month on the R. R. Co's pasteboard this put me in the class where one is privileged to have a city paper protruding from an overcoat pocket in afternoon or early evening.

I took a London cheque (spelled with a q) to a great banking house to be cashed. The still-faced, keen-eyed clerk asked how I could identify myself as the proper person, the signature on the commutation ticket was displayed. He compared it with the indorsement on the cheque: "They are not much alike." "Did you ever buy a commutation ticket at the ferry, just before train time?" A slight smile and shake of his head. "Well, if you had half-a-dozen impatient men lying on your back, almost any kind of sudden scrawl goes with the five dollars." Then he murmured the sweetest sentence in the language: "How will you have it?"

This goes to show that a trustful, innocent front was a large factor in causing the village to think that I would never stoop to deceive even in the smallest matter, so when homeward bound in the gloaming with a newspaper sticking out of overcoat pocket, would never dream that there might be a number of silvery fish, wrapped in paraffine paper, within its folds.

If not carefully guarded against, the "rubbers" stunt was liable to be overdone, or rather, done overtime.

Death Reef

(Continued from page 19)

A gull cried back to him.

The fish came, protesting indolently. He drew it up with a steady lift of the line, a six-pound sea-bass. He killed it, and laid it beside his feet, the crimson gills gaping, the huge eyes staring vacantly up at him. Stripping the kelp-slime from his line, he turned to the old star-fish. "Pretty good," he grinned. "That's a fine start, old timer."

He cast again, and slowly worked back his minnow. It came in, heavy with dragging kelp. The loathsome, slick ribbons repelled him. He wiped his fingers down his trousers after he had freed the artificial bait, but still the slime made them feel slick and greasy. He cast, and this time had

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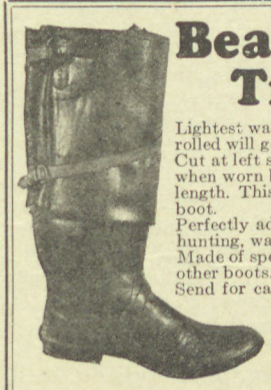

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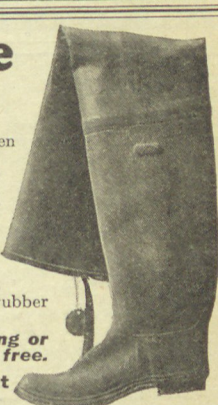

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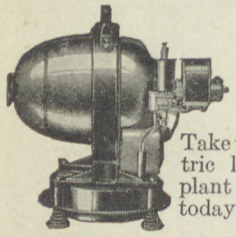

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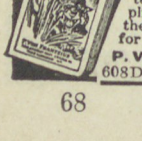

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another strike. He drew in another sea-bass, twin of the first. He laid it beside the other, tearing the entangling kelp from his line.

"What do you think of that, old timer?" he exulted, and touched the star-fish. "Two fish in that many minutes! Gee! No wonder they call this Death Reef. It sure is slaughter for the fish." He turned back. A wave dashed toward his feet, white and menacing. It missed them by a scant foot. "Kind of close," he said, sobered. "That was a whopper," and saw it break high up against the spur, its spray veiling the cliff. He cast in its frothy wake. Immediately a fish struck. He pulled it in perplexedly.

This wasn't fishing, he told himself as he knocked the enormous head against the mussel-shells. "Too much of a good thing, old timer," he turned to the star-fish at his shoulder. Those three fish, he reflected, would be quite an encumbrance while he was getting back to the cliff. He wouldn't cast again for very fear that he would catch another of those meek sea-bass. He half-slipped on the mussels, as he stooped to thread the bass together. That last wave, he shuddered and a worried frown shadowed his brow—what would have happened to him had it been higher?

He picked up the line that looped through the gills of the bass, and caught up his rod in the same hand. "So long, old timer," he said, his head still bent over his task, "see you later," and raising his head, "good-bye."

Past the huge star-fish he stared for a frantic split-second. Dropping his fish and rod, he flung himself full-length on the small ledge, digging into the mussels with his clawing fingers. He filled his lungs.

A solid wall of water crashed down on him. A comber rolled over Death Reef.

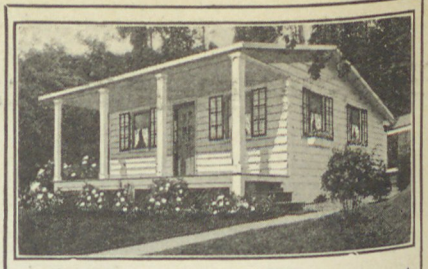
* * * * * * * * * * *

Andrew Lane twitched his head. He gasped for breath. A dizzy darkness swirled before his opening eyes, and he relaxed again. He felt moisture on his face, moisture that stung and smarted. Feebly, futilely he tried to brush it away. The effort brought the blood to his head, and again he opened his eyes. He raised his head and stared vacantly downward. Then he remembered. The wave . . . and Death Reef . . . and darkness lapped over him.

With a great effort he jerked up his head. The great comber had smashed his body into the little crevice where the anemones had huddled, his arms outstretched on either side, hands agonizingly gripping the mussel-shells. He wrenched one hand out. The other didn't respond. Dully he realized the arm was broken. It seemed detached, appallingly limp.

He swayed to his feet, steadying himself. The star-fish was gone. He swayed. White froth from a passing wave slapped viciously up at him. The great despair in his heart was overwhelmed by panic.

Andrew Lane could never tell how he came back from Death Reef. Two



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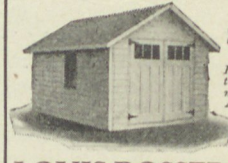

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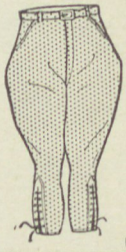

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things, of all that torturing journey, are vivid in his memory: a sea-gull that screamed above his face, arousing him from lethargy; a white film of froth that crept malignantly across the flat rocks, and lifted him hungrily up and all but swept him down their steep flanks into the eddying kelp. He did not know how he had half-crawled, half-stumbled, crawling along the causeway of Death Reef. His body was numb. He struggled for his life not from his own volition, but through the instinctive effort for self-preservation.

He opened his eyes on the suck of brine and kelp, and raised his head from where he lay outstretched. The boulders that separated the reef from the cape were before him. He gazed up at them dumbly. He sank back on his face, hand over his eyes. So he would have to die after all, he thought. Even the love of life, that was strong within him, fainted in the tide of bitter hopelessness that surged over him.

A shout aroused him. "Give me your hand, Andy. There you are, lad." The young man winced at the agony that engulfed him. He was being dragged along roughly, hurriedly. He sank back into unconsciousness.

The sting of water on his face brought him to reality. "Lad! Lad!" a soft, deep voice called above him. "Andy—boy!" and he opened his eyes to see Alan kneeling beside him. A blur of faces, vague and misty-pink, swung around him, then steadied, and became a crowd of men. He looked up at Alan, wearily twitched the corners of his mouth, then closed his eyes. He heard Alan, a long way off, saying something about a stretcher.

When he opened his eyes once more Alan and he were alone. Mutely he begged for compassion. Alan nodded in understanding. "You're all right now, lad," he choked. Feebly, Andy clutched for his friend's hand. Alan spared him the effort. He took the younger man's mangled hand and turned it over.

"Andy," Alan said, and his voice was very grave, "you and one other are the only men I know of that have ever escaped Death Reef." He stared at Andy's lacerated palm; then he smiled, an elusive, tragic smile. "Your hands will now look just like mine." He held one up for Andrew Lane to see the cruel white scars that netted the palm and curved across the fingers.

"*You*, on Death Reef?" the young man cried, horrified.

Alan Moore nodded silently and arose. The men were returning with a crude stretcher. He limped to the edge of the cliff and stared down at Death Reef. A great comber rounded the cape. Smoothly, compellingly, the malignant green dragon crouched above Death Reef. The reef was gone. Turbulent ocean spread above it. The watcher's face was white. His crippled leg twisted beneath him.

Quietly, tiny, brown specks, minute in circles of foam, pricked through the dying seas. The tide was coming in.

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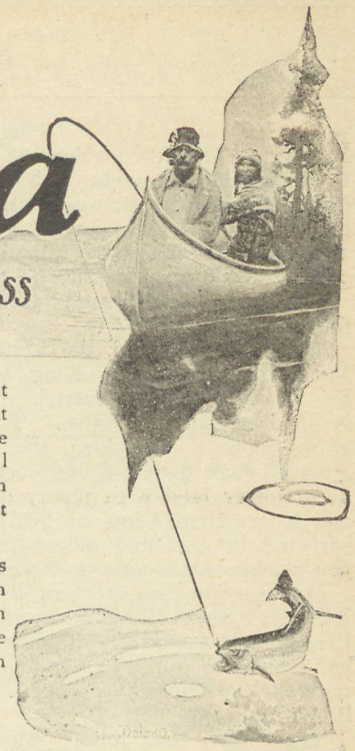

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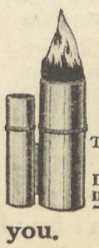

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The Vital Spark (Continued from page 16)

"Ouch!" says Alice. "That might hurt if we didn't consider the source. Daddy means all right, John, but he lacks diplomacy. But come on, we'll throw a scare into him with King this afternoon that will make him think his pointer dogs are rabbit chasing hounds."

The General just laughs at this and they start out.

When they get to the kennel Old Mose is just putting King into the dog wagon while Patrick Callihan is saddling up his horse. They are going about a mile down the road to a place where there's a big piece of cut over timber land with plenty of cover and where there's lots of birds. It is sort of rolling ground and on horseback you can see for a mile or more.

Just as they are starting the bitch, Princess, comes limping up to John, lifts herself up on her hind legs, puts her front paws on his horse and whines with the most pleading look in her big brown eyes.

"Take her, too, John," Alice begs. "She wants to go so badly. She won't be in the way."

"All right," he laughs, patting the silky head. "Put her up, Uncle Mose."

With that she gets down and capers around barking like a puppy, then runs over to Old Mose who puts her in the dog wagon with King.

When they get to the hunting ground both dogs are taken out. King is straining at his leash, rearing to go. Princess is just as anxious, but she is more lady like in her actions, and when Old Mose turns them loose at the signal from John both are off like jack rabbits. The bitch is limping and can't cover the ground nothing like she used to, although she isn't exactly a tortoise in pace even now. She goes maybe a couple of hundred yards, then turns off to the right into a sassafras thicket.

In the meantime King has been going out with his great ground covering stride, his head up and his flag out behind him in a manner that makes even the old General sit up and take notice. He gets to the top of a rise, maybe a quarter away, and turns for a second looking at Callihan. Patrick waves him on with his hat, and he's gone again over the rise like a streak.

When the riders get to the top of the hill they see him another good quarter away looking through a bunch of ragweed.

"But when's he going to cut back?" the General asks, wondering like.

"He's not going to cut back, sir," Callihan answers respectful, but with pride.

All at once they see King freeze into a point, head and tail high. They ride up and not a muscle does he move. Callihan gets off his horse with his little twenty-eight, walks up in front of King, and up gets a covey of eight or ten quails.

"Pough! Pough!" barks his gun and two cock birds drop, the rest of the covey sailing off into the woods.

"Fetch, King," Callihan says, and then, and not till then the Irishman leaves his point. With quick and sure strides he goes to where the quail drop and takes one and then the other by the head and brings them to his trainer.

"Take them to the lady, King," he bids him, and the dog moves over to Alice, rears up on his hind legs and hands the birds to her.

"You beautiful thing," she cries as she takes them from him, patting his head.

The old General mutters something to himself about it being a fluke as Callihan sends him on.

Well, young man, I'm not a going to bother you about giving you all the details of that workout, suffice it to say, as our literary friends would express it, in about an hour King finds six coveys of birds, eight singles, retrieves fifteen dead birds, and never once makes a bobble. All the time he is under perfect control, going out and out and out, and turning and coming in at Callihan's command.

Coming back to where they leave the dog wagon, King comes to a point just outside the sassafras thicket which the bitch goes into as they start out. Just then Alice thinks of her.

"John," she says, "where in the world is Princess?"

"In that sassafras thicket, Miss," Callihan speaks up.

"How do you know, Patrick?" John asks.

"She's on point in the thicket and King is backing her," says Callihan riding toward them.

And sure enough, young man, when they get up to the thicket there is the bitch standing like a brown stone statue and King abacking her at sight. She is there ever since they started out an hour before. Callihan kicks up the birds and knocks down a couple, and then sends Princess in after them. John tells Old Mose to take King to the wagon and wait for him, while the rest go on and give the bitch a little fun. He lets Alice do the shooting and they kill a few more birds before going in.

That night John is telling Alice good bye. John eats dinner with her and the General, and for once the General has nothing to say against the Irish setters, in fact, bird dogs are not mentioned once all through the meal, nor afterwards neither.

"John," she says just as he is about to go, and kind of low like. "John, I think King is wonderful, and, oh, I hope he will win!"

With that she turns and runs up the stairs leaving him standing in the hallway with his hat in his hand and his mouth open.

That's just about three months ago, and from then on till the time of the National John goes out with Callihan practically every day to work King. And believe me, young man, they work him. Day after day for hours at a time that great piece of dog flesh with his silky red coat sails over the fields and through the woods, always hunting, hunting. He gets faster and faster, his range greater and greater, and his bird sense more and more uncanny. He just naturally *knows* where the quails stay. Not only where they ought to stay, but where they are at any particular time, and he goes there. And class! Man, that dog has class! Not a single bit of lost motion in his stride, the great muscles of his powerful body rippling under the silky coat like the belts of a perfect piece of machinery. And a perfect piece of machinery he is, machinery made by the hand of the Great Machinist, himself.

Young man, I'm getting poetic, but if you could see that dog work you'd get poetic, too.

Well, Old Mose does his share with the rest of them. Every night he rubs King down, kneading and massaging the muscles till every trace of stiffness is taken from them. He cooks all his food for him himself, and feeds it at just the right time. He is as careful of him as of a trained athlete. A trained athlete he is, young man, trained right to the minute.

At last the day before the start of the National arrives. The horses are sent over to Grand Junction. Callihan and Old Mose will take King in the dog wagon the next morning;—they feel that it is better for him to sleep in his own kennel, and you know it is only thirty miles—while the General, Alice and John will drive over in the General's big car.

That morning when Old Mose goes to feed King the dog doesn't get up with his usual pep. There isn't much change, but the old darkey sees at once that something's wrong. His nose is hot, and when Callihan comes and they take his temperature it is found that he has a high fever. They call a vet and he's there when John arrives.

As soon as he learns what the trouble is he stands there very solemn like till the vet gets through with his examination.

"Well?" he asks as the vet looks up.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Kincaid," the vet begins, "but your dog is very sick."

"I know he's sick," snaps John, "but can he run tomorrow?"

"He can run, and he might run as well as ever, but it would be murder—it would kill him sure."

"Then he won't run," says John and turns on his heel and walks away.

Well, young man, you can imagine how everyone feels. Even the old General is sorry for John, although he won't admit that King has a chance even if he does run. John is away on horse-back all day, and when he comes in he goes to Alice. Of course she hears all about it during the day, but instead of sympathizing with him she talks as if she thinks he ought to run King even if he is sick.

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"But," he argues, "it would kill him."

"What if it would kill him?" she comes back. "Do you think more of a dog than you do of me?"

"No, Alice," he says very quiet like. "I can wait."

Then he takes his hat and walks out. She is about to call him back and starts to but changes her mind and lets him go.

Well, the next morning Alice and the General ride over to Grand Junction themselves, and are there when the first dogs are put down. Alice looks everywhere for John, but he isn't there, and he doesn't show up all day. Of course all the handlers are sorry for John when they hear about King—handlers are a pretty human lot, young man—although most of them don't believe in Irish setters much more than General Bowron. However, before the stake is over they sure do change their mind.

No one pays much attention to old Jim Event's entry, put down as, "Queen, red setter bitch, breeding not given. J. M. Event, owner and handler." And the old man goes about his business saying little or nothing.

Of course Alice and the General, even though he won't admit it, are more than usually interested when the Irish setter bitch is put down. She is a beautiful thing, young man, a bench champion while still a puppy and the gallery, which, as you know, is made up largely of pointer and English setter men, give her a hand on her looks alone. She is put down with a pointer dog, Meadow Jack, and believe me he is a race horse. But let me tell you something, when he thinks he can out-run that little streak of red lightning he gets another think. Off they go together with a gasp from the gallery. For maybe a furlong they race neck and neck, then the bitch swerves slightly to the right and makes for a bunch of sage grass about a quarter away.

Well, as I said before, I'm not going to bore you with details now. It's a great race, young man, a great race, and when it's over the gallery knows one dog which will go into the second series, and that dog isn't a pointer.

That night the Irish setter bitch and her chances of winning the stake are the subject of about ninety-nine and thirty-four one hundredths per cent of the conversation around the hotel. Some say she'll win and some say she'll not. And let me tell you it isn't all talk that changes hands, there's a lot of good old coin of the realm wagered one way or the other.

The next morning the biggest gallery ever gathered together for a field trial is on hand to see the second series. Four dogs are called back, the red bitch, two pointers and an English setter.

Queen draws one of the pointers, a great upstanding dog, McPhyre, which won the stake the year before. There's plenty of applause for both of them when they are put down, and well there might be, for probably never before in the history of the National are two greater dogs matched together.

Off they race at the whistle, old Mac going to the left and Queen to the right.

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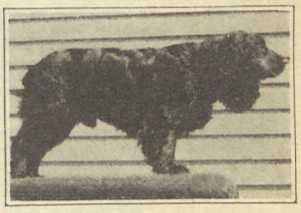

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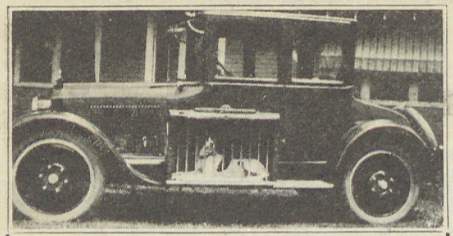

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with reinforced back and finished in du Pont Duco, is a value for the money and piece of workmanship that has delighted sportsmen in all parts of the United States.

It takes less than one-half a minute to clamp it on the running board, and may be removed just as quickly, and is adjustable so that it does not touch the body of the car. The top is built like the tops on the closed cars, has storm curtain, and all wooden parts are protected so the dog cannot gnaw. The floor is trimmed with bright metal moulding to match the running board and all trimmings are nickel-plated. The patented door on the Bird Dog's Palace enables you to let the dog or dogs in or out without leaving the driver's seat. It is built throughout of quality materials and finished to go with the good looking cars. Price $12.50 for the one-dog size and $15 for the two-dog size.

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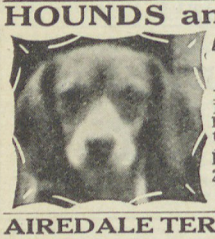

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A wonderful cast she makes, a good three furlongs, and comes to a point in a bunch of sage. Old Jim hollers, "Point!" and rides up, gets off, flushes the birds and bangs over them. Not a muscle does the beautiful bitch move till ordered on by her handler. On she goes almost out of sight, hunting the likely places with a sixth God-given sense and turning only to look at her handler for orders. He occasionally waves his hat to the right or left and without a moment's hesitation she turns as he indicates.

When the time is about half up the gallery sees a rider coming at full gallop toward them, and when he gets up close enough it's seen to be John Kincaid.

"I heard an Irish setter was running a great race," he tells someone, "and although she isn't mine I had to see her run."

Alice Bowron is up at the head of the gallery and he stays near the rear. She rides on with the General, her head in the air, but very intent on what the red bitch is doing.

Point after point Queen makes, both coveys and singles, and never a bobble. In and out of thickets and woods, across cotton fields and corn fields, into sage and rag weed she works fast and sure. Once Old Mac points in a corn field. Jim Event has seen a covey get up wild right there a few minutes before, although apparently no one else has seen it. He waves Queen up where she backs the dog, then he orders her on. Without a minute's hesitancy she breaks point and runs on ahead of the pointer and on through the field. No birds get up even when the pointer's handler stomps around for several minutes.

Man, it is a sight for sore eyes!

At last the time is most up. There is little doubt of the winner. None ever saw a greater race. All at once the bitch comes to a point right on top of a rise. The sun is setting behind her and she stands out like a silhouette against the sky. Head erect, eyes half closed, flag out, with the golden sun upon her, she looks more like she's cast from molten bronze than like a living dog.

We all ride up. Event gets off his horse, walks in front of the frozen dog, kicks up a small covey of quails and lets fly at a cock. It drops in a bush and hangs there in plain sight about four feet from the ground.

"Gentlemen," Jim says to the judges, in that high pitched voice of his. "Gentlemen, would you like to see a good retriever?"

You understand, young man, retrieving does not count in a field trial nowadays.

One of the judges nods.

"Fetch," Jim says, and the bitch breaks her point, runs to the quail, rears up on her hind legs, and takes it from the bush by the head. She runs to him again, rears up, places her paws on his chest and hands him the bird.

A great shout goes up from the gallery and the judges order the dogs up.

After a moment's consultation one of

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the judges steps forward and raises his hand for silence.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he begins with ceremony, "the judges have decided to announce their decision at this time, and while it is a little out of the ordinary to announce the judges' decision on the field, we have this afternoon witnessed a running that is more than a little out of the ordinary, so we feel justified in so doing. In the first place, however, I should like to say a few words. We judges are of the opinion that a bird dog, a field trial dog, if you will, should be something more than a race horse. He should also have bird sense and common sense, endurance and courage, initiative and tractability, and above all he should have, and must have to win in fast company, that other attribute, the 'vital spark' someone has called it, which wins championships, whether they be of dogs, horses or humans. Today, ladies and gentlemen, you have seen a dog run which has all the characteristics I have mentioned. In the first place she *is* a race horse, no dog is faster, she also has bird sense and common sense, endurance and courage, initiative and tractability, and in her, ladies and gentlemen, the 'vital spark' burns with a luster that is not to be denied. So, ladies and gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to announce that the judges have unanimously and without hesitancy awarded this year's National Championship to the Irish setter bitch, Queen of—"

He gets no further, young man, for a great shout, even from the pointer and English setter men, goes up and drowns out his words. Alice Bowron is crying for pure joy and she runs over to where John Kincaid is standing a little to one side, pleased but taking no part in the jollification.

"John," she cries, "John, do you hear? Do you understand? We win! We win! An Irish setter has won the National."

"Yes," John says, very solemn like and with more than a touch of bitterness in his voice. "Yes, an Irish setter, but not a Mapledale Irish setter."

Just then Jim Event brings the great little bitch up to where they're standing.

"But she is a Mapledale Irish setter," Alice cries dropping down on her knees and putting her arms around the dog and holding her close. "Don't you know her? She is Queen of Mapledale, the puppy you gave me three years ago."

"Queen of Mapledale?" he says, sort of dazed like.

"Yes," she smiles through her tears going to him. "Yes, John, dear, Jim Event saw her run when she was just a puppy and told me he could make a winner of her, so I let him try. I did so want you to win!"

Then a smile such as hasn't been seen for many a day, breaks out on John Kincaid's face, and without a word he takes her in his arms and kisses her.

"Ah done tole yo', Marse John," Old Uncle Mose says stepping up, and grinning from ear to ear. "Ah done tole yo' either dat King dog or de Queen bitch goin' win de Nashnul."

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King Meets King

(Continued from page 9)

other we hurried, each becoming steeper and more difficult both in ascent and descent, if so dignified names could be applied to the tumbling down and scrambling up process. The sun becoming higher, the heat more intense, we pressed on and on, ever getting closer and closer. Just about arriving in range — Crack! — Crack! — Crack! — From off to the west came the sound of shooting. That spelled "farewell" to that Rhino, for instantly he was off beyond all possibility of harm. On approaching the point of the shooting, I found that Mr. King had been blazing away at some birds. Worse than all was the fact that he had not even shot at food birds, apparently, for he had none to show. We consistently accused him thereafter, of shooting at woodpeckers, from sheer boyishness and desire to shoot. While he indignantly refuted this, I could not forget I had toiled, sweated, and hoped, and in vain. Regardless of the heat, temporarily at least there was a very perceptible coolness, in our vicinity.

Speaking of heat, from 11:30 to 2:30, an intense and blistering dry heat prevails, gradually cooling off until at night it is decidedly cool.

I have often read and heard statements as to the effect of the heat, wondering if it were really necessary to wear the immense sun helmets or the double "Tarrai" hats which are affected by all experienced tropical folks. A sun helmet, of course, is a pitch or cork bowl of considerable thickness. The "Tarrai" hat is really one felt within another, interlined with red flannel, and surmounted by a knobbed ventilator. I had some serious doubts as to the strength of the sun, feeling that much about it was exaggeration. However, when I learned that a certain white man, who through courtesy stood for two minutes bare-headed in midday, speaking to a couple of ladies, died within a half hour, and that a young lady playing tennis, and wearing only a single thickness hat, died within two days, I shed all doubts and subscribed to the double thickness hat permanently and most sincerely.

The natives, on the other hand, seem to be absolutely impervious to the heat. We had one old porter with nothing but a forelock tuft about as big as a twenty-five cent piece, who never wore any kind of head covering and was totally unaffected by the heat, even at high noon. A most popular head covering amongst our natives, ridiculous though it seemed at first glance, was an extremely heavy wool skating helmet, of which some trader had brought in a substantial quantity. These helmets were probably half an inch thick, woolen material. Even the hottest days they were worn consistently, and at night were promptly pulled all the way down to the shoulders with only a small segment of the face showing through the aperture in the front.

(To be concluded)

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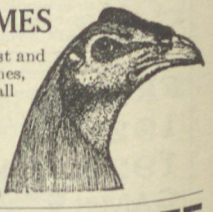

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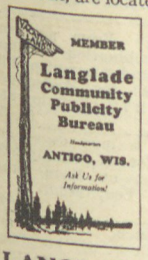

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Airedales—Continued

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

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Dogs

Pointers and Setters—Cont'd

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Dogs

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Yours truly,
(Signed) V. C. Winsor,
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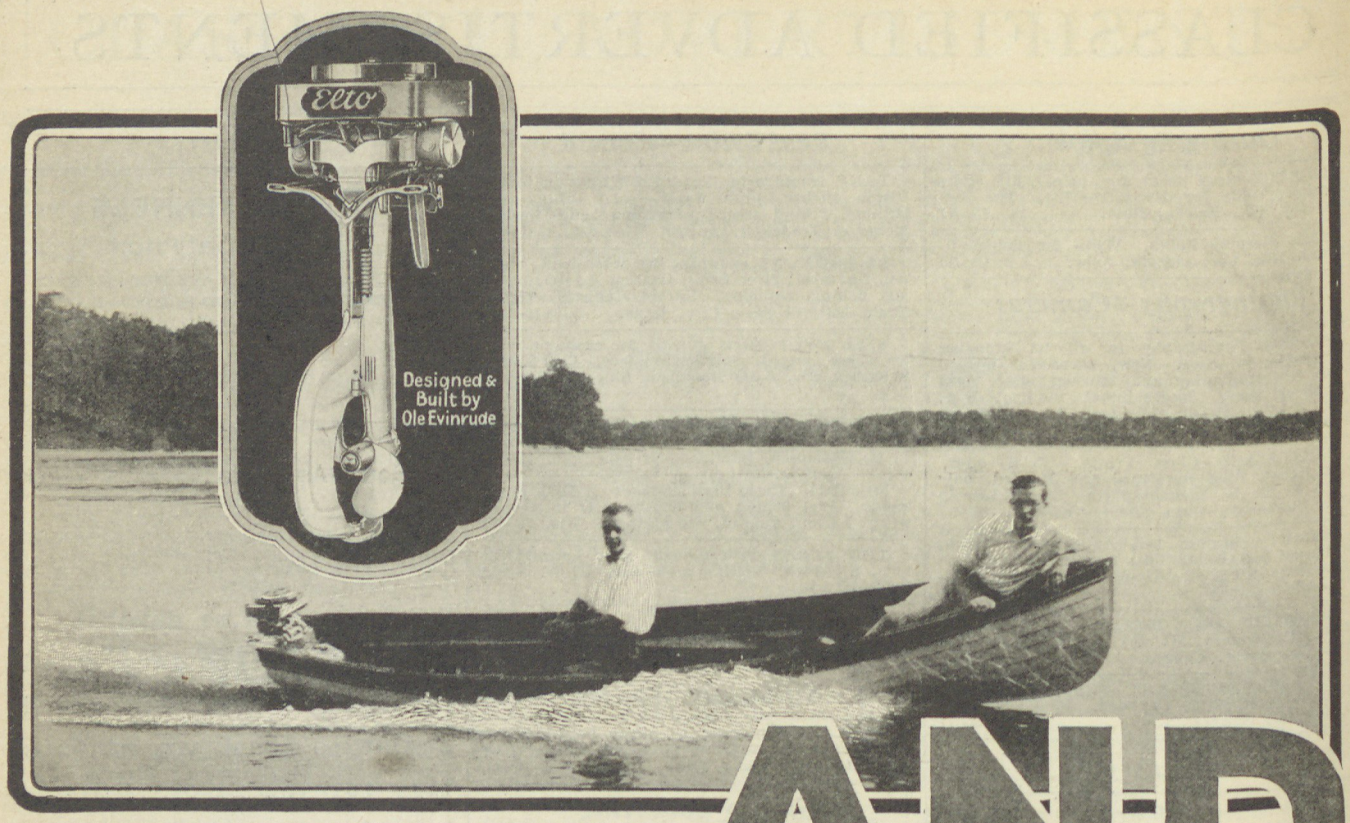

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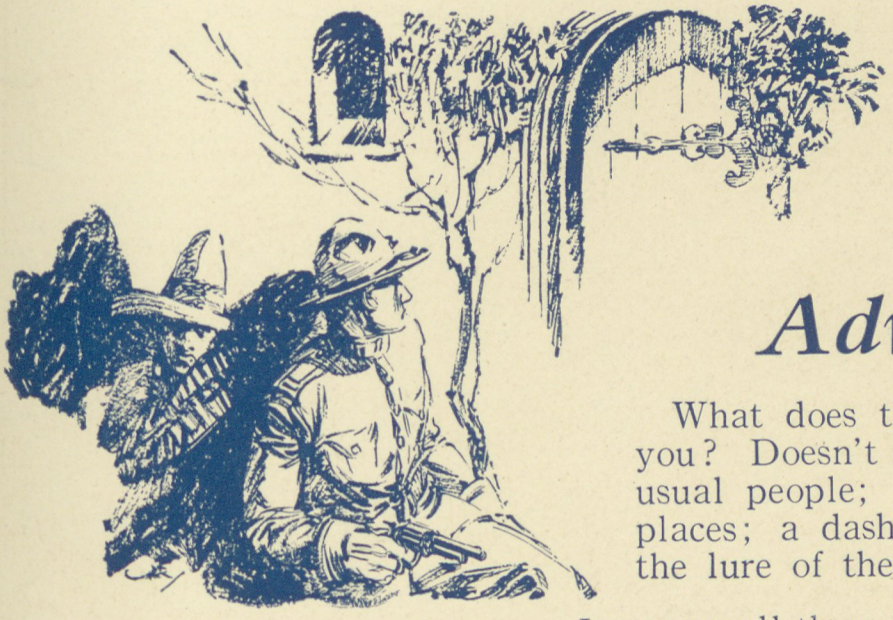

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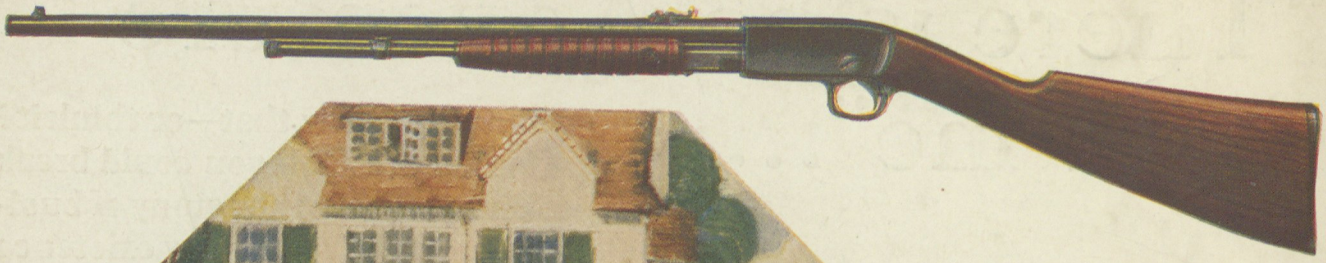

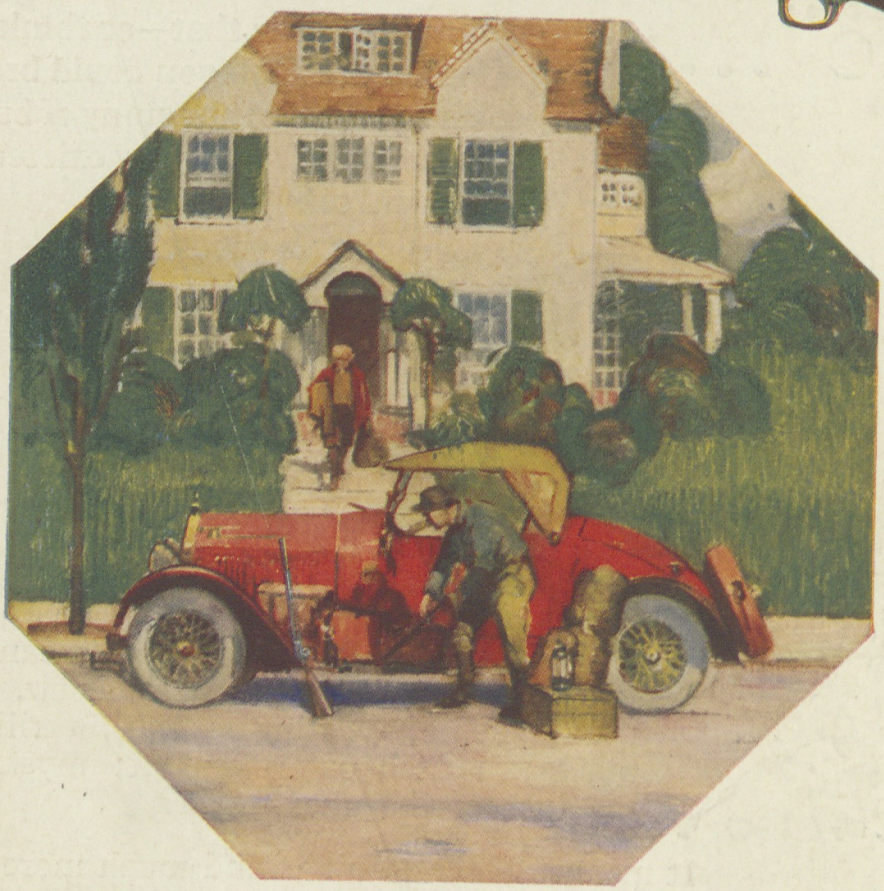

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(No. RH28 Illustrated)

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